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POWYS AND THE KUNDALINI SERPENT (PART ONE).
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and other articles together with a twelve-page Literary Supplement

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THE CHANGING COMPOSITION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS

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by Michael Phillips

SINCE the creation on 1 January 1965 of the hereditary peerage conferred on Lord Margadale, who as Major John Morrison was Chairman of the 1922 Committee from 1955 to 1964, no further hereditary peerages have been created. Mr. (now Sir) Harold Wilson announced when he first became Prime Minister in 1964 that no recommendations for the creation of hereditary peerages would be made during his term of office. This policy was followed by Mr. Edward Heath during his period as Prime Minister, continued again by Mr. Wilson on his return to office and is now being continued by Mr. James Callaghan. This practice of not creating hereditary peerages has now lasted for more than ten years, and it would seem unlikely that after such a length of time any further recommendations for the creation of hereditary peers will be made by any future Prime Minister. The only possible exception may be the creation of hereditary peerages for members of the Royal Family. However, before the birth of the Queen's grandson, it was decided not to confer a peerage on either Captain Mark Phillips or Princess Anne. The other candidates among the Royal Family are the Queen's younger sons, who have by tradition been given dukedoms. So the Royal Family seems to be following the political precedents.

The main interest in the peerage is due to the right of a peerage holder to a seat in the House of Lords at Westminster, which is part of the legislature of the United Kingdom. All peers at their creation were entitled either to a seat in the House of Lords or to be elected as a representative to the House

of Lords. However, since 1963 all peers and peeresses, other than those who only hold Irish titles, have been entitled to receive writs of summons to attend the House of Lords and to sit and vote in that House, providing they were not minors or had not disclaimed their peerages.

The latest proposal for the reform of the House of Lords made in March 1978 by the Conservative Review Committee, under the chairmanship of Lord Home of the Hirsel, suggests the creation of a reformed revising chamber at Westminster, with two-thirds of its members elected by proportional representation. However, the committee suggests that to preserve continuity the hereditary peerage should elect 50 members to this second chamber. So the hereditary peerage would still play a part in the choice of representatives in Parliament, and the nature and size of this 'electoral college' is still a subject of interest.

The cessation of hereditary creations has resulted in the creation of a closed caste of hereditary peers and peeresses, which is gradually diminishing. The total number of hereditary peerage holders on 1 January 1965, after the creation of Lord Margadale's peerage, was 956 and this number had dwindled in ten years to 913.

Since the creation of the Irish Free State in 1922 those peers who only possess Irish titles have not had any machinery for electing representatives to the House of Lords. After the exclusion of these Irish peers, the respective totals on the Roll of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal which are of parliamentary interest were 885 and 840. So the change in the total number of potential peerage holders with seats in the House of Lords in the decade from 1965 to 1974 was 45. This was due to a number of causes, namely the extinction of peerages, peerages falling into abeyance or having their abeyance terminated, the dormancy of peerages and the amalgamation or separation of peerages. However, the main cause of change was due to the extinction of 40 peerages in the decade. This was an average of 4 extinctions per year. If this rate were to continue, the hereditary peerage would rapidly decline. However, though such a rapid decline is unlikely, there is bound to be a decline in the numbers of the hereditary peerage, if no more hereditary peerages are created. This was already beginning to happen to the higher degrees of the peerage and was commented upon by Mr. J. M. H. Lee, the Member of Parliament for Birmingham, Handsworth, when he attempted to introduce a Bill in the House of Commons to extinguish the hereditary element in the House of Lords, in February 1975.

The extinctions were mainly in the lower peerage degrees of Baron and Viscount which is accounted for by the fact that most of the recent creations have been of these lower degrees and recent peerages are more at risk of extinction. If the extinct peerages are classified by the number of holders of the last holder's oldest titles, it is found that 30 extinctions were of titles held by the first holder and 4 were held by the second holder. So 75% of the extinctions in the decade from 1965 to 1974 were of first holder peerages and the largest other group is of second holder peerages, which account for 10%. The remaining holders account for 15% of the extinctions. The only titles created before the 19th century to become extinct were

those held by the Earl Poulett and also those Irish titles held by the Earl of Sefton. So it would seem best to consider extinctions by dividing peerages into three categories—first holders, second holders, and the remainder; and to consider these three categories separately.

The situation of extinctions in the decade from 1965 to 1974 was compared with the cases of extinctions for the decades 1945 to 1954 and 1955 to 1964. If the peerages created during those decades be excluded to give a fair comparison it is found that the proportions in the three categories are roughly constant. However, there was a larger number of extinctions during the decade from 1955 to 1964, which was due to an increase in first holder extinctions. So any analysis of extinctions must consider the first holder category as the most important and take into account the variation in the number of peerages created over the years. However, in the decade from 1965 to 1974 the number of hereditary peers by creation has declined from 155 to 64 and in the next decade is likely to reduce to about 20. So though the category of extinctions is a major factor now, as the proportion of extinctions at the death of the first holder was about 40% for peerages created this century, it will rapidly disappear. The second most important factor in causing extinctions is the extinction of peerages at the death of the second holder. This factor is likely to remain important for some time to come, possibly for 50 years, for the number of peerage holders who were second holders increased from 177 to 187 from 1965 to 1975.

There are other ways beside extinctions which can cause the number of peerage holders to decrease (or even to increase in some cases). Possibly the most important is the abeyance of ancient English peerages which were created by writ. When an abeyance occurs, no one person has the sole right to succeed to the peerage and so no individual can obtain a Writ of Summons to the House of Lords. However, there is always the possibility that at a later date the abeyance of the peerage may be terminated, either automatically because of the survival of only one co-heir or because the Sovereign terminates the abeyance in favour of one of the co-heirs. Since 1926 there have been stricter rules affecting the termination of abeyances so that the number of terminations have only been two or three in a decade, which is roughly the same order of magnitude as the number of abeyances. The other main changes are caused by the amalgamation and separation of peerages. The factor of amalgamations does not reduce the number of peerages but does reduce the number of peerage holders because the rights to the peerages are vested in one person. This would remain the case until the peerages become separated again, which might happen if the remainders of the peerages were different. This is now one of the few ways that the number of peerage holders can be increased. At the same time, the number of instances is so small that it is not likely to offset the effect of extinction in any foreseeable future. The other change which can take place affects the number of peerage holders and could increase the number, is caused by the dormancy of peerages, but this happens rarely. However, a successful claim to the Scottish Viscountcy of Oxfuird was made in June 1977, after the title had been dormant for nearly 272 years.

Having outlined the changes that have occurred in the hereditary peerage in the decade from 1965 to 1974, an attempt will be made to forecast the total change in the next decade from 1975 to 1984. As the two most important factors were the extinction of peerages held by the first and second holders, a cohort study was undertaken for all peerages created from 1885 to 1965. This enabled estimates to be made for the expected number of extinctions in these two categories. The extinctions in the remaining category were mainly due to the extinction of peerages belonging to the remaining peerages created since 1 May 1707 (the Union of the Parliaments of England and Scotland) and the estimate of the expected number of extinctions of these peerages was calculated using the rates of extinction in the two decades from 1955 to 1974. By excluding the English and Scottish peerages and those with special remainder it was possible to deal with a fairly homogenous category of peerages, which had been created by letters-patent and can only be inherited by the male heir (of the body of the first holder). Hence a more accurate estimate was obtained. Extinction of other peerages was relatively rare (only 4 in 30 years), though these extinctions are likely to become more important in the future. The extinction rate of the third category of peerages may increase somewhat in the future and so become more important when the large number of peerages created this century start to produce extinctions in this category.

Life tables were also constructed by considering the deaths of peers during the decade from 1965 to 1974, and these were used to obtain empirical estimates of the extinctions by considering those peers without heirs. The most interesting result found from these life tables was that the peers by creation lived on average eight years longer than any other category of peers. This is presumably not surprising, as those people chosen to be raised to the peerage were exceptional men, and this also applied to their life expectancy. This exceptional behaviour also causes some difference in the age structure of second holder peers and a separate life table was constructed for them. No life table was constructed for peeresses because of the small number of deaths. The average age of death for peeresses was four years older than for peers, which is to be expected.

The analysis of the various categories of peerage extinction produced estimates of varying precision for the expected number of extinctions in the decade from 1975 to 1984. The estimate for the first holder extinctions is 14.66, for the second holders is 8.56, and for the remaining peerages is 8.09 (as the estimate for the remaining peerages created since 1 May 1707 is 6.76 and for the other peerages is 1.33). If these estimates are combined then the estimate of the total expected number of extinctions is 31.31 and this estimator has a standard error of 2.87. So it can be stated with very high confidence (95%) that the total number of extinctions will be between 19 and 44. There is some evidence from past data to suggest that the variation in extinctions is not so large and it should be possible to be highly confident that the total number of extinctions will be between 25 and 38. An empirical estimate of extinctions using the life tables was 30 which would suggest that the number of extinctions is more likely to be in the lower half of the

confidence interval. The change in the total number of peerage holders is affected by other causes and the estimate for the expected number due to these causes was 4, with a standard error of 1.99. Therefore for the total change in the number of peerage holders the 95% confidence interval is 21.65, 48.97. So it can be stated with very high confidence that the total number of potential peerage holders with seats in the House of Lords will be between 791 and 818, and with high confidence that this number will be between 798 and 812. Again, because of the empirical estimate there are good reasons to doubt that the total number of peerage holders will have decreased below 800 by 1 January 1985. A good 'empirical' confidence interval should be from 800 to 814.

To give a total picture of the House of Lords it is necessary to consider other peers apart from those with hereditary peerages, even though the hereditary peers are the largest group, though not perhaps the most influential. There are three other groups which make up the membership of the House of Lords. First, of ancient standing like the hereditary peers, are the 26 Spiritual peers who consist of the archbishops and some bishops of the Church of England. This number has remained fixed while the Temporal peerage has increased so that the influence and importance of the Spiritual peers has declined steadily since the Reformation. The second group consists of the Law Lords who hold Law Life Peerages. This group first entered the House of Lords in the reign of Queen Victoria as a result of the Appellate Jurisdiction Act of 1876 and their number has remained fairly small. During the decade from 1965 to 1974 the number was 17 at both the beginning and the end of the decade. The third and most recent group to enter the House of Lords are the Life Peers and Peeresses who were created as a result of the Life Peerages Act of 1958. This is the largest of these three groups, having increased rapidly since 1964 from 79 to 233 on 1 January 1975. This was mainly because of the large number of creations of Mr. Harold Wilson which were designed to increase the strength of the Labour benches in the House of Lords. So far the rate of extinction of these peerages has not been very great.

The House of Lords is one of the two Chambers of the United Kingdom Parliament. Because of its legislative significance and its almost total hereditary composition before 1964 there have been many suggestions for reform. The last talks between the major political parties on the reform of the House of Lords occurred in 1968, but nothing came of them. The two Acts which have changed the powers of the House of Lords in this century are the Parliamentary Acts of 1911 and 1949 (which amended the 1911 Act). But the two Acts which have changed the composition of the Lords are the Life Peerages Act of 1958 and the Peerage Act of 1963. The second of these has had less effect so far. It gave seats to 11 peeresses in their own right, who held peerages which would have entitled a male holder to a seat. This right to a seat was also given to all Scottish peers and peeresses, which enabled an additional 42 peers and peeresses to qualify for seats. This Act also enabled peers and peeresses to disclaim their peerages. So far, this opportunity has not been taken up by many peers and not by any peeresses.

But in the future this could happen more often, and this would affect the strength of the hereditary peerage in the House of Lords. It is the Life Peerages Act of 1958 which has had the most effect on the composition of the House of Lords. As long ago as 1967 this had already begun to happen. This is because while first and second holders of peerages are exceptional demographically they are also exceptional in attending regularly the debates in the House of Lords. As these categories of hereditary peerages disappear, because of the non-creation of hereditary peerages, the present situation, where Life Peers dominate the proceedings of the House of Lords, will be even more accentuated in the future. So even without a reform of the House of Lords there is bound to be a very radical change in the effective composition of this part of the legislature.

The estimates of future changes considered only the situation in the decade from 1975 to 1984. This was done deliberately as, if a forecast is to be made, there must be assumptions about future events. In this time interval it is reasonable to assume that there will be a fairly good continuity with the previous decade. There has been speculation as to the likely composition of the hereditary peerage in a few centuries' time. To make such a forecast would require a more detailed study of peerage extinctions, at least for those peerages created since 1707. Also, assumptions would have to be made about future political and demographic trends. It is probably reasonable to say that a few hundred hereditary peerages are likely to continue for a very long time, unless unforeseen circumstances occur.

A time span of ten years was chosen when considering the change in composition, in order to give a large enough interval of time to study the changes. Hence the estimates of future changes are for 1975 to 1984. In the first three years of this decade (1975 to 1977) the change has been 10, which suggests that the ten-year forecast is likely to be good.

[Michael J. Phillips is a Lecturer in Mathematical Statistics in the Mathematics Department of the University of Leicester, with research interests which include Historical Demography.]

THE THOMAS HARDY FESTIVAL AND SEMINAR

The Second Hardy Festival will be held in Dorchester, August 20-27, 1978, preceded by an International Summer School at the Weymouth College of Education, August 13-20. On August 10 there will be a Hardy memorial service at Westminster Abbey, with an address by Professor Harold Orel. Particulars of these events may be obtained from The Hon. Secretary, Thomas Hardy Society Ltd., The Vicarage, Haselbury Plucknett, Crewkerne, Somerset (Crewkerne 72063).

INDIA—DRIFTING FREE?

by Robert W. Bradnock

THE abrupt ending of India's Emergency just over a year ago and the crushing defeat for Mrs. Gandhi which brought the Janata Party to power have dominated India's subsequent political and social life. So much time and intellectual effort have gone into detailing the nature of the Emergency itself, analysing the roles of individuals involved and constantly taking the temperature of the new Government, that the broader perspective has all too frequently been lost and the deeper questions of social, economic and political change ignored. It was widely believed a year ago that the election of the Janata Party represented a radical reassertion of democracy. But this was not all. For despite the fact that the leaders of the Janata Party were all elderly men with long histories of participation at different levels of previous Congress Governments, the presence in vital posts of some of the young Congress rebels and other opponents of the previous regime encouraged the widespread feeling that there would be a new spirit in Indian Government. It was hoped and believed that this spirit would set India on a new path combining political freedom with dynamic economic growth.

In the light of such high expectations it can be no surprise that some of the critics are now turning bitter. While outside observers such as ESCAP point to the past year in India as one of real and substantial economic successes, Indian commentators are more sceptical. In order to understand this scepticism it is necessary to go beyond the purely economic statistics to the wider questions of social and economic change in the fabric of Indian society.

Such a theme is, of course, enormously complex. In order to make sense of the processes involved and to establish broad generalisations it is tempting to look for unifying theories as a framework of analysis. No such framework has yet been found, however. Thus, David Selbourne's still unique attempt to stand back and interpret the Emergency from a broad historical perspective, using a Marxist frame, suffers from the resolute unwillingness of many facts to conform to the expected model. Despite the lack of any universally valid theoretical framework for the analysis of social and economic processes in modern India, the essential starting point for any such analysis must be that change is occurring, and in some areas is occurring very rapidly.

To those familiar with the frequent comparisons made between India and China this may seem a surprising statement. Surely all the evidence presented over the last thirty years shows that while China has gone forward along a path of economic progress and enormous social change, India has been stagnating in abject poverty, with the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer? Attempts are still being made to argue this case, at least concerning India's economic and social performance since Independence. The widespread and repeated discussion of the 'failures' of the land

reform programmes, continuing criticism of agricultural performance and the inadequacies of the industrial base, along with the 'crises' in planning might justifiably lead one to suspect that what change had occurred in India through the Independence period had been both slight and retrogressive.

How far this is from the truth! Of course, it would be absurd to suggest that poverty is not extremely widespread, or that there are not millions of people living perilously close to the margins of survival. And yet in many respects India today is vastly different from what it was in 1947, and the changes have accelerated in the last ten years. The most obvious of these changes are in the cities. The largest cities are all being steadily transformed, and even smaller towns are showing signs of a new prosperity. Such changes are not only due to the now notorious 'beautification' programmes adopted during the Emergency, when particularly in Delhi anyone who was deemed to be causing an unsightly nuisance was simply bulldozed away. In many cities there have been large-scale rehousing schemes, and although there are still enormous problems, such schemes have contributed to changing the quality of urban living. Amenities—from coffee shops to public transport—have greatly improved, and it is not only the rich who have benefitted.

Alongside the changing face of India's cities must be put the development of a modern industrial sector. While it is true that nearly 80% of India's population still lives in villages and that agriculture remains by far the most important sector of the economy, there have nonetheless been remarkable industrial developments. There may well be legitimate arguments about the direction of some of these developments, which have often been extremely capital intensive and with a very low job-creating capacity. Nonetheless, India now has advanced engineering, chemical and manufacturing industries which have made import substitution a reality, and it is beginning to develop indigenous technology in a number of fields to make it competitive on world markets. Such a position was almost undreamed of thirty years ago.

But such changes are not restricted to the modern industrial sector and to the people living in towns. Electrification programmes have reached into remote areas of the countryside, in some States bringing electricity to every village. The remoteness of the great majority of India's 600,000 or so villages has also been sharply reduced as roads and bus services have made accessibility to towns and to the world outside a daily reality. These changes have been reflected in the modernisation of agriculture. India's 'stagnant' and 'backward' rural economy has seen enormous changes in technology and cropping patterns during the last thirty years. In 1947 there were many areas in which a steel tip to a plough was a striking innovation. Now, over vast regions, farmers are using fertilisers, pesticides and new varieties of seed which have demanded changes to traditional cropping patterns and new adjustments to local environmental conditions. In 1947, after fifty years' stagnation in agricultural output, India produced no more than 50 million tonnes of foodgrains in a year. In 1977-78 it seems likely that production will be more than 125 million tonnes. Even in remote villages

farmers have shown themselves willing to adopt the new technologies and the new crops, and have also demonstrated a remarkable adaptability to economic stimuli and constraints. Even the much maligned land reform programmes, which have undoubtedly failed to fulfil all the expectations which were held of them, have produced some important changes on the ground, and in some areas a new psychological climate in which agricultural activity is taking place. The large zamindars have been abolished (who would have believed that possible forty years ago?) And in rainfed areas nearly all the land is owner cultivated. In areas where tenancy is still prevalent, notably the rice-growing deltas, there has been a perceptible shift in some regions away from the dominance of landlord control. Landlords increasingly complain that it is difficult or impossible to make tenants pay any rent, a fact which reflects in part at least the shift in the legal balance of power between landlord and tenant. Again, of course, it would be absurd to deny that there are still gross forms of exploitation, and that there are many areas where tenants and landless labourers continue to suffer great hardships. Even so, a modern visitor familiar with many of the agricultural regions thirty years ago would often find it difficult to credit the changes that are taking place.

The overriding change in both the rural and the urban areas has been the remorseless increase in population. And yet it is rarely observed that this increase is in itself a sign of an improved standard of living, for it is not high birth rates per se, but longer life expectancy which is by far the most important contributor to increased population. Nor should it be imagined, despite continued arguments about the widening gap between rich and poor, that the really poor are worse off than they were in 1947. Statistics on this theme are notoriously unreliable, and the published Indian data relating to this area are often internally contradictory and subject to considerable margins of error. However, the life tables confirm what visits to villages in many parts of India suggest—people in villages and towns, even the poorest among them, are living better than at any stage in the recent past. The difference may be only a matter of slightly better clothing and a marginally improved diet. There is no doubt that in some regions such as the Punjab and Gujarat there is more rapid improvement than in others. But the change is there. If there is any doubt on this it should be recalled that famine, that persistent visitor to the sub-continent for centuries, has been largely kept at bay during the last thirty years. It could be claimed that in the middle 1960s this was only by virtue of imports of foreign grain under aid agreements. However, severe droughts in southern India for three successive years in the mid-1970s gave cause for hardly any Government intervention with food supplies—surely an indication that the people are living at least a little further from the margins of extremity.

It may seem from the above line of argument that everything in India is on an upward path to prosperity. The case for such a view is far from made. However, these points need stressing because it is still common to see India either in terms of outdated stereotypes or through the distorting lens of a political theory which demands that under Indian political con-

ditions the poor must be getting poorer and the economy be stagnating. One reason why the stereotypes retain some of their force may well be because the problems that remain are so vast and complex that the achievements and changes of the past thirty years appear minimal. But it is important to recognise these economic changes, for they are the background to equally widespread social change. The view of India's social structures as static, held in the fierce grip of a rigid caste system allowing of no movement has long been successfully challenged. To deny that caste remains a dominant factor in nearly every aspect of Indian life would, of course, be absurd. But the nature of caste discrimination and behaviour in many areas has altered so radically as to render the old forms almost unrecognisable. In towns and cities traditional patterns of discrimination—untouchability, eating and contact habits—have long been impossible to maintain. However, although the pattern is still far from uniform, there are now regions of rural India where formerly outcaste groups are finding a new economic role and a new social dignity. Who, thirty years ago for example, would have foreseen that the absolute power of the Brahmin mirasdars of Thanjavur District in Tamil Nadu would be effectively challenged by Harijans? Or that the vast temple lands would be expropriated by Government and given to the tenant farmers? That the exploitation of scheduled castes is far from finished is certain, and in some States, notably Bihar, caste conflict is constantly simmering. But that the dominance of high caste groups should be modified at all represents a significant change in the long term perspective, however regionally uneven. Beside it must be put the multitude of minor, often even superficial, changes which characterise daily life and which seem bound to bring permanent alteration to the patterns of daily living for millions of people—changes in dress, in eating habits, in patterns of association and family organisation.

That change has occurred in all these areas is, I would argue, indisputable. It is over the significance of such changes for the fabric of India's social, economic and political life that the question mark is poised. For it must be asked whether these changes affect the substance and direction of Indian life, or whether they are merely minor modifications to a system well-adapted to encompassing change and yet to maintaining itself. Its amorphous, cellular social and intellectual structure has allowed in the past a multitude of contrasting social groups and conflicting ideologies, theologies and philosophies to co-exist. Such co-existence has not always been peaceful. Indeed, sometimes the inflammation caused by one cell rubbing against another has threatened the whole body. And yet it has been the ability of that body ultimately to encapsulate deviant cells without itself undergoing fundamental metamorphosis that remains one of the major characteristics of Hinduism. It is a characteristic which has allowed minority groups to be swallowed whole and left only partially digested by the system. Even systems of belief diametrically opposed to many aspects of Hindu thought such as Christianity and Islam have been given a breathing space, and in turn have taken on many characteristics of their all-pervasive environment.

It would be misleading to infer from this flexibility and absorptive capacity that Indian society is in some sense 'soft', or indeed that it is inherently democratic. For as has been widely observed, autocracy is also an almost universal characteristic of Indian life. At the level of the family such autocracy is seen in the dominant role of the senior male member. This autocracy is parallelled by a paternalism which characterises many social and political relationships. Political power is still commonly wielded through vertically linked and horizontally segregated interest groups, and the local politician is judged by his pulling power on behalf of the communities from whom he derives his support. In such a system paternalistic attitudes are a powerful vestige of earlier economic relationships. This paternalism may often be benevolent in intention, a fact which may be partially responsible for the continued unwillingness of the rural poor to unite in a struggle to overthrow the power of the rich. It is certainly a characteristic of both regional and national politics. Through the donation or withholding of favours, politicians can hope to exert influence which will maintain their own power. But for generations, in a country where power has been worshipped in itself, not just in a political sense but also in a quasi-religious sense, influence is exerted through a complex system of mutual obligations. This system, while undergoing some mutations, has not altered fundamentally. Thus the nature of many monetary transactions is just a part of this system, and the pervasive network of bribery and corruption which continues to flourish at every level of Indian life is often no more than one aspect of such mutual obligations, favour given in exchange for favour by friends.

This is one of the reasons why corruption in Government does not fundamentally offend ordinary people; it is universally expected and often not even regarded as in any important sense wrong. It is only in the southern State of Tamil Nadu that corruption has been a major factor in the defeat of a governing party. Even then it was only when the grease used to oil the wheels of Mr. Karunanidhi's political machine became so coagulated that the whole system appeared to be suffering, that people took notice. In last year's national elections it was brutally enforced sterilisations which brought the Government down, not the corruption of Government or the abuse of democracy, and the recent State elections make this point very clear. After all, politicians continue to cross the floor with such ease that no party can claim purity, and the devastating findings of the Shah Commission have little effect on the normal running of political life. Many of the present governing Janata Party were Congress stalwarts in their time, so the likelihood that the basic nature of the political processes should differ fundamentally now from the pre-Emergency period seems small.

But perhaps the area in which superficial change has been greatest and in which hopes for radical reformation have been most bitterly disappointed is in education. In terms of sheer numbers the scale of growth of education at every level has been impressive. Primary and secondary schooling, while failing to reach anything like the full target population, have grown very rapidly, and college and university growth have likewise been dramatic

Nonetheless, the system continues to be much criticised. The main thrust of critical comment is commonly directed at its irrelevance to India's modern employment needs, and to its continuing dependence on colonial models of education designed to produce an elite corps of administrators. Important though these points may be, a far more serious shortcoming lies in the almost total failure of the Indian educational system to encourage the lively and critical search for knowledge imperative to both its social and economic independence. Thus, while there are a few outstanding institutes and departments, the vast majority of Indian universities and colleges are characterised by the dominance of personal petty politics, an authoritarian attitude to teaching and to students, complete non-acceptance of the need for critical evaluation and analysis and the search for safe jobs, prestige and political power. In a system where teachers are transferred at the whim of the Government, where questioning and critical comment are actively discouraged, the formal structures of modern colleges and universities reinforce the weight of authoritarian tradition.

While there are obvious exceptions to this general pattern, there is much that characterises everyday life that is rarely put under critical scrutiny. The distinction between history and myth and between science and magic has never been thought to be important. This frame of mind allows continuing credulity among the educated middle classes as well as among the illiterate village dweller—ironically the latter often being patronisingly sympathised with by his 'sophisticated' urban neighbour. When the direction of history is really believed to be at the mercy of forces outside human control and only marginally subject to influence (through sacrifices, offerings and pujas) what an individual or group does in a non-ritual context loses fundamental significance: it no longer really matters. And so one finds unresolved dichotomies co-existing with no apparent discomfort; marxists doing pujas to their family deities, students making offerings at the temple before taking examinations, high civil servants worshipping 'avatars' such as Sai Baba because of their demonstrated ability to perform conjuring tricks.

All these facets of life in India today suggest the strength of continuity in Indian society, and the social, economic and political changes which have taken place have to be assessed in the light of such continuity. Are such changes really fundamental or are they merely cosmetic decorations to an otherwise unaltered face? And are the changes taking India along a defined path or are they merely random modifications to a life style characterised by tolerance of diversity? It is certainly true that in the past, direct confrontation with the system has rarely brought permanent change. India has shown remarkable ability to encapsulate and isolate all forms of criticism, thereby dealing with threats to the system with complete effectiveness. In the immediate future there seems no reason to suspect that dramatic change will come through any such confrontation, be it the challenge of a Marxist revolution or the sniping of a critical intellectual elite, though the Emergency gave a clear insight in northern India into the way in which the strong current of autocracy could be diverted into permanent political

control.

The possibility that the present Government might disintegrate through the lack of sufficient collective political will is always present, and a return to the autocracy of the Emergency cannot therefore entirely be ruled out. In any event, the real question is not whether that particular form of autocracy reasserts itself but whether the deep-rooted autocracy underlying so many Indian institutions is really showing any signs of fundamental change. Of course, the possibility of the break-up of the present Government opens a Pandora's Box of other political possibilities. Not the least of these is the strengthening of regionalism to the point of breaking up the Union. It seems clear that this is the present policy of the Marxists in India. Realising the virtual impossibility of a national Marxist Government, the CPI (M) in West Bengal is now very strongly pursuing a policy aimed at encouraging State autonomy—doubtless in the hope and expectation that the ensuing chaos would provide them with the most fertile ground for the further spread of communism.

Short of national economic catastrophe the prospect of the Balkanisation of India still looks remote, if only because the 'regional' parties still appear to recognise the advantages of unity and a degree of central power. However, while none of these possibilities for dramatic change seem at all likely in the foreseeable future, the forces of change in India have nonetheless been unleashed. It is impossible to believe that all the economic and social changes occurring day by day are of no longer term significance. May it not be that a society which has resisted all forms of imposed change, which has thrown off the yoke of externally imposed controls, and which is once again free to express itself, may not itself be finally overtaken by forces from within? Forces that will ultimately make traditional value systems appear less and less relevant to the demands of modern living? That such forces are in essence complex and fail to conform clearly to any model can be no surprise, but this very complexity makes any but the most generalised predictions of the future patterns of Indian social and political life impossible. That India has lost some of its shackles is undoubtedly true, but with uncertainty in public life, a still fragmented opposition, dissension beginning to show in Government and increasing evidence of public unrest, is it simply drifting free?

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PERU: AN END TO THE RULING CLASS

by Richard E. Neff

GENERAL Juan Velasco Alvarado, the architect and leader of the Peruvian Revolution, passed away in Lima on 24 December, 1977, at the age of 67. Although Velasco had been deposed as President more than two years previously in a bloodless coup, the reaction of some sectors was intense and emotional. An estimated 100,000 mourners filed past his body in a chapel adjoining Lima's cathedral. Perhaps 200,000 more humble followers surged around his coffin as it was carried tumultuously through the streets of Lima, after some devotees hijacked the body from a government van while en route to the cemetery. But in the faintly aristocratic suburbs of San Isidro and Miraflores, inhabited by the remnants of once powerful oligarchic clans, the outpouring of emotion took a wholly different form. Impromptu fiestas broke out to toast the passing of the hated enemy.

Only the inexorable flow of history can explain the intensity of the latter reaction. The traditional landed oligarchy dominated Peruvian politics and society for more than a century, successfully defeating most challenges to its political authority, even into the 1960s. If the oligarchy in recent decades could not always choose the president, it did have an entrenched hold on the potent Congress until 1968.

This political domination assured economic predominance, and the resulting statistical indicators demonstrated a standard of inequality surprising even for Latin America. In 1966, less than 2% of Peru's plantations or *haciendas* accounted for approximately 85% of the country's land, while 95% of the holdings occupied a mere 10% of the land.[1] Moreover, in 1961, 10% of the population with the highest income received 50% of the national income, whereas the poorest 10% accounted for a mere 1% of national income.[2] It was only natural, then, that any reformist movement would have to confront this formidable class as an inevitable point of departure.

Nevertheless, few Peruvians anticipated social upheaval when the military forces seized the government in the stunning October coup of 1968. The military had a history of forming transitional governments which generally paved the way for conservative civilian rule by oligarchs or their deputies. Hence the sincere reformist impulse of the new military rulers astonished almost everyone. The self-styled 'Revolutionary Government of the Armed Forces' pledged itself to carry out a dramatic social revolution. Every revolution has its enemies, real or imagined, and the oligarchy was rapidly transformed into the *bête noire* of the Peruvian Revolution. Actually, the situation was a bit more complex; the military chieftains discovered that the enemy was a double-edged sword: foreign (but mostly *yanqui*) imperialism which exploited Peru through the services of its oligarchic minions.

Still, the vehemence with which President Velasco and his cohorts skewered the fading oligarchy was surprising. Velasco invoked the counter-revolutionary tendencies of that class whenever he sought to win the hearts

and minds of the masses. Six days after the 'institutional' military coup, Velasco, the intensely class-conscious *mestizo* who grew up in the shadow of the largest oligarchic *haciendas*, returned to his native soil of Piura. There he gave what might have been the first indication of his future intentions: 'Of that oligarchy and its allies, the Revolution expects nothing, just as *they* must expect nothing from the Revolution. Between them and us the lines of separation are very clear'.[3] It does seem plausible, however, that Velasco was merely endeavouring to create a strongly reformist image for his government.

The rhetoric reached more strident levels a year later, undoubtedly because Velasco felt threatened by opposition to his controversial agrarian reform measures. On the first anniversary of the October coup, in Lima's main square, the Plaza de Armas, Velasco called attention to the oligarchic cabal menacing the Revolution:

> We know that there is a sinister plot in opposition to the Revolution managed by foreign elements, that seeks to halt the process of change in Peru. We also know that the threads of that plot are woven with money from the oligarchy and the visible complicity of political leaders who act as revolutionaries with the goal of serving the reaction of the ultra-right.

The image is followed by the challenge:

> If the oligarchy and the political chiefs who serve it want violence, they will have violence in Peru. But those who unleash it will not remain unhurt. On their heads will fall the punishment of the Revolution. This Revolution will be defended in every parcel of land and against all its enemies, at whatever cost. . . . That oligarchy, its allies within and its masters outside, are and will always be our implacable foes.

Then President Velasco traced the motives of those in opposition to the Revolution, and the consequent need to be forever vigilant:

> We realise that we have been the only force in this country which has affected its interests. It is the first time that the oligarchy lacks political influence, the first time that it does not govern. Therefore, it does not pardon nor will it pardon those who have dared to defy its power, its money, its force. It will remain in ambush, waiting for the propitious moment to launch a frontal offensive against the Government of the Revolution.[4]

Sadly for the oligarchy, the radical rhetoric was accompanied by significant actions. The first major shock was Agrarian Reform Law 17716 and accompanying legislation of 24 June, 1969, which unlike previous plans was ideologically rather than economically motivated. The Reform was applied initially and with greatest intensity to the rich and productive coastal estates of the oligarchy, which were converted into farmers' cooperatives. That it was the *Götterdammerung* of the oligarchy was made evident on 26 June, 1969, with the symbolic occupation of the *haciendas* by government troops. The feudal landlords of the sierra, the immense Andean region, were affected to a lesser extent and less immediately.

One must modify this picture somewhat with the realisation that the rhetoric about crushing the oligarchy may have outrun the reality. There is no denying that Velasco relished the image of breaking the spine of the oligarchy (' . . . *quebrarle el espinazo a la oligarquía*'). But even in the most anti-oligarchic action, the seizure of the coastal *haciendas*, the military government pulled its punches to a certain extent. From a purely financial

perspective, the compensation paid to the ex-landholders was certainly undervalued. Yet the government did give landholders the opportunity to convert agricultural holdings into industrial capital, through the medium of Agrarian Reform Bonds. These were convertible into shares of state enterprises, or alternately, could be cashed in at face value if an equal sum in cash was invested in new industrial establishments. Not surprisingly, certain leftists including Anibal Quijano complained that the Revolutionary Government of the Armed Forces was attempting to create an industrial elite out of the landed oligarchy, in keeping with its conception of the changing needs of Peruvian society.[5]

It is well known, also, that there was no uniformity of opinion in the ranks of the military government with respect to the oligarchy. François Bourricaud has noted that the government was composed both of realists orientated to redirecting the money of the old oligarchy toward industrial investment, and of ideologues who wanted to punish the former ruling class.[6] Numerous actions of the government in the First Phase of the Revolution (1968-75) revealed this schizoid tendency, which can be partially explained by the ruling junta's inclusion of officers from all military branches. Inter-branch antagonism was an historical fact in Peru. For example, the Navy, traditionally staffed by sons of the oligarchy, tended to resist the retributive approach of Velasco's Army.

At times, this conflict manifested itself in confused actions. For instance, the controversial propaganda arm of the Revolution, SINAMOS (roughly, an acronym for National Union for Mobilization), was officially created in June, 1971, in order to mobilise the agricultural masses in support of the military rulers. But heated dissension within the military government blocked any implementing legislation until April, 1972.

Velasco was allied with the ideologues in his regime, seeking redress for historic wrongs. At the important annual CADE meetings (Annual Meeting of Executives), it became almost a custom for Velasco to invoke the octopus image. The traditional oligarchy was an octopus which had asphyxiated the early possibility of a dynamic national capitalism.[7]

Many observers insist that Velasco's government intensified its campaign against the oligarchy as time went by. Indeed, there is ample evidence to support this position. Velasco spoke increasingly about the failure of the wealthier sectors to support the Revolution through investment. In a speech to the Armed Forces made on 20 March, 1969, which he echoed in his *28 de Julio* (Independence Day) speeches in 1971 and 1972, Velasco declared the following:

> Within the conditions created by the revolutionary changes, modern investors and entrepreneurs have all the guarantees and all the incentives to which they can legitimately hope to aspire. . . .
>
> But despite the support of other governments and of national and foreign companies, a lack of confidence persists on the part of oligarchs, who refuse to collaborate in the effort of bringing the economy forward. This is the employment of economic withdrawal as a counter-revolutionary instrument.

Whereas one recognises Velasco's desire for more investment from the private sector, it is easy to understand the reluctance of the oligarchy to

respond positively to the economic inducements of the Revolutionary Government.

The military rulers eventually responded to the financial vacuum in the private sector by increasing public investment and continuing the process of nationalisation. The radicalisation of agrarian reform also minimised the importance of the agricultural 'private sector.' The initial reform measures effectively eliminated the landholding oligarchy by limiting the amount of land which could be privately owned. When support for Agrarian Reform measures was not forthcoming from middle-sized farmers either, the private landholding limits ('minimum unaffectable' by the Reform) were once again reduced, severely weakening this middle sector. Anti-oligarchic rhetoric during this slightly later period (1972-74) was kept at a fever pitch by SINAMOS, the notorious propaganda organ.[8]

It must be understood that the cardinal rule of the military government has always been, 'No toleration for autonomous units.' Non-government unions have also been undercut and silenced by government manoeuvres. The oligarchy, as a highly autonomous group in Peruvian society, and very strong relative to other sectors until 1968, was by definition at loggerheads with the thrust of the Revolution. Therefore it came as little surprise that the unofficial mouthpiece of the oligarchy, the National Agrarian Society, was dissolved in 1972 as a consequence of expressing opposition to SINAMOS. An oligarchic organ could not be permitted to oppose an official government group. By the end of 1974, even SINAMOS had largely been silenced, since it also tended toward autonomous action. Abraham Lowenthal observed, 'The military regime has systematically undercut almost all organisations politically influential in Peru before 1968 except the Church and, of course, the armed forces'.[9]

The newspapers represented a very special problem for the government of Velasco. That the military rulers did not like a press wholly independent of government control is axiomatic. The fact that much of the press was controlled by oligarchic interests made the survival of the free press that much more precarious. No doubt the intra-government conflicts impeded any precipitate move against the press. Moreover, the rather distinguished tradition of the free press in Peru caused some waffling within the junta over the proper course of action toward this sector.

The military regime went on the offensive soon after it seized power. On the first anniversary of the coup, Velasco launched the following invective against the 'traitors' of the written word:

> One of the principal instruments [of the Revolution's adversaries] is the synchronised, slanted, and untruthful propaganda which operates by means of certain foreign news agencies, through some magazines of international circulation, and by the majority of the newspapers published in Peru, which represent and defend the interests of the Peruvian oligarchy and its foreign accomplices. . . . The immense majority of Peruvian reporters, who are not responsible for the line imposed by the owners of the press, have little or nothing to do with this insidious campaign of lies. . . . But those who control and monopolise the ownership of the organs of the press are members of the oligarchy, opposed to the transformation that we are realising.[10]

By this distinction between the 'good writers' and the 'bad, opinion-

controlling, oligarchic owners of the press', Velasco was paving the way for suppression of press freedom. Soon after the speech, *Expreso*, the organ of industrial maverick Manuel Ulloa, was seized and newly cooperativised by the government to serve the 'workers'. It is important to note that the anti-oligarchic current in the government's campaign against the press was mostly rhetorical, since Ulloa, a new industrialist, was one of the few non-oligarchs to own a press organ.

The once influential newspapers were all cowed into reticence by a combination of legislative measures, government harassment, and certain inducements. Then in July, 1974, all remaining independent newspapers were expropriated by the military regime, including the two most important (and oligarchic) organs: Pedro Beltrán's *La Prensa*, and *El Comercio* owned by the Miró Quesada clan. The newspapers were vouchsafed to various political and social groups understood to be more loyal to the Revolution, but on strict terms of probation. Again, perhaps the most surprising feature of this seizure is that Velasco delayed almost six years before accomplishing it.

It should be emphasised that not all 'bourgeois' sectors were singled out for 'backbone-breaking' by Velasco. Quijano recognised a tendency for the military government to stimulate the urban-industrial sectors while eliminating the landholding bourgeoisie, Bourricaud wrote that, 'The oligarchy for the military rulers consists not of the great national industrialists . . . [the oligarchy] is constituted by the "old" ruling class of agrarians, several dozen great families of the Coast'.[11] Whereas most industrialists do tend to regard the socialistic Industrial Community legislation as a nuisance, this sector has not suffered, relatively speaking, as a result of the Revolution. The anti-oligarchic thrust of Velasco's government was directed at a circumscribed group of landowners.

Since the military shake-up of 1975, in which General Francisco Morales Bermúdez emerged as the leader, the anti-oligarchic rhetoric has largely ceased. This probably reflects both the more pragmatic, less ideological attitude of the Phase-Two government (1975 until the present), and the upper-class origins of the President. It is also possible that the rhetoric has ceased because oligarchic opposition to the Revolution has largely been neutralised. However, while there has been no spate of new legislation directed at 'bourgeois' sectors, the current military regime has not reversed the agrarian reform legislation or other anti-oligarchic measures of the previous regime.

The oligarchy, then, served as a rallying point for the Velasco phase of the Peruvian military revolution. Foreign—and mostly American—imperialism was also vilified by the junta, but this external sector proved more difficult to eliminate. In the case of the oligarchy, governmental action often followed the fiery rhetoric, but the actions did not always match the words. A prime example is the inducement given to the old landed elite to invest in industrial enterprises. Furthermore, some of the actions of the military government must be understood as part of the uniform opposition to autonomous units. Nevertheless, Velasco did largely achieve his professed goal

of 'breaking the spine of the oligarchy.' Rhetoric coalesced with reality, and the landholding oligarchy has been virtually eliminated as a potent force in contemporary Peru.

This does not mean, however, that the military regime, in the absence of the oligarchy, has been free to rule according to its will. Due in part to the wild capital spending which often accompanies revolutions, to the subordination of economic to ideological considerations during the First Phase, and to the concatenation of other economic problems, Peru is in the midst of a severe, protracted economic crisis. The nation's financial balance sheet is proving to be a much tougher adversary than the landed oligarchy had been.

On the strength of its huge copper reserves, seized from American mining companies, exported anchovies (used as fertiliser by American farmers), and an anticipated Amazon oil boom, Peru borrowed heavily from American banks in the early years of this decade. But by 1974, all of Peru's anticipated bounty had soured. The copper market collapsed in the midst of the global recession. The anchoveta disappeared from coastal waters. While international oil prices quadrupled and Peru was spending over one billion dollars on the ambitious Trans-Andean Pipeline, the government began to realise that the Amazonian gusher was unlikely to be much more than a mere trickle. Oil importation proceeded at an accelerated pace. To add to this grim picture, the Velasco junta went on a military shopping spree, spending up to two billion dollars on weaponry, including French Mystère jets and Russian MiGs. The government also spent wildly on spanking new government ministries and state corporations. Velasco's woes increased when the Agrarian Reform measures led to a startling drop in the production of key agricultural commodities, such as those formerly produced for export by the oligarchy: cane sugar and rice. All the while, the population expanded rapidly, and Indians continued to flood the shantytowns of Lima, a city which now contains almost five million of Peru's sixteen million inhabitants.

This economic situation created all sorts of internal tensions which culminated in the mini-coup that deposed Velasco in 1975. The foreign debt is now estimated to be between six and nine billion dollars, excessive even for the Third World, and the debt service is a shocking 40% of export income.[12] The Phase-Two government of Morales Bermúdez has taken various austerity measures, internally unpopular, in order to restore Peru's credit worthiness with the International Monetary Fund. Once the IMF is satisfied with Peru's efforts, more loans will be extended by a group of already overextended and nervous commercial banks located mainly in New York.

At this point, it can fairly be said that Peru's economic policy is externally dictated. The tragedy of this dependency is that the engineers of the Peruvian Revolution hoped to free Peru from foreign domination effected through oligarchic handmaidens. The handmaidens are gone, but the continued foreign control has led even the pragmatic Phase-Two regime to engage in Third-World rhetoric. 'The roots of the external debt problem

can be found in the structure of the current international economic system,' said Peru's Foreign Minister, José de la Puente, early in March at a Geneva meeting of the United Nations Conference on Trade and Development (UNCTAD).[13]

President Morales Bermúdez realises that the reputation of the military can be salvaged only if it sheds responsibility for this grim economic picture. Therefore, the regime scheduled the first democratic elections to be held in over a decade during June, 1978, when Peruvians planned to elect a Constituent Assembly. Thirteen parties were to run candidates in this parliamentary election. Then in 1980, presidential elections are projected, although some naval officers want to expedite these elections, making it possible for the military to wash its hands of the insurmountable problems as soon as possible.[14]

If the oligarchy was unable to stop the reforms of Velasco's regime, economic conditions have halted further innovation and have paved the way for democratic elections. Even in view of the bleak situation, it will be interesting to observe the scheduled return to democracy. Although certain candidates with oligarchic connections are already campaigning for office, it is highly unlikely that this withered group will once again pull the strings of power in Peru.

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WARTIME RESISTANCE IN PEACETIME PERSPECTIVE

by A. D. Harvey

IT is not very surprising that Total War, which is the extreme institutional negation of the Individual, should engender a mythology which above all stresses individual achievement. For example, the Battle of Britain, which was a victory for British technological supremacy, industrial enterprise and military organisation, is customarily attributed to the personal heroism of a few hundred young men. Similarly, the Resistance to Germany in occupied Europe is normally seen in terms of the clandestine operations of intrepid individuals. Their relationship to the social and economic forces which mobilised them is virtually ignored.[1]

It is the true nature of European Resistance to German occupation which I wish to discuss in this article. I do not mean to question the heroism of Resistance fighters. I merely wish to suggest that the way in which their heroism is traditionally portrayed sets up a false distinction between resistance to the Nazis during the Second World War and political resistance in democratic societies in other, less tragically disturbed periods of history.

Resistance to the Nazis is generally assumed to have been provoked by one or both of two factors which, almost by definition, do not operate in ordinary democratic societies. First, the Resistance is often seen as being essentially resistance to *foreign* occupation. Since 1945, Nationalism has declined in Europe, almost as rapidly as it has increased its impact in Asia and Africa during the same period, yet people are still willing to believe that, only a generation ago, Frenchmen and Belgians and Norwegians were willing to risk their lives by defying the government of their country, merely because that government was *foreign*. Well, perhaps it is true that, since Nationalism *has* declined in Europe, we no longer really empathise with the patriotic fervours of less than forty years ago; but this acceptance of nationalism as a sufficient motive in the recent past implicitly denies the existence of socio-economic forces underlying nationalist movements in other contexts, e.g. in Africa and Asia since the 1950s, and by extension, denies the very fact of economic exploitation and social degradation which is intrinsic to any Imperial system, whether it be that of wartime Germany, pre-war Britain or post-war America. Secondly, the Resistance is often (perhaps increasingly) seen as a resistance to a system of government which was so grossly and hideously evil that, irrespective of whether or not it was foreign, no civilised man could resist the obligation to oppose it, even at the risk of his own life.

Now it is true that, in nearly all parts of occupied Europe, German occupation degenerated into horrifying brutality during the last twelve months of the war; and it is true that, in one part of Europe, the Government-General of Poland, and with respect to certain sections of the population all over Europe, namely the Jews and the Gypsies, the Reign of Terror

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had lasted much longer. But from 1940 till 1942 or 1943, and in most parts of occupied Europe, Nazi treatment of Jews, Gypsies and Poles was little known of, or imperfectly understood, and German government was substantially no different from other forms of government. Constitutionally, perhaps I should say *institutionally*, German administration of occupied Europe took numerous diverse forms. Luxembourg was incorporated into the German Reich, with its own *Gauleiter*, and the Germans even held a plebiscite on 10 October 1940 to ratify this annexation (97% of the votes were hostile). Denmark, on the other hand, retained not only its nominal independence, but even its pre-war Social Democrat government, under Thorvald Stauning, and had a General Election in March 1943 in which the Danish Nazis were routed at the polls. In Norway, the Germans tried to help Quisling's *Nasjonal Samling* to establish itself, but despite a succession of constitutional expedients, the only real governing authority in Norway after April 1940 was the German *Reichskommissar* Josef Terboven, former *Gauleiter* of Essen. In the Netherlands, the Dutch fascist movement, Mussert's *National-Socialistishe Beweging*, was considerably stronger than *Nasjonal Samling* in Norway, but there was no corresponding attempt to set up a puppet regime, and another *Reichskommissar*, Arthur Seyss-Inquart, ruled without even the pretence of co-operating with a native government. In Belgium there was no civil government at all, but merely a military administration; this was also the arrangement in Northern France, and eventually in southern France too, though between 1940 and 1942 there was also the independent French government at Vichy acting on Berlin's orders. Yet whether ruling direct, or through the grudging mediation of a Stauning in Denmark or a Pétain in Vichy France, the Germans initially behaved in much the same way as other governments. For all that they were busy exterminating the Jews and enslaving the Poles, the Germans were content to maintain the day-to-day life-styles of their Western European subjects.

At first, shortages of food, fuel and consumer goods were not severe. It is true that the exigencies of war necessitated certain economic readjustments, but these were less dramatic than those experienced in Britain during the same period, and the Germans even showed a willingness to sacrifice purely German priorities to the necessities of the conquered territories—for example, they permitted Norway to maintain a deficit in its trade with Germany till 1943.[2] Of course, the common people of France, Belgium, Norway and the Netherlands were not consulted before the implementation of German economic measures, but nor had they been consulted on economic measures in any real sense by their own elected governments before 1940; and comparable economic policies, in which popular acquiescence had equally been taken for granted, had in fact been greeted with considerable enthusiasm both in Germany and Italy in the years before the war. Madcap schemes such as the project to resettle the entire Dutch population in Eastern Europe, may have been discussed, but were not publicised, let alone implemented.[3]

Of course, one should not discount the bitterness of having had to submit

to superior force, the grief for those killed in the brief campaigns of 1940, the anxiety for those soldiers interned after the surrender to the Germans who had not yet returned from prisoner-of-war camps in Germany, or the lingering influence, in France and Belgium at least, of the virulent anti-German propaganda circulated during the earlier conflict of 1914-18. Yet, on the whole, life went on as before. In the Netherlands there was even an increase in the birthrate.[4] In country areas the occupation forces were almost never seen, and in the cities the German troops usually behaved with exemplary politeness. The Nationalist explanation of Resistance would indicate that the mere presence of Germans would be a sufficient motive for resisting, but in fact one of the areas where the Resistance was strongest in the early years was in Vichy France, where there were no occupying troops at all, and there is no real reason to think that the occasional sight of a German uniform was regarded in other parts of Europe as especially traumatic, to begin with at least.

The real take-off of resistance occurred from 1943 onwards. Obviously this was partly caused by growing certainty of Germany's ultimate defeat, and by the increased aid given to Resistance groups by the British S.O.E. More significant, especially in France, was the German policy of conscription for forced labour in German factories, which from 1942 caused many young men to flee from their homes and seek refuge in the *maquis*. Another factor was the increased harshness of German policing measures, though this was as much effect as cause of increased Resistance activity. The important question, though, is why Resistance developed, even if only to the limited extent it did, *before* these causal factors came into play, during the first two or three years of German overlordship when the occupation governments were effectively not so very different from other governments.

Obviously there were those whose active opposition was dictated primarily by certain distinctive features of the German regime; Jews, for example, or right-wing romantics like the former members of the reactionary *Cagoulard* and *Camelot du Roi* movements who played some part in the French Resistance. But it seems to me that most of the dissidents of German occupied Europe in the period 1940-43 were not so very different from political dissidents in Europe in other periods. Consequently it can be argued that the underlying motives for their dissent may not have been so very different from people's motives for dissenting in other societies. Superficially there is this difference, that their dissent was far more violent and bloody than was customary in normal political dissent, though there have been parallels, but this difference can be explained by entirely local factors. First, the level of violence, in any confrontation with government, is usually imposed by the government. Because of the wartime emergency, and because of certain features of Nazi ideology, German reaction to dissent very quickly achieved a high level of violence. Secondly, when a high level of violence is achieved, continuing resistance becomes dependent on external supplies of arms and ammunition: sticks and stones are not enough, when the government is using machine-guns. Again because of wartime circumstances, the Resistance in Occupied Europe was lavishly supplied with the

necessary arms by the British S.O.E. (There is an obvious analogy here with the dependence of resistance in Ulster and in Africa on Soviet arms supplies during the past ten years.)

At first glance my contention that resistance to the Germans was essentially the same as resistance to other types of government earlier and later may appear to be little more than a restatement of the familiar claim that the key elements in wartime Resistance were the Communist Parties of the various occupied countries. That the Communists were active in the Resistance is denied by no-one, but there is controversy on two major issues. It is disputed, first of all, that there was any significant Communist resistance to the Nazis prior to the German invasion of the Soviet Union on 22nd June 1941; if there was not, it means not only that the Communists in occupied countries were virtual collaborators with the Nazis during the first year of the occupation, but also that the vital initiative for resistance was non-Communist.[5] It is also disputed (except in the cases of Yugoslavia, Greece and Poland, where the evidence, one way or another, is quite unambiguous) how much the Communists contributed to the total Resistance effort between 22 June 1941 and the end of German occupation. But for the purposes of this article these controversies are irrelevant. It is not my purpose either to sketch out an institutional history of Resistance groups, or to write pro-Communist or anti-Communist propaganda. What I am concerned with is not Party membership, but general political disaffection. Communist Party membership is more often a symptom of political discontent than the other way round; and as movements as diverse as the German Nazi party in the 1920s and the Provisional Sinn Fein in the 1970s demonstrate, it is not the only possible symptom of discontent.

Since the Resistance was after all opposed to an ultra-rightist establishment, it is not very surprising that leftist ideas should have enjoyed widespread support in Resistance circles, but in Western Europe at least political theorising was subordinated to the overall objective of defeating the Germans. (It is perhaps significant that it was only in Yugoslavia and Greece, amongst groups less rather than more politically sophisticated than their western counterparts, that political labels had any real divisive impact on the Resistance.) The distinction between Communist and non-Communist was substantially irrelevant in Western Europe. It is true that the Communists differed from other groups in that they had been hostile to the pre-occupation regimes as well, though they had not translated this earlier hostility into armed insurrection; moreover, they recognised that essentially —i.e. in terms of the class struggle—the Nazi regime was no different from pre-war bourgeois liberal democracies, so that in some respects wartime Resistance could be seen merely as an intensification of an already long established struggle against the class enemy. Yet it seems to me that to emphasise this continuity is to miss the point. The wartime Communist cells included a considerable number of recent recruits who had not previously been opposed to the pre-war bourgeois state, and at the same time as they attracted these recruits the Communists made the transition from non-violent to violent resistance, a transition made simultaneously (some

would argue, significantly earlier) by non-Communist groups. In other words, the mobilisation of armed Communists seems to have been part of the same process as the mobilisation of armed non-Communists, and seems to have stemmed from a *shared* experience of German rule, German rule being perceived, whatever one's ideological background, in substantially the same way.

Apart from ethnic minorities like Jews and Gypsies, and members of proscribed organisations like Communists or Freemasons, two groups were especially vulnerable to the effects of German social and economic policies, and therefore especially liable to disaffection: industrial workers and students. These are precisely the two groups which have been seen to be most prone to oppose governments in the post-war world.

For political reasons the Nazis had fostered agricultural workers inside the *Reich* while weakening the economic position of industrial workers, and this policy was extended to the occupied territories after 1940. In addition, wartime economic dislocation generated an increase in the already high level of urban unemployment while in no way reducing—rather the opposite —the demand for agricultural labour. In consequence the real incomes of agricultural workers rose quite considerably in many parts of German occupied western Europe during the war years (though the overall scarcity of consumer goods makes conventional real income calculations somewhat meaningless) while at the same time the real income of industrial workers declined. Other groups also suffered reduction of real incomes, of course, but where the industrial workers were unique was in having long-established labour organisations designed to resist such reductions, and in the context of Nazi government these labour unions became, not an economic defence, but an occasion for political embroilment. Or, to put it another way, industrial workers were not alone in suffering reduced incomes, but they were alone in having leadership cadres who paid with their lives for trying to resist this reduction.

Obviously there was a Communist and crypto-Communist element in the European labour leadership and it may be that, even before Nazi policies had begun to take effect, these working-class Marxists had a clearer idea of the true purport of Nazi social and economic theories than the majority of their countrymen who were still more accustomed to thinking in terms of a free market economy and representative democracy. Nevertheless, working-class opposition was essentially in reaction to, not in anticipation of, the implementation of Nazi economics. The February Strike in Amsterdam in 1941, the first major outbreak of resistance in the Netherlands, though triggered off by the rounding-up of Jews, was accompanied by demands for wage increases and the raising of unemployment pay.[6] Economic grievances were also behind the French coalminers' strike in the Departments of Nord and Pas de Calais in April 1941 and a series of strikes in Norway in September 1941 which resulted in two strike leaders being executed. The German attitude obviously made strike action extremely dangerous, yet in spite of this there was a strike throughout the eastern Netherlands in April and May 1943, which was repressed with well over a hundred deaths, and a

series of strikes in French railway workshops in June and July 1944. The more usual expression of industrial discontent, however, was small scale sabotage in factories and dwindling productivity.

Despite the vintage-1968 mythology about there being a fundamental identity between the interests of industrial workers and the interests of students, wartime students were affected by German overlordship rather differently from the workers. Though war conditions presumably involved no real reduction in the need for doctors and engineers, in every other field German occupation meant a massive contraction of career opportunities for graduates and even where professional vacancies existed there was a substantial deterioration of status and employment conditions. For example, a career as a journalist, or a schoolteacher, or a local government official, would be moderately prestigious in an independent state with free political institutions, but would be degrading and unpleasant in a country administered and economically exploited by an alien power. Obviously, men already working in professional posts in occupied countries were affected, much more directly, by this demoralising loss of status, but unlike the younger generation they had a sense of on-going commitment to the duties in which they were already engaged, and they also, as responsible adults, had had to make a decision, even if only a temporary one, to accept the fact of German occupation at the time it had occurred. It was the students, growing up in a society in which German occupation was an established but unacceptable fact, who were more volatile.

In a sense they were being existentially dispossessed. This experience links them directly with the student generation of the late 1960s in France, the United States, and to a lesser extent, England and Germany. It was students who inaugurated the French Resistance, with the Armistice Day demonstration in Paris on 11 November 1940, and it was students at Montpelier who perpetrated the first acts of sabotage against the government in Vichy France. Also in November 1940 was the student strike at Leiden, provoked by the dismissal of a Jewish Professor, which led to the University of Leiden being closed for the remainder of the war. The Technical Institute at Delft, which was also closed at the same period, was later reopened, but two staff and some of the students were executed as saboteurs. In Belgium campus unrest resulted in the closure of Brussels University in January 1941. The assassination, allegedly by students, of the Dutch collaborator General H. A. Seyffardt in February 1943 was followed by the arrest of 600 Dutch students. A compulsory loyalty pledge was promulgated by the German *Reichskommissariat* in the Netherlands, but only 15% of the student body came forward to subscribe. The others were summoned to report for forced labour, and except at Delft, higher education virtually ceased in the Netherlands.

Having been virtually outlawed by these proceedings, Dutch students joined the Resistance in large numbers and it has been claimed that a third of all the Dutch executed by the German authorities were students.[7] In Norway, students were at first more quiescent. An April 1942 over 500 Norwegian schoolteachers who, like the majority of their colleagues, had

refused to join Quisling's *Laerersamband* (Teachers' Association) were deported to forced labour camps two hundred miles north of the Arctic Circle, but there was no immediate response to this in student circles. Following a meeting of Oslo University students which requested that their call-up for forced labour should be postponed till the Summer Vacation, the complaint was made that, 'the attitude of the students has never been good on the whole. They seem as a University to have no cohesion and, individually, are not prepared to take a stand which involves sacrifice. Those who despair at the attitude in the University simply disappear—they study privately or take other work until such time as they can again be proud of being students. This leaves an increasing proportion of the compromising and the laissez-faire type'.[8] During October 1943, however, over 1,000 Oslo University students were arrested and in November the University was closed; and in the final eighteen months of the German occupation students were prominent in the growing Norwegian resistance.

The response of industrial workers and students should be seen merely as an extreme form of the common political experience of the entire population of German-occupied western Europe, with the exception of Nazi sympathisers and collaborators. The German or German-sponsored regimes were at first submitted to, but progressively alienated more and more people, and eventually forfeited even the passive acquiescence of the majority of citizens. This does not mean, however, that the subject populations were driven en masse into armed rebellion. On the contrary the active members of the various underground movements never at any time significantly outnumbered those of their compatriots who volunteered to serve as political police or as soldiers alongside the German army. The attitude of the majority has been described as a 'feeling of shared, though not always, not usually, active or positive support for the outlaw, for the escaping prisoner, for the fiddler on the black-market, and of course, for the resistance in general'.[9]

It was in this environment of passive dislike of the German administration that the Resistance flourished, in exactly the same way as post-war urban guerillas flourished amongst populations alienated, on class or sectarian or racial grounds, from the conventional forces of law and order, in Belfast, in New York, in Algiers, in Montevideo and in Saigon. In guerilla conflicts of this sort the general population helps the insurgents by providing food, local information and emergency hiding-places, but by far its most important function is the entirely passive one of providing a background against which the insurgents cannot be identified by the security agencies, and the less the population is prepared to help the security agents by volunteering information, the greater the freedom and scope of the insurgents. A general population which, without going to the lengths of active opposition, nevertheless grants absolutely no cooperation to the security forces, provides an almost perfect cover for a guerilla movement. In short, the political alienation of a majority of the population is the ideal context for the guerilla operations of a minority. The Resistance in wartime Europe demonstrates this as perfectly as any post-war guerilla campaign.

But the response of the majority and the minority cannot really be separated. In many respects, indeed, the years 1940-1945 provide a classic example of the type of terrorist campaign pioneered by the I.R.A. in 1920-1921, that is, a campaign aimed not at destroying the government, but at provoking the government into a progressively greater degree of over-reaction, till the point is reached when the government has alienated so much of the population and driven so many people into outright confrontation, that it is no longer able effectively to provide any of the routine services of government and has ceased, in any real sense, to be a government at all.

Let me reiterate: the administrations in occupied Europe in the period 1940-1942 were governments recognisably comparable with other governments, and it was partly the achievement of the Resistance that they ceased to be anything more than organisations for deportation, sequestration, incarceration and execution by 1944: but the Resistance itself grew out of features of the original German regimes which had their counterpart in more conventional governments both before and subsequently.

NOTES

[1] See, for example, M. Michel, *The Shadow War* (London 1972) and M. R. D. Foot, *Resistance* (London 1976).

[2] A. S. Milward, *The Fascist Economy In Norway* (Oxford 1972) p. 281.

[3] W. Warnbrunn, *The Dutch Under German Occupation* (Stanford 1963) p.25-6N.

[4] Ibid. p. 103.

[5] For a discussion of the evidence, see H. R. Kedward, 'French Communists And Resistance 1939-41' in S. Hawes and R. White eds. *Resistance in Europe* 1939-1945 (London 1975) p. 94-116.

[6] Warnbrunn, *The Dutch Under German Occupation*, p. 108.

[7] Ibid. p. 147.

[8] M. Wright, *Norwegian Diary* 1940-1945 (London 1974) p. 147.

[9] H. Ree, 'Agents, Registers and the Local Population,' in Hawes and White, *Resistance in Europe* 1939-1945, p. 24-54 ; p. 34.

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THE GREAT WATERGATE CONSPIRACY! A TV BLITZKRIEG?

by Doris Overland

NOW I am beginning to realise that I was saved from being conditioned to a conviction of Nixon's guilt because I did not have a TV set during the Watergate holocaust. I have just read that Dr. David Altheide, assistant professor of sociology at Arizona State University, has written a book entitled *Creating Reality. How TV News Distorts Events,* based on three years of research into TV news. He cites Watergate as an instance where 'the American public was led to believe there was one major conspiracy when in fact there were several different incidents. The public (was) persuaded that it had elected the most corrupt political regime in history.'

Dr. Altheide goes on to state that the time limit imposed on TV news coverage 'leads reporters to come up with all sorts of simplifying angles in order to grab something they think will be more entertaining, appealing and interesting to the audience . . . ' This was exactly my feeling about 'The Great Watergate Conspiracy'. It failed to convince me because I was sitting quietly in my TV-less apartment, poring over the Presidential tape transcripts and reading my morning newspaper before dashing off to my law job. I did not know why my morning newspaper infuriated me with its slanted slurs on Nixon, but now I realise that the reporters probably all had TV sets and had become as conditioned to the simplified angles of the time-pressed TV reporters as the rest of the public. After all, the instant guilt of an American president is far 'more entertaining, appealing and interesting' than his possible innocence would be. Even more to the point, Nixon's 'guilt' had a shock value which would keep the TV audience rivetted to their seats.

At this distant point in time, it strikes me that the oversimplified, starkly dramatic TV news coverage was of immeasurable help to Dean, Ehrlichman and Haldeman in writing their scripts for their own TV appearances as Watergate criminals. They had only to follow the major conspiracy theme and allege that they were merely petty 'conspirators' obeying the directives of their *fuehrer,* Nixon himself; that they had no course but to help him because he was the moving force behind the whole conspiracy; especially that they wanted to protect the sacred office of the presidency. Thus the several different incidents were welded into one major conspiracy, master-minded by Nixon—the 'created reality' of the time-pressed TV reporters had become 'reality' and everything that could be said in favour of Nixon became 'Tricky Dicky's' lies and evasions.

This monumental Greek tragedy atmosphere even penetrated the Grand Jury hearings, where the theme of a major conspiracy was apparently played so convincingly by Nixon's men that the Grand Jurors were moved to cite Nixon himself as 'an unindicted co-conspirator'.

I was moved to suspect a plot of astounding proportions to get rid of

Nixon by involving his men in a series of incidents and building it all up into a conspiracy and cover-up instigated by the top man. Now I believe that a number of factors conspired haphazardly to help Nixon's enemies isolate him from the confidence of his supporters and separate him from the high office to which he had been duly elected.

How far an organised plot to get rid of Nixon might have developed is anybody's guess. Were any of his men initially involved in such a plot, or were they siphoned into it? Obviously several of them were involved in the separate incidents which were dramatically merged into 'The Great Watergate Conspiracy'. No attention seems to have been given to the fact that Nixon had delegated authority to his men so that he could be free to devote all his time to the pursuit of world peace in our tense, nuclear times.

When authority is delegated to you, you are free to act independently as you see fit. John Mitchell was left in charge of the Committee to Re-elect The President, John Ehrlichman was in charge of domestic security and H. R. Haldeman was responsible for the White House staff.

Only John Dean's authority was dubious as he seems to have been the errand boy for the others. He was there as the President's counsel, supposedly to pass judgment on legal questions, but the tapes reveal that he was largely overridden by Haldeman, who was not a lawyer, and Ehrlichman, who was.

It seems clear that when left to themselves, some of the President's men pushed their delegated authority beyond their competence. John Mitchell's staff acted as though Mitchell himself were not even there. Gordon Liddy and E. Howard Hunt were authorised to set-up the Watergate break-in by Jeb Magruder after a tongue-lashing from Colson in the White House for not making use of them, as appears on the tapes. The Watergate burglary was adroitly linked to the earlier attempt to steal Daniel Ellsberg's files from his psychiatrist's office, also master-minded by Liddy and Hunt allegedly on Ehrlichman's orders—and all this was linked to the funny little pranks of Donald Segretti to disrupt the campaigns of the Democratic hopefuls—some of which, Segretti confessed, he had dreamed up at a bar when he was drunk (*It Didn't Start With Watergate*, by Victor Lasky, Dial Press, 1977.)

The whole alleged conspiracy seemed to build up on the multiplication of these separate incidents, which eventually included allegations that Nixon had received illegal campaign contributions which had been 'washed' through a Mexico City bank, Mafia style. The story behind that story (Lasky's book) was that Liddy himself had 'washed' three or four probably legal campaign contributions through a Mexico City bank, using the future Watergate defendant Bernard Barker as his agent. In the 'revelation' of the June 23, 1972 tape, this story was built up into positive proof that Nixon had even conspired to withhold evidence of his conspiratorial guilt from the American people.

However, Nixon had no reason to fear Liddy's incredible caper with the campaign contributions. He was the sort of man who would repudiate any

illegal campaign contributions which were brought to his attention, and have them returned. But he did have reason to fear the effect on national security of probing the Cuban connections of Watergate to the point of revealing the CIA plots to assassinate Castro, and I will always believe this is the reason he tried to suppress 'the smoking gun tape'. He probably could not remember just what was on the tape or how much he might have let slip to Haldeman in his remarks on 'the Bay of Pigs thing'—but there was a possibility that this tape would hold a clue to the assassination activities of the CIA, on which Johnson had briefed him.

But to a nation conditioned to believe in a major conspiracy emanating from the man who held the presidency, reasoned responses to a reasoned evaluation of Watergate were impossible. Public emotions had been whipped to the same fury which took Sacco and Vanzetti and Julius and Ethel Rosenberg to the electric chair.

To claim that Nixon was a man who made no errors would be fatuous. Upon resigning, he admitted 'errors of judgment', and, like any other man, including our canonised past presidents, he probably made many such errors in his life. To me, his greatest error was his trust in the testimony of Whittaker Chambers, but he was certainly not alone in that error. In 1952, I was one of the great American multitude who believed that Whittaker Chambers had sacrificed himself and his family to save the nation from Communism.

Today I suspect that Whittaker Chambers was one of the most convincing paraonaic liars in our history—a tragically sick man believing in his own lies until Alger Hiss came out of prison affirming his innocence. At that time, Chambers wrote a revealing letter of protest to William Buckley, Jnr., complaining: 'Alger came out more fiercely than even I had expected. . . . His strength is not what it was. But that it exists at all is stunning. Every time that, in the name of truth, he asserts his innocence, he strikes at truth, utters slander against me, and compounds his guilt of several orders. It is this which squirts into my morale a little jet of paralysing poison' (quoted from *Friendship and Fratricide,* by Meyer A. Zeligs, M.D., Viking Press, 1976).

After that letter, Chambers soon sickened and died, repining during the last months of his life that he longed for death. Since Hiss had risen like Phoenix from the ashes of his condemnation, his 'old friend and former Communist' was no longer able to go out and lecture on the Communist conspiracy—nor even to write his brilliant, telling articles.

Yes, Nixon made errors of judgment, errors made in good faith on what appeared to be reliable knowledge at the time. But the man was not condemned for his errors in judgment; he was condemned by acclamation for conspiracy and cover-up committed through the agency of his staff in the exercise of their delegated authority.

However, it happened that the frenetic TV reporters whipped up a pot of conspiracy out of the several unrelated incidents in which the White House and the CRP personnel were involved, it was all Nixon's enemies needed to

frustrate his foreign policy and manoeuvre him out of office. An outraged public—reaching even into the House, the Senate and the Judiciary—maddened by the very idea of conspiracy, began to howl for the blood of this latter-day 'Benedict Arnold', Richard M. Nixon. No VIPs, pressing the 'Watergate conspiracy' charge against him, questioned just what he had been conspiring for or against. And his men, involved God knows how, in the petty criminal aspects of the several incidents and the actual payments of alleged 'hush money' to the defendants, found 'conspiracy' a heaven-sent idea for their own defences.

The manifest excuse for breaking into the Democratic National Headquarters—that Senator McGovern's campaign was receiving Communist support, convinced the Cuban Watergate defendants that the only conspiracy afoot was a Communist conspiracy and they were defending both Cuba and the United States in their cooperation with Liddy and Hunt in that little crime of break-in and bugging. Now some of them have wondered publicly if they were not framed by an intentional bungling of the break-in —by McCord's incredible ineptitude in leaving the tape on the door.

These considerations will not rest under the blanket of a major conspiracy charge against Nixon, confessed to by his men. Was it not Abraham Lincoln who warned, 'You can fool some of the people all of the time, and you can fool all of the people some of the time, but you cannot fool all of the people all of the time'? Some of the people have wondered all along, 'What was Nixon supposed to be conspiring for or against?' Others have read the tape transcripts directly—by-passing the condemning interpretations and slanted commentaries—and noted the innocence and bewilderment of his responses to the complex verbalising of his staff—particularly his, 'To hell with their million dollars . . . let them talk!'

A conditioned people are capable of waking up to the truth when time blows away the miasmic mists of obfuscation, oversimplification and self-serving distortions—and time has a way of doing just that.

EAST GERMANY'S EMANCIPATED WOMEN

by Dennis Chaplin

FOLLOWERS of international sport or tourists to Eastern Europe cannot help noticing the advanced level of female presence in all aspects of public activity. At a superficial glance, it would appear that emancipation of women in Eastern Europe is an absolute reality. One could take the example of East Germany (GDR), where sexual equality in work has become a fetish for State propagandists.

Official praise for the 'significant role and great efforts of millions of women and girls' and the rather insipid 'International Women's Day' celebrations in the GDR refer to government policy that women must play a major part in the economy and running of the country. Nor is this mere propaganda. At present, 86 per cent. of the GDR's female population are committed to the country's labour force, suggesting that almost fifty per cent of all working people there are female, compared with an average 28-30 per cent. in Western Europe.

According to East German statistics, over 90 per cent of female school leavers learn a profession or skill and 56 per cent currently have some sort of qualifications. Every third judge and every second magistrate in the GDR is female, while 40 per cent of employees working for legal offices and courts are women. Every second practising doctor is female and 80 per cent of all employees in the health and social services are female.

In agriculture, women also occupy important positions. Every fifth agricultural worker with university or technical college background is female, while 16.7 per cent of the top positions in agriculture are occupied by women. Even heavy work does not exclude the women, with 31,000 operating heavy tractors and lorries, 11,260 possessing licences to drive combine harvesters and nearly 900 operating excavators and cranes. Taken overall, every third production worker in the GDR is female, indicating how important women are to the running of the economy.

The East German policy of regarding the training of women workers as a 'primary function' of education certainly seems to represent an advanced stage of female emancipation. However, a closer look at the economic and demographic situation in the GDR may well disillusion many a Women's Lib addict who regards East German conditions as exemplary.

To begin with, one must bear in mind that the GDR has always had to fight against economic retardation, stemming from a combination of war damage, reparations and Soviet exploitation of East German resources. Dissatisfying conditions within East Germany added another burden—the disappearing labour force as a result of mass emigration. The frontier sealing measures which began in late 1961 constituted a desperate attempt at stabilising the labour force necessary for reconstruction, but although the mass exodus did stop, the expected rise in the birth rate was not forthcoming.

Whereas East Germany had 300,000 births in 1950, the figure for 1973 was as low as 190,000, underlining the trend to decline. In 1976, out of 4.5 million marriages, every seventh one remained childless—15 per cent of the total. By East German calculations, stabilisation of the labour force for increased productivity in the next decade requires a birth rate of 2.6 children per family, an objective which is clearly still in the realms of hope. Coupled with the high rate of divorces (40,000 per annum), mostly after only one to four years' marriage, the birth rate problem is indeed acute.

Female emancipation in East Germany can therefore be seen in a clearer perspective. Faced with a singularly pressing labour shortage in a population of only 17 million, the East German leaders felt compelled to exploit the female labour potential to its maximum. In other words, the 'total emancipation of women' advertised in East Germany and the furtive channelling of women into production and services really represents the Government's only means of filling awkward gaps in the country's economic and social structure.

We can now examine the figures again. Although it is true that every third production worker in East Germany is female, it is worth noting that opportunities for women are confined primarily to the function of an industrial digit. Of those working and in possession of technical or professional qualifications, only less than 40 per cent have diplomas worth mentioning, less than 50 per cent have completed their schooling—seven per cent at technical colleges and three per cent at universities. This means that barely 30 per cent of these female workers are qualified enough to even hope for significant positions in industry.

Since the labour shortage is pushing all available men into intensive production, the exploitation of the female labour potential has become essential for covering less intensive areas in agriculture, secretarial jobs, office staff, the social services, legal system, teaching, medicine, local government, administration and similar low key yet crucial activities. In these areas, women usually cover 70 to 80 per cent of labour requirements.

Emancipation of women in East Germany is therefore misleading, a clever piece of sleight-of-hand by the Government and its propagandists. In fact, given this level of female involvement in daily labour processes, it looks as if women in East Germany do in fact have less equality to speak of than their counterparts in the West. Although East German wives are encouraged to pursue rigorous career patterns to contribute to the economy, they are still in most cases expected—certainly by husbands—to act the traditional housewife and perform the usual domestic chores parallel to their labour commitments.

Increasingly aware of this shortcoming in their 'equality', East German women are becoming more voluble in their complaints about the continued conflict between economic and domestic roles. For example, one housewife wrote to the *Berliner Zeitung* in January 1977, complaining that while her husband enthused about how well women work in industry, and this on the basis of 'equality', he did not seem to be aware of the need for

equality in the home—in other words, accepting a share of the housework to allow his wife to carry out her occupation outside the family more easily.

In many ways, the Government's scheme to balance out the labour force has backfired, for it is increasingly clear that the policy of pushing women into the country's economic processes has a disturbing effect on family life, marital relations and the precious birth rate itself. Awareness of career responsibilities often cause normal family life, sexual activity and children to become annoying interferences in the quest for self-advancement in competition with husbands or boyfriends.

There is a distinct clash between responsibility at work and in the home, and certainly resentment that women and not men are expected to handle both simultaneously. Having injected women with greater self-confidence and offered wider perspectives, the Government has created wives and girlfriends who are more ready to oppose traditional concepts of love, marriage and childcare as the focal point for their life. Government sociologists have thus noticed an increase in family tensions, decreasing sexual activity, abortions and broken marriages—a situation which naturally has adverse effects on the birth rate which the long-term economic planners have been aiming at. In fact, two-thirds of the annual 40,000 divorce applications come from disillusioned women.

Concerned by the disruptive effects of 'equality', the Government has in recent years been introducing a programme of sex education and greater permissiveness in the media as an attempt at counter-balancing emancipation's negative side-effects on family harmony and overall desire for offspring. As late as the end of the 1960s, official policy regarding sex education in East Germany was dominated by a pedantic interpretation of the 'ninth commandment of Socialist morals', which asserted simply that citizens must lead a 'clean and proper life'.

As a radical departure from a policy which frowned upon open discussion of sexual problems and marital discord, the Government is now trying to tell its citizens that there is 'no age-limit' for sexual activity and that if necessary, contraceptives can be made readily available for young people who feel they might need them. With direct reference to the notoriously ambiguous 'ninth commandment', the Government now stresses that sexual relations are naturally compatible with the 'clean and proper life' which it expects from the youth organisations.

By early 1972, the western-styled magazine for women *Für Dich* was already offering its readers a series of photographs and tips on lovemaking, reminding them that they must never be ashamed or self-conscious about activities which give great pleasure and are so important to lasting, healthy marriages. The ultimate objective is of course the birth rate increase, preferably through marriage.

Thus the engagement period has been re-introduced to encourage young people to feel more at liberty to try each other out on a basis of symbolic rather than legal bonds. There are more than 250 marriage guidance offices now, together with 45 actual 'schools for marriage', offering courses

designed to minimise 'marital conflicts', stimulate 'sexuality and the sphere of intimacy' and to train people to accept that both marriage partners' involvement in occupations 'should not damage the beauty and purpose of married life'.

Unofficially, of course, this 'beauty and purpose' is to produce more workers, a national activity which the Government now sees to have been affected by its policy of 'equality'. The theory is that greater sexual publicism and discussion of marital problems is conducive to the birth rate, reflected in official views like sexual awareness being 'an integral part of every modern young person' and the accepted morality of 'trying each other out before marriage'. Availability of contraceptives and the recent Abortion Law are also designed to reduce inhibitions about sexual contact —especially the former, with the Government's interest in the birth rate implicitly accepting that an illegitimate worker for the future is better than no worker.

There are views that the East German Government's enlightened attitude to education in sexual and marital affairs is merely an aspect of improving life in East Germany, especially since the increase in contact between the two parts of Germany since 1970 has offered East Germans greater opportunities for comparing ways of life. Since the Government is thus forced to be more 'with it' in order to make the next generation of East Germans more contented with their lot than past ones, there have had to be various concessions to western-style modernity—including fashions, pop music, hairstyles, general entertainment, and now sexual publicism.

This contains an element of truth, as does the theory that the younger Party and Youth Organisation leaders now taking over positions of responsibility have been pressing for more open-minded attitudes to comply with realities of life. Primarily, though, this drive is the direct result of the Government's policy of equality for women, one which has certainly been counter-productive as far as the birth rate is concerned. The policy of equality in East Germany has revealed itself as a more complicated process than was at first thought by the Party, especially with regard to the idea of compensating for a low birthrate. As the Party has discovered, for many East German women, producing a transistor circuit has become as, if not more, interesting than producing a future worker.

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POWYS AND THE KUNDALINI SERPENT

Part One—Enigmatic Statements

by G. Wilson Knight

IT is my purpose to give some account of what is meant by the Yoga 'Kundalini Serpent', and of signs of it in contemporary writers of consequence. In Hindu and Buddhist teaching in descent from antiquity, we are told of a power in men lodged at the base of the spine and rising to fertilise the mind and body.

In *The Finding of the Third Eye* (1938, ed. of 1955), Vera Stanley Alder writes, that it is 'likened to a serpent of fire coiled at the base of the spine':

> If man steadily purifies his mind and nature through living chastely and moderately, he is able to magnetise the Kundalini Serpent upwards through the channel of his spine, until finally it reaches the Masculine-Feminine principles of the brain and fires them into co-ordination. The man is then filled with inspiration and becomes attuned to the inner world of Wisdom. (VI. 52)

There are, however, dangers. It is a kind of fire. The Serpent may be prematurely aroused; too anxious a desire 'for spiritual gain' (VI. 53) may lead to disaster, the Serpent rushing down and inducing orgies and vice. There is a strong sexual relationship; the will to surmount normal sexuality; and a darker threat.

In W. Y. Evans-Wentz's *The Tibetan Book of the Dead*, a similar description is given, including the warning that 'the awakened Goddess can destroy as well as save'.[1] Powys has some fascinating correspondences. In *Wolf Solent* (two editions, 1929 and 1961), Wolf is tempted to sexual intercourse with the spiritualised girl Christie and is strangely inhibited.

> There came a moment's sinking into nothingness, into a grey gulf of non-existence; and then it was as if a will within him, that was beyond thought, gathered itself together in that frozen chaos and rose upwards—rose upwards like a shining-scaled fish, electric, vibrant, taut, and leapt into the greenish-coloured vapour that filled the room! (XX. 466 or 444)

The fish is called a symbol of the 'Unutterable' (XXI. 510 or 486; 516 or 492). The rising power is here levelled against sexual intercourse.

After this, Wolf advances to a state of integration. He suffers, like Sylvanus Cobbold later, from disgust at 'excremental' existence, but masters it (XIII. 292-4 or 276-8; XIX. 452-4 or 431-3). He ends up alone, but at peace: 'It's my body that has saved me' (XXV. 642 or 613).

Something similar happens in *A Glastonbury Romance* (2 editions, 1933 and 1955). Sam, in a state of sexual renunciation, has a vision of the Grail as a chalice containing 'dark water streaked with blood, and within the water was a shining fish'. The vision is preluded by 'a crashing pain'. Sam feels 'a sharp, long-shaped thing piercing his guts'; as if 'a gigantic spear was struck into his bowels and struck *from below*' (XVIII. 981-3; or 938-40). The upward thrust conforms to the Kundalini belief. During his subsequent saintly life he doctors an old man suffering from piles:

> The two extremes of his experience, the anus of an aged man and the wavering

> shaft of an Absolute, piercing his own earthly body, mingled and fused together in his consciousness. Holy Sam felt, as he went on with the business, a strange second sight, an inkling, as to some incredible secret, whereby the whole massed weight of the world's tormented flesh was labouring towards some release. (XXVIII. 991 or 948)

In his Preface to the 1955 edition, Powys discusses the Grail, with a typical play of his habitual atavistic insight, seeing it as a universal and age-old, pre-Christian, symbol known from East to West:

> It refers us to things beyond itself and to things beyond words. Only those who have caught the secret which Rabelais more than anyone else reveals to us, the secret of the conjunction of the particular and extreme grossness of our excremental functions in connection with our sexual functions are on the right track to encompass this receding horizon where the beyond-thought loses itself in the beyond-words. (Preface. XV)

To this peculiar conjunction of functions we shall return. The importance of these crucial passages must be faced.

They are written with insistence. They are difficult, but it is my hope that my references in this article will do something to elucidate them. A relevance, in both *Wolf Solent* and *A Glastonbury Romance*, to the Kundalini Serpent is reasonably clear. That it should be expressed in different terms signifies its personal nature, as Powys's own creation. The excremental and anal references, areas involved in the Kundalini experience, may seem strange; it certainly appears remarkable that they are endued with so great an importance; but with these too our other authorities will be helpful.

Important in *A Glastonbury Romance* is Mr. Evans's sadistic and sexually motivated obsession. Once settled on his course, his sexual functioning is diffused and so percolates through his whole body that, though the activated sex-nerve is at the bottom of the whole process, 'that nerve of imaginative evil' is now quietly coiled up with 'only its little radium-burning eye of glacier-livid tint, crossed by flickering red levin, remaining alert, only its forked tongue quivering like a compass needle'; its job is done, it has 'projected its dynamic energy through the whole organism'. The phraseology insistently suggests what we are told of the suffused powers of Kundalini: but 'the little coiled-up nerve-snake' is now a channel for the evil principle within what Powys regularly calls the double-natured First Cause (XXIX. 1051 or 1004). The words 'the coiled snake-nerve of sex' and 'the dark, sweet, irresistible twitching of the snake-worm' (XXIX, 1060, 1071; or 1012, 1023; and see 1068 or 1020-1) raises the question as to whether the Kundalini Serpent exists differently from sex and is only analogous to it, with a similar erect and rising power; or whether they are the *same* physical activity, differently used. If there is an analogy only, it is significant that Powys should apply to the sexual organ terms only applicable to the serpent; and indeed this transference has probably been behind the age-old imaginative relation of serpent and sex. It is as though, with Mr. Evans, the Kundalini power has wrongly got itself entangled with the sexual. We can see his dangerous perversion as an example of what happens when the Serpent is prematurely aroused by too anxious a desire for 'spiritual gain' (Vera Stanley Alder, as above). Mr. Evans was a devoted scholar of old

Welsh texts and at work on a life of Merlin; the facts fit.

We turn next to D. H. Lawrence. In *Fantasia of the Unconscious* (1923) he gives a close study and interpretation of the various nerve-centres, with an especial importance attributed to the lumber ganglion as 'the first great centre of independence' (III). Frederick Carter in *D. H. Lawrence and the Body Mystical* (1932) writes that Lawrence talked of 'an order of centres of nerve activity in man, controlling or subduing a great power, serpentine, dragonlike force that lies within every human' (24). He comments on 'the dragon that lies hid in every one of us', within whose coils lies 'the sevenfold power of the true man, not the puny being, timorous and shrunken that is mortal, but the great undying creature who is master. Yes, master of the dragon, the creature of wisdom—the wise serpent who first told the mysteries of the tree' (22). Carter was himself the author of a work, *The Dragon of Revelation* (1931). The Dragon, often with wings and breathing fire, is a widely known symbol in folklore and, like the Eagle, as a national emblem: we look forward to Miss Belinda Humfrey's forthcoming work on the Dragon. In Powys's *Atlantis* it is grouped with the serpent as old powers that have been conquered by Zeus and are due for revolution (*Atlantis*, 1954; VII.217). In ancient Greece the serpent was a sacred life-form and regularly associated with healing.

Such thoughts are artistically developed in *The Plumed Serpent* (1927 ed). It centres on Quetzalcoatl, a feathered, that is a flying, serpent, like the winged dragons so often appearing in mythology. Snakes capable of brief flights in descent without feathers but wriggling in air, have been discovered in South-east Asia.[2] Quetzalcoatl's emblem is 'a snake and a bird in the middle' (XVIII. 287). He stands for sexual power, or at least instinct, and for spirituality: for some such reason of spiritual pointing, feathers are worn in head-dresses by the Red Men throughout America. The Kundalini Serpent as a power motivating vision is clearly suggested. Passages drive home the comparison, Ramon speaks:

> My belly is a flood of power, that races in down the sluice of bone at my back. (XI. 193)

'Down' instead of 'up'. This is clearer:

> He sends the serpent of power up my feet and my loins
> So that strength wells up in me like water in hot springs. (XXI. 363)

A more generalised image, from Kate, may help:

> . . . It was if, from him, from his body of blood could rise up that pillar of cloud which swayed and swung, like a rearing serpent or a rising tree . . . (XX. 332)

Or a purely objective description. A man is viewed as

> . . . a sort of serpent, that reared and looked at her with glittering eyes, then slid away into the void, leaving her blank, the sense of power gone out of her. (XXVII. 469)

We may remember Lawrence's well-known poem on a Snake, 'now due to be crowned again'.

Lawrence here envisages a new human advance, the creation of a new type. Quetzalcoatl, the 'feathered snake', speaks:

> For me the serpent of middle-earth sleeps in my loins and my belly, the bird of the outer air perches on my brow and sweeps her bill across my breast. But I, I am lord of two ways. I am master of up and down. I am as a man who is a new man, with new limbs and life, and the light of the Morning Star in his eyes. (XV. 244)

This is his gospel, as spoken by Ramon:

> For save the Unknown God pours His Spirit over my head and fire into my heart, and sends his power like a fountain of oil into my belly, and His lightning like a hot spring into my loins. I am not. I am nothing. I am a dead gourd.
>
> And save I take the wine of my spirit and the red of my heart, the strength of my belly and the power of my loins, and mingle them all together, and kindle them to the Morning Star, I betray my body, I betray my soul, I betray my spirit and my God who is Unknown.
>
> Fourfold is man. But the star is one star. And one man is but one star. (XXI. 365)

And, again spoken by Ramon:

> I am the Living Quetzalcoatl.
>
> ---
>
> Out of the depths of the sky, I came like an eagle.
> Out of the bowels of the earth like a snake.
>
> ---
>
> The roots are mine, down the dark, moist path of the snake.
> And the branches are mine, in the paths of the sky and the bird,
> But the spark of me that is me is more than mine own.
>
> ---
>
> The snake of my left-hand out of the darkness is kissing your feet with his mouth of caressive fire,
> And putting his strength in your heels and ankles, his flame in your knees and your legs and your loins, his circle of rest in your belly.
> For I am Quetzalcoatl, the feathered snake,
> And I am not with you till my serpent has coiled his circle of rest in your belly.
> And I, Quetzalcoatl, the eagle of the air, am brushing your faces with vision.
>
> ---
>
> I am Quetzalcoatl, of the Two Ways. (XXI. 368)

Note that it is on the left side, the heart side.

We observe that man is called 'four-fold', yet he is a single unit: 'one man is but one star'. Should the quest be a lonely one? Lawrence is not finally content that it should. His life was devoted to the sexual relationship as well as to esoteric divergences in sexuality. The heroine of *The Plumed Serpent* decides on marriage:

> Yet Kate herself had convinced herself of one thing, finally: that the clue to all living and to all moving-on into new living lay in the vivid blood-relation between man and woman. A man and a woman in this togetherness were the clue to all present living and future possibility. Out of this clue of togetherness between a man and a woman, the whole of the new life arose. It was the quick of the whole. (XXV. 426)

Whether Lawrence is right or not is not for me to decide. The lonely quest has a long tradition. Perhaps the problem is different for a woman; and yet the man, Ramon, too finally decides against loneliness. This Middleton Murry in *Son of Woman* (1931; IV. 322) regards as a renegade denial of man's ultimate integrity before God. He complains that Lawrence rejects 'Love and the Spirit' (IV. 389). We could perhaps say that he is mixing up

the Kundalini quest with sexual engagements whereas it should properly act as a sublimation, or transformation, of them. Murry also complains of Lawrence's indulgence in obscene sexuality in *Women in Love* and his poems *New Heaven and Earth, Elysium* and *Manifesto* (II. 106-122). The case is clear and the critique, in normal moral terms, sound: if, that is, normal morality, as usually understood, applies. Certainly, the dangerous, anal and Kundalini areas are concerned; and still more in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, where Lawrence attempts to give his final conclusion. Of these elements in Lawrence, I have written in 'Lawrence, Joyce, and Powys' in *Neglected Powers*. Joyce's obscenities are significantly similar; and even T. S. Eliot's poetry is peculiarly concerned with the sexual aberrations within Dante's human survey.[3] In these passages, Lawrence may be felt as attempting to bring the Kundalini experience to bear on sexual relations.

The aesthetic appeal of the area in question has been regularly honoured in pictorial art; by Blake and others. In *Women in Love* (1932 ed., XIV. 189) we read: 'The beauty of his dim and luminous loins as he climbed into the boat, his back rounded and soft—ah, this was too much for her, too final a vision'. We find a less ideal analogy in Thackeray with an overlay of humour only thinly disguising the appeal.[4]

I pass on to the health and clarity, like keen mountain air—and in some moods most of us can enjoy health and normality—of John Masefield. The trouble about accounts of mysticism is that we learn of it, but do not ourselves experience it. So it may be as well to call to our aid a supreme master of narrative description. In *Lost Endeavour* (1910) one of the two heroes adventures on an island off the Virginian coast, searching for ancient remains and perhaps treasure. He comes to a cave, where there are the remains of a priestess 'of some higher race than the Indians', with some formerly decorated walls (II. xiv. 238-40). Then he sleeps and dreams:

> My dream was not like common dreaming, in which the dream dominates the personality; but wonderful and kingly, my own self,awake and strong, directing my own actions. When I say that I dreamed I express myself badly. I should say that I woke up into a new and vivid life, more splendid than this, a life of intenser colour and finer ecstasy, in a world conducted by another intelligence and governed by other laws. It was, as I suppose, the real world, of which this world is nothing but the passing shadow. I woke up, then, in the cave where I had fallen asleep, but I woke up into its reality. The walls of hewn stone were changed to opal in which fire burned. The fire on the hearth was like visible music. I cannot describe the beauty of the flame in any other way. The trees outside stood like an array of knights in mail. Their fruits were like lamps, their leaves like jewels. The plaques which lay beside me coloured and took life.

Now serpents arise from their formerly 'curled' positions. There are two, which may be related to the two or three channels supposed to exist, as we shall see, in the Kundalini experience. They accompany, rather than precede, the vision, but the general meaning is there:

> Upon a shelf on the wall, which I had noticed, a monstrous serpent began to stir from what looked to be a curled string. His scales grew erect, his head raised itself, moving from side to side, with a glittering of obsidian eyes. On the other side of the cell, from another shelf, another snake arose. The two together hissed and swayed, growing larger and larger, till their blue-black bulk seemed

> to surround me and surround me, while the rattling of their sistra began like the beating of drums. I knew that the beating of the drums, or the sounding of a rattle, is a priestly duty in all great temples before the God appears. It is one of the means of calling upon him at the commencement of an evocation. I was lapped about by these great snakes, and lulled by the calling of that rattling, till the earth had all fallen away from me, and I was aloft somewhere, removed from my body, looking down on it all as a star looks down in the daytime, unseen by man.

A kind of laughter follows, and light music, suggesting a dancer.

> Then, in the middle of the music, the inner wall parted with a crash, and I was within, touching the altar, which glowed red like a great pulsing ember. It was like a heart, contracting and expanding. It was an ecstasy to touch it; for it was no longer a slab of rock for sacrifice. It was the very heart of the goddess which received the sacrifice. The figure hidden by the cloth was no more the body of the priestess. The cloth which had covered it fell aside so slowly that I could see the broidered birds upon it and note how the tips of their wings were orange. For an instant I saw the thin body, covered with the death-wrap. Then the withered thing surged up into life. It was as though a hot sap passed through the veins, filling the dried-up channels. I saw the wrap upon the arm tighten as the life swelled the veins. The cloth burst and shredded up into dust, and changed to a soft white stuff, spangled with the green-gold wing-shields of the sacred beetles. The arms showed firm and living. The figure rose slowly, full of life and power; glowing with life that was like an internal fire, visible and tangible to me. She leaned forward and took my head between her hands. It was as though arrows were darted into my brain. (II. xv. 242-5)

Birds are embroidered on the cloth, and then beetles, winged. Afterwards, things returned to normal: the priestess is again a 'shrivelled figure', the serpents are old mosaics drawn in relief. (II. xv.248)

This objective account, by a master of imaginative narrative, is more convincing than purely autobiographical reports. It illustrates the glory and wonder which all Kundalini, and other mysticism, offers. It introduces us to the dimension of that 'real world' from which all true poetic symbolisms penetrate, as best they may, into our opaque existence.

We have been discussing American Indians. How does that come to relate to the Kundalini experience, which is from Indian and Buddhist teaching? Well, similar beliefs are found in both; which suggests that our habitual acceptance of the designation 'Indian' for the Red Men of America has a certain logic behind it. Powys was interested in both East and West. Buddhism is important in his poem *Lucifer* (composed about 1905). He was keenly interested in Tibet. The mountains and wisdom of the Welsh recall Tibet (*Obstinate Cymric*, 1947; IV.52, V.62). He has a Tibetan seer in *The Inmates* (1952). He was also attracted by Chinese philosophy: Kwang-Tze is highlighted in *A Philosophy of Solitude* (1933; II. 20-2); and see *Morwyn* (1937; IV. 265-7) and *Up and Out* (1960; 55-8). Morine Smith's expected study will contain a full discussion of his Chinese concerns. But Powys is also to be related to American Indians, with whom he has much in common. He loved, almost worshipped, as they did, the elements, the winds and the earth, enjoying its surface beneath his feet as he walked; his sympathy with the animal creation, shown in his horror of vivisection, matches the Red Indian affinities and kinship by which they bore animal names and wore

animal masks. His spirit contacts were close to theirs. His spirit healing followed them. In his *Autobiography* (1934) he writes:

> Sometimes I pretend to myself, that I, who have always aimed at being a 'magician' beyond every other aim in life, have really learnt a few occult secrets from the spirits of the Red Indians, this most original and formidable race among all the children of men.
>
> I still regard Longfellow's *Hiawatha* as an exciting and thrilling poem; and I differ completely from D. H. Lawrence in my choice among Indians. *My* Indians are the Red Indians of the East, not the Indians of New Mexico, or Old Mexico, or any other Mexico. It is an inconsistency in me, being the idol-worshipper that I am, but all the same when it comes to Indians I prefer heroes who worship, as my father taught me to do, a Great Spirit whose breath bloweth like the wind, to artistic tribes who worship Quetzalcoatl and his feathery snake. (XI. 548)

All the same, a 'feather' is an important symbol in *Wolf Solent* (especially IX. 210 or 197; and see my references in *The Saturnian Quest*, VIII. 110). There are the two important Feathers in *The Mountains of the Moon* (published in the volume *Up and Out*, 1957), and as for serpents, they and dragons are semi-divine powers in *Atlantis* (1954; VII. 217). *Hiawatha* ranked high among Powys's early influences (*Autobiography*, VII. 284). His last chapter is called 'There's a Mohawk in the Sky'. He writes:

> At the top of this hill, which must have been about the height of Montacute Hill, was an avenue of large heaps of heavy stones, which I hoped were the grave-mounds of old Indian Chiefs, Mohawk chiefs, for the Mohawks were my favourite nation; and at certain seasons during these four years, at the two equinoxes and at other pivotal days, I used to climb to this wooded summit and walk up and down this 'death-avenue', as I liked to call it, kneeling in front of each pile of stones and invoking these dead Indians. (XII. 635)

He called 'upon the souls of the dead Indians to cure Llewelyn of all his troubles, whether they were of mind or body'. At the book's conclusion he sees his 'migrations and reversions' as a 'wavering Indian trail' (XII. 652). Powys is recalled by a character Coyote Old Man, in Indian mythology regarded as the Creator of the World, who is a mixture of wisdom and folly,[5] matching Powys's favourite regard of himself as a clown or charlatan (e.g. *Autobiography*, VII 285-7).

Powys's vast and comprehensive wisdom covers both East and West; and it sinks back to early history and pre-history. In ancient times the various cultures may have been one culture; as in the Atlantis myth, treated by Powys in *Atlantis*. In Atlantis the man-dragon Typhon from the older order of gods and men is a fire-breathing and repellent monster striking terror; which is nevertheless countered by a strange fascination that makes the hero Nisos, and Odysseus too, help him in his contest with Orion; indeed, the sympathy accorded him, though accompanying horror, is remarkable and significant (*Atlantis*, XII. 424, 426, 442-7; see also V.156, VII.217, 219-21, 225-6, 247-8). We are continually pointed in these studies to a *distant* past: Yoga descends from it; Powys's Grail long antedates Christianity; Quetzacoatl is from a golden age; in Masefield's *Lost Endeavour*, the priestess was of a race before the Indians.

NOTES

[1] Addenda, 221, also 216, 224; ed. of 1957. See also Desmond Dunne, *Yoga Made Easy* (Souvenir Press 1962; Panther edition 1965).

[2] Advertisement by Wimpey, *Observer Magazine*, 4 September, 1977.

[3] See James E. Miller, *T. S. Eliot's Personal Waste Land*, Pennsylvania State University Press, 1977.

[4] Noted by John Carey, *Thackeray; Prodigal Genius*, 1977; 115 and see 28-9.

[5] Jaime de Angulo, *Indian Tales*; Sphere Books, London, 1976; Appendix, 'Indian Religion', 195.

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The August issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Thoughts on the Ulster Discontents* by John Biggs-Davison, M.P., *Intellectual Obsolescence: the Survival of Marxist Statecraft in Africa* by Peter Janke, *Powys and the Kundalini Serpent* (Part Two) by G. Wilson Knight and *Children's Books Grow Up* by Brian Lee.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

César and Augusta. Ronald Harwood. Secker and Warburg. £4.50. *One. Interior. Day.* Ronald Harwood. Secker and Warburg. £4.50. *Success.* Martin Amis. Jonathan Cape. £3.50. *Raise the Titanic.* Clive Cussler. Sphere Books. 90p. *Hunt.* A. Alvarez. Macmillan. £4.25. *Property Of.* Alice Hoffman. Hutchinson. £4.25. *Sliding.* Leslie Norris. Dent. £3.95.

It was a bold and imaginative decision on the part of Ronald Harwood's publishers to issue simultaneously two such widely different examples of his work as *César and Augusta* and *One. Interior. Day.* Combined with the presentation of a new play in Manchester and his chairing of the TV book programme *Read All About It,* Ronald Harwood's very considerable talents are now known to a very wide public. A writer who could take up the exhaustive research necessary for *César and Augusta,* after hearing a chance reference to the musicians' love affair over the radio, would need to be a very dedicated novelist indeed.

Perhaps because the material seems so unpromising at first glance, when brought to life the characters become surprisingly absorbing. There is nothing attractive about the prematurely ageing Franck, deep in his rut of teaching at the Paris *conservatoire,* composing sacred music of a kind which bores him. His wife, fruitlessly searching on his behalf for suitable operatic themes, is at once pitiful and repellent. Only the occasional appearance of an attractive maid-servant and the friendliness of the local postman bring a gleam of light into the grimly *bourgeois* household. Then, without warning, everything changes. The talented, though frequently outrageous Englishwoman, Augusta Holmes (later Holmés) seeks a place in César Franck's composition class and when rejected lays siege to him disguised as a man, and through this ruse he becomes her teacher.

The resulting achievement is never quite so brilliant as might have been anticipated. Augusta's rakish way of life is hardly conductive to prolonged periods of intensive study; she is further handicapped by a worrying background;—a dissolute, penurious father far removed from the distinguished military personage to whom she makes frequent laudatory references. The rest of the story is well known; César Franck conceives a passionate love for Augusta which, when rejected, plays havoc with his personal and professional life. Only through the celebrated Piano Quintet was he able to communicate his love and despite the originality and emotion of the composition it is hard to credit the effect of shock and dismay wrought on the sophisticated Paris society of the time. Wisely, the novel concentrates on the four momentous years of Franck's involvement with Augusta (1875-79); his later work and her not inconsiderable successes are not touched upon. The limitation of time and setting contributes to the enthralling and intelligent evocation of a unique episode in musical biography.

One of the main points of interest about *One. Interior. Day.* is that the two books could be so different. No matter how closely an author may identify with

historical characters, the fact that he is interpreting rather than creating obliges him to be reticent to some extent about his own reactions and experiences. In these nine stories about the film industry, Robert Harwood is even more involved than is customary, for the outline of life as lived by the chief character, Edward Lands, is charted by the well known landmarks of Ronald Harwood's own professional career.

This does not inhibit progress as severely as might have been anticipated. The strange no-man's land between reportage and creativity produces a curiously tantalising world of semi-make believe. One longs to know more about Edward and his wife in their day-to-day routine at home; why they remain such easy prey to the dupes and charlatans and what is going to become of them in the end. The lightish humour and gentle etching in of character might well have been undertaken merely in order to prove the author's versatility. Certainly, they are a startling contrast to the savage emotions which tear César and Augusta apart.

It is not the grandeur of unrequited passion which dominates Martin Amis' third novel, *Success,* but rather the ungratified aspirations of sex-obsessed Terence Service who has difficulty in persuading any personable woman to go to bed with him. Narrated in alternating sections by Terry and his foster brother, Gregory Riding, some savage truths are highlighted against a background of liberated Bayswater. Terence Service, the adopted brother, is a desperate failure in almost every respect. Grotesque in appearance and given to unpleasing personal habits, his days are passed in a treadmill job and his nights in a pitiable state of frustration. Gregory, on the other hand, commands adoration from his employers and a variety of young females. Sharing an inconveniently constructed flat, the brothers are bound to invade each other's privacy to the point of mutual detestation, often as ludicrous as it is sad.

Yet beneath the often comic scenes of bickering and sexual rivalry lies a complicated situation rooted in the bizarre events of some fifteen years earlier, when Terry's father murdered his mother and sister. The terrified child remained undetected in the house before being rescued and taken to a children's home; from there to be adopted by sloppy-minded, do-gooder Mr. Riding. From that day the seeds of emotional conflict germinated, flourishing into a destructive competition for the affection of Gregory's only sister, Ursula. Ursula herself, a strangely austere adolescent, loved only her own brother, with whom she enjoyed a full physical relationship. Was it, ultimately, the flouting of the taboo which brought disaster on them all? At any rate, Ursula's not unexpected suicide effectively destroys all pretence of normality between the brothers. Father Riding goes senile and bankrupt; Gregory fades into a mere shadow of his former swaggering self while Terence gradually assumes the foster brother's dominant role. In dovetailing the shifting status of the brothers, Martin Amis achieves his spectacularly brilliant presentation of anything and everything from hippies in Queensway to the Edwardian rigours of the Ridings' country home; honest to a point far beyond mere truthful observation, in which not a single situation or image is permitted to resemble anything that may have been said about it before.

The demand for documented 'tension' novels continues and one of the most convincing is Clive Cussler's *Raise the Titanic,* for whereas such sensational successes as *Jaws* and *The Deep* rest largely on the willing suspension of disbelief, Clive Cussler has developed a perfectly viable hypothesis—that the great liner could and probably will be lifted from the sinister depths in which she has lain for sixty-three years. The supposedly unsinkable luxury vessel, which in the

event had her bilge sliced off by an iceberg, has retained an aura of romantic fantasy to this day; far exceeding that of either the *Lusitania* or the *Empress of Ireland,* both of which went down not so many months later. Of the 2,201 people on board the *Titanic,* approximately 711 were rescued and so until quite recently several of the survivors were still alive, providing Clive Cussler with one of his most intriguing narrative strands. The Prelude, which describes briefly the actual sinking, and a series of related flashbacks link up with the activities of at least one passenger on the official list. Less satisfying are the familiar bogeymen of the USSR, alert to appropriate the raised hulk, either to seize an item of priceless cargo or to destroy her if this should prove impracticable. It is not entirely unexpected that the Russians fail in their objective; nor that this exciting but credible melodrama is shortly to be made into a 'major' film with sets and units specially constructed to scale. More surprising is that Thomas Hardy's poem *'The Convergence of the Twain',* written soon after the disaster, anticipates some of Clive Cussler's finest descriptions of the dark sterile world on the Atlantic sea-bed.

An almost unbearable atmosphere of pessimism pervades A. Alvarez's second novel, *Hunt*—a play on the word, for Conrad Hunt, the central character, is a man pursued and tracked down to endure the very limits of defeat and despair. *Hunt* could have been merely another exciting story of intrigue and adventure but in fact it is very much more than just that. International espionage, drug running and gambling are mere trappings to the situation of Hunt's devastating loneliness of spirit. An unfaithful TV-addicted wife, unresponsive children and a boring job leave him only his artwork in an attic studio and the uncritical allegiance of his dog. In fairness, he has earned his fate by ignoring the importance of day-to-day communication with his obstreperous offspring, as much as by persistent gambling and a procession of mistresses.

When, during a nocturnal roaming on Hampstead Heath, he stumbles over the body of an unconscious girl it seems that a glamorous situation is about to unfold for him since the girl, Olivia, is as beautiful as she is mysterious. To facilitate his pursuit of her he abandons his home and family, taking with him only the dog. It soon becomes clear that an affair with Olivia will leave him even more disillusioned than before. A final shoot-out on the Heath with the gang who control her movements reads like a film scenario, during which the dog dies in the cross-fire. After witnessing the animal's death agonies, sickeningly described, Hunt is seen running aimlessly into the darkness to escape from some menace as yet unidentified, least of all by himself. Taut, disturbing and expertly constructed, this is a novel not to be missed.

Much of the same atmosphere of personal suffering and bewilderment comes through in *Property Of,* though to an even more intense degree. The author, Alice Hoffman, wrote the novel—her first—at the age of twenty-one while she was a student graduate at Stanford University, U.S.A. It has already been well received in America. In many ways, the two sets of opposing criminals and thugs have much in common with the vicious young drop-outs in Graham Greene's early novel, *Brighton Rock*; although they are at the same time more mindless and pathetic. The sinister and unpredictable McKay, leader of the 'Orphans,' is described as being irresistible to women, and certainly the faceless, unnamed narrator finds him so. At the same time, she resists him in spirit if not physically until she reaches the momentous decision to cut adrift from the anti-social group and rediscover her own identity. McKay certainly does not believe the she will leave him and it is her genuine pity for his juvenile bombast

which imbues their final act of love-making with genune tenderness and concern. She slips away while McKay is in the bathroom, administering to himself a hefty dose of heroin—an act described in horrifying detail and quite one of the most effective episodes in the novel. Alice Hoffman's assertions are brisk and uncompromising. She has not been tempted to soften the impact of a succession of bizarre happenings, all taking place in the heart of a conventional New York suburb.

Finally, the reader will not be averse to discovering a totally different world in *Sliding,* a beautifully produced and printed collection of short stories by the poet, Leslie Norris. All fourteen pieces are rewarding for careful study and among the most successful is 'A Roman Spring', a semi-serious account of the ambivalent attitudes of a property owner towards those who wish to make free with a semi-derelict cottage on his land. Simple as the issue may see, it is used to expose the very foundations of power and possession. But all ends happily. For the most part, Leslie Norris stays close to an area he knows and understands so well—the Welsh countryside.

Also Received:

Satan's Bay. Michael Hastings. Macdonald and Jane's. £4.25.

Once again, Michael Hastings has devised a promising situation in the accepted style of 'action-thriller'. The arrival on a remote island off the New Guinea coast of a group of maladjusted individuals provides the starting point for an intriguing mystery. This is an intelligent novel in the specified *genre* and thoroughly absorbing.

Gallows Wedding. Rhona Martin. The Bodley Head. £4.95.

It is perhaps surprising that *Gallows Wedding* should have been awarded the first Georgette Heyer prize, for though historically accurate it does not make very compulsive reading. The period chosen is one of chronic unrest and upheaval during the reign of Henry VIII, when a near breakdown in civilised standards resulted in 'displaced' citizens roaming the countryside in conditions of unbelievable squalor and bestiality. Emphasis on the latter tends to become monotonous and it is difficult to relate the characters to real life men and women.

Moods. Raymond Ravinsky. Vantage Press. £4.95.

Raymond Ravinsky is a young writer who, in the five short pieces contained in *Moods,* obviously has something original and stimulating to communicate. The stories, conveyed in letters and anecdotes, are all expressions of frustration in personal predicaments as much as at the sorry state of international and political relations. As yet, Raymond Ravinsky lacks the necessary narrative skill and experience to present this complex tapestry effectively, but he is definitely a writer whose career will be well worthwhile to follow.

Meet Me at the Melba. Bronté Woodward. Souvenir Press. £3.95.

This inoffensive American novel dealing with the administration of a modest cafeteria in Atlanta, Georgia, has much to recommend it in quiet humour and shrewd characterisation. The proprietor, Preston Vacalis, does not make a fortune or find positive happiness, yet the overall impression is one of sensitivity and warmth.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

THE MEMOIRS OF PASTERNAK'S MISTRESS

The Captive of Time. My Years with Pasternak. The Memoirs of Olga Ivinskaya. Translated and introduced by Max Hayward. Collins & Harvard Press. £7.50.

Most of us make allowances for genius in passing moral judgments. We are nearly all agreed that *Dr. Zhivago* is one of the few great novels of our period. Unless we happen to know Russian, we hesitate to pronounce on the translated poems. But *Dr. Zhivago* is so superlative that we take them on trust.

The man who emerges from this absorbing book about Pasternak by his mistress during his last fourteen years is not, leaving out his genius, an attractive figure. He was capable, however, of the passionate devotion of the authoress, but did not love her quite enough to leave his comfortable family life, or the second wife who provided him with so secure a background.

Our authoress herself was, in her turn, capable of inspiring the never-to-be-forgotten character of Zara in Dr. Zhivago. So she also deserves admiration and profound sympathy.

Pasternak's treatment by the Soviet authorities who did all they could to stifle his originality and twice threw Olga into prison, once before and once after his death, was revolting. When he was awarded the Nobel Prize for *Dr. Zhivago* they forced him to humiliate himself in refusing it. The action of his fellow writers was in its way equally contemptible, but they at least had the relevant excuse of fear for their own skins. Solzhenytsin who, in his turn, was awarded the Nobel Prize, took up a totally different stance and criticised Paternak harshly. 'I measured him', he wrote, 'by my own aims, by my own criteria and squirmed with shame for him, as though for myself. How could he have taken fright at abuse in the newspapers?'

Olga does what she can for the memory of her hero. She takes a full measure of blame on herself for persuading him to write his letters of repentance. She claims that by the very publication of his book he achieved more than later dissidents—even Solzhenytsin. 'Pasternak', she writes, 'by means of his novel chose to engage in one of the most stirring contests to be fought in the middle of this century between the human spirit and tyrannical rule'. She insists that, in the long run, whatever he wrote about his own book after it was published, the victory by that time was already his.

We in the West will continue to be amazed that literary genius has flowered so abundantly in Russia where freedom has been so grossly denied, both under the Czars and the Soviets.

There was a moment during the controversy about *Dr. Zhivago* when Pasternak appeared to consider the idea of emigrating. 'Perhaps we should go, yes?' 'No, Olga, I could not go abroad, even if they let us all go out together. I have always dreamt of going to the West as though on holiday, but I could not possibly live like that, day in, day out, away from the work-a-day life I know here, the birch trees, the familiar troubles—even the familiar harassments, and hope I shall be happy with what I have to suffer.' She is confident that the question of whether to go or not never seriously arose. 'B.L.', as she calls him, 'had always thought of himself as a Russian and deeply loved his country.'

So as we put down this moving story we continue to make allowances for genius and, however mystified, for Russian genius in particular.

FRANK LONGFORD

VERDI THE DRAMATIST

The Dramatic Genius of Verdi: Studies of Selected Operas. Volume II: I Vespri Siciliani to Falstaff. Vincent Godefroy. Gollancz. £7.50.

Just under three years ago I wrote with much enthusiasm in these pages about the first volume of Vincent Godefroy's studies of Verdi's operas. That book dealt with ten of the earlier operas which culminated with *La Traviata*. Now the second volume has appeared, covering the composer's final eight great works, and adds to that an interesting and thought-provoking chapter on 'King Lear, the Opera that never was', but which, as we know, at regular intervals during Verdi's long life, he was keen to write. Sadly, Mr. Godefroy died not long after this book was published, but at least opera-lovers may take some comfort from the fact that his work had been completed, for there can be no question that we will all remain permanently in his debt. As before, the author, an opera-buff in the very best sense in that he combined knowledge and erudition with his enthusiasm, has approached Verdi's operas from the dramatic standpoint, and, though never neglecting the music, has written about each work as the magnificent theatre it unquestionably is. What I personally found significant was that initially I read this book for a musical periodical, alongside four other works on Verdi, all lavishly illustrated and of the 'coffee table' variety. At the end of this stint the remarkable thing was how much more colourful and genuinely 'pictorial' were Mr. Godefroy's studies, unillustrated save by musical examples, than those other works which relied so heavily on reproductions and photographs to convey their authors' enthusiasm. This author, however, achieves his object by vivid prose and at times controversial arguments which succeed in placing each opera clearly in the mind's eye, and often provoking one to consider it afresh.

As a schoolteacher of over thirty years' standing—and a headmaster for seventeen of them—it is hardly surprising that the author's approach veers slightly towards the pedagogic and is unashamedly subjective. On the other hand there is little parade of scholarship for its own sake, none of those minutiae of detail simply intended to display learning. As he himself remarks of certain other recent studies in his foreword: these 'would seem to have left no discovery uncharted, no dictum unspoken, no observation unwritten', whereas 'laudable as they are, these reports and bulletins leave one, not so much breathless with admiration as submerged under tidal waves of scholarship such as would have amazed, if not alarmed, Verdi himself.'

Mr. Godefroy's technique is to take each of the eight operas and first to explain the circumstances in which it came to be written. Next he examines the crucial relationship between Verdi and his librettist, which demonstrates how substantial a part the composer invariably played in shaping the text dramatically to his liking—even the masterly Boito was not immune from this in his work on *Otello* and *Falstaff*. Then the opera itself is scrutinised and analysed as it unfolds, from the author's own personal, subjective standpoint, and it is thus that it truly comes alive on the stage of one's mind's eye. His examination of *Don Carlos, Aida, Boccanegra, Otello* and *Falstaff* are superb examples of his technique. For instance, in examining the second act of *Otello*, at the moment in the great duet with Iago where the seeds of Otello's suspicion of Desdemona are planted in his mind, we read 'For as the strings drone on, darkened by the bassoons, we catch the growing restlessness in the Moor's troubled mind as it writhes to the point of no sedation. Otello suddenly rebuffs Iago and plunges into that superb recitative over bassoon and violoncello through which in

uncannily Shakespearean vein he acknowledges the shattering of his happiness, and embarks on his lavishly scored song of defeat. It is one of the opera's top moments; for like Falstaff's 'Quand'ero paggio' it suddenly seems to crystallise the music into a shape that can instantly be grasped by the most unreceptive mind'.

To enjoy the author's personal approach to his subject one has also to bear with his idiosyncracies, not to say eccentricities. Thus there is a slightly wilful tendency to entitle chapters in a deliberately 'off-beat' fashion. Thus 'Riccardo, Earl of Warwick'—denoting a determination to leave *Un Ballo in Maschera* in Boston, Massachusetts, whither the censor forced it, rather than placing it in Sweden where Verdi had originally intended. 'Philip the King' rather than *Don Carlos*, likewise 'Amneris, Daughter of the Pharoahs' and 'Iago, *a villaine*', though certainly here one may argue, as the author does, that both Verdi and Boito saw him, rather than Otello, as the true fulcrum of the opera. Nor are we altogether helped by Mr. Godefroy's insistence in his analyses of *Otello* and *Falstaff* on the use of the spelling and typography of the First Folio for his quotations from Shakespeare's originals: this really does carry pedantry a little far. Finally, as when I reviewed the first volume, I must regret the absence of an index: so often one wishes to refer to a particular scene in an opera, where the presence of an index would have been invaluable. These minor reservations aside, I can only welcome this second volume, and urge it upon any and every lover of Verdi's operas. It will continue to stimulate and enlighten when one's senses have long since been dulled by the pictures that adorn glossier publications.

DAVID FINGLETON

OUR NATIONAL THEATRE

The History of the National Theatre. John Elsom and Nicholas Tomalin. Jonathan Cape. £8.50.

By far the most telling chapter in this weighty book is the first, dealing with the nomadic foundation stone which was moved on from site to site before reaching its final resting place on the South Bank. It picturesquely sums up the confusion and changes of mind that surrounded the whole vexed question of Britain's National Theatre.

It was written by Nicholas Tomalin, who, tragically, was killed in the Yom Kippur war in 1973. His research notes and transcripts from interviews were passed to John Elsom, writer on theatre and critic for *The Listener*, who compiled the remainder of the book.

In his preface, Elsom says that Tomalin intended much more than a collection of well-researched articles. 'It was to be something far more substantial, for Tomalin believed that the creation of the National Theatre provided, in miniature, a portrait of our times.'

The finished book, however, fulfils the former category rather than the latter. Well-researched it certainly is. It takes us back to Effingham Wilson, the London publisher, who, in 1848, first proposed a National Theatre, and before that to the 'patent' theatres in Drury Lane and Covent Garden, given virtual monopolies over production of straight drama, proving that even then the State was dabbling in theatre.

Elsom follows the faltering progress to the present day, examining the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre, Lilian Baylis's Old Vic, and the first of the brave new theatres—Chichester, under the regime of Laurence Olivier. Finally,

we come to the establishment of the National Theatre at the Old Vic, again under the directorship of Olivier, and the subsequent and much delayed building of the South Bank monument.

It is here that Elsom, after many thorough, but somewhat dull, chapters begins to stir up controversy. Laurence Olivier is seen as a paternal figure, ready to listen to the humblest spear carrier's problems, and surrounding himself with men of talent.

Peter Hall, on the other hand, Elsom claims, weeded out 'those who had the status and confidence to stand up to the Director. It was like having a weak Cabinet and a strong Prime Minister'. He gives a full account of the way in which the director, Michael Blakemore, sole remaining member of Olivier's regime, left the National Theatre. There is no doubt that Blakemore was justifiably angry at the circumstances which led to his resignation. What Elsom fails to mention, as the book had gone to press by then, was that Blakemore has since returned to direct an excellent revival of Ben Travers's *Plunder*.

Another point of contention is Hall's 'secret' salary, which he refuses to declare, saying that 'a man's income and his sex-life are his own affair.' In a newspaper interview after the book was published, Elsom calculated that Hall's income was around £30,000. Bearing in mind the salaries that chairmen of nationalised industries collect, Hall's reply could well be, 'Yes, that is what I am paid and I am worth every penny.'

Some of Elsom's criticisms about choice of repertoire are justified. There have been disasters, as any regular theatregoer would testify. But why should Alan Ayckbourn's *Bedroom Farce* not be seen at the National, simply because the West End commercial managements would have been equally willing to snap it up? Elsom advocates a theatre for students of drama, putting on a comprehensive repertoire of classics, a sort of 'library' where productions are taken down from the shelves and dusted occasionally. That would be a step towards fossilised theatre.

In any case, the criticism is unjustified. What about the productions of the rarely performed *Tamburlaine*, Harley Granville-Barker's *The Madras House*, *Volpone*, *The Country Wife*, and Ibsen's *Brand* as well as the more popular *Hamlet*, *Macbeth* and *The Cherry Orchard*. It seems that, as far as its critics are concerned, the National Theatre cannot win.

CLARE COLVIN

WHEN QUEEN VICTORIA WAS AMUSED

Queen Victoria Goes to the Theatre. George Rowell. Elek. £6.95.

Mr. Rowell, theatre historian, Special Lecturer in Drama at Bristol University, has gone to some pains to show that the Queen who once said 'We are not amused' was highly amused for much of her life by plays, opera, ballet and the circus. From her Journal, started in 1832, in Windsor's Royal Archives he discloses that she saw her first play, Planché's *Charles XII*, at age twelve, first visited the theatre—for *The Barber of Seville*—at thirteen. She retained her liking for it for the next thirty years, noting on one occasion:

> Mario had completely lost his voice, and when he came on to try and sing, said 'e impossible, non posso,' bowed and went off the stage. Upon this, Lablacne made such a funny charming face that the whole audience laughed. After waiting a quarter of an hour, Corelli came and took Mario's part, which he did very fairly, though he did not know his part very well.

She recorded frankly her likes and dislikes, sometimes with caustic comment.

A Kensington Palace concert arranged for her sixteenth birthday prompted this on Mme. Malibran, who arrived late in a white satin dress, scarlet hat and feathers: 'She is shorter than Grisi and *not near so pretty*. Her low notes are *beautiful*, but her high notes are thick and not clear. I like Grisi *by far better* than her.' Of romantic actor Charles Kemble in a tragedy, *The Separation*, she noted that he whined, drawled the words, his actions were overdone, affected, his voice not pleasant, he made terrible faces, looked old, did not carry himself well. Preferring Meyerbeer, she found Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* 'one of the most unattractive and absurd operas,' adding:

> There was not a particle of melody, merely disjointed and most confused sounds, producing a fearful noise . . . compared to the noise of dogs and cats! The 2 1st acts kept us in fits of laughter, owing to their extreme foolishness.

Nevertheless, she and Prince Albert did enjoy opera and adored Jenny Lind, attending all sixteen of her performances, seeing her five times in two of them, thrice in another, cancelling or shortening other engagements to hear her. Of Mozart's operas she came to like *Don Giovanni* most, and in 1851 took the three eldest children to see it at Covent Garden. They were 'quite delighted.' On the ten-year-old Prince of Wales, Mr. Rowell adds wryly, 'it may have had even a stronger influence than his parents intended.' Possibly, since years later he helped to coach the lovely Lily Langtry in *She Stoops to Conquer*, and not only in the theatre.

The Queen's last theatre visit was to see *The Colleen Bawn*, for after the death of her mother, then of her husband, in 1861, her playgoing ended. In time, however, she did permit performances at Windsor under the direction of Charles Kean, who reckoned he was £1,689 out of pocket on the job and suffered an attack by Walter Jerrold on 'The Great Kean Monopoly.' She also encouraged family theatricals in which the royal juniors performed, plus groom-in-waiting Alick Yorke, the Earl of Hardwicke's son, who was the recipient of the reproof 'We are not amused' when he tickled a German guest with a risqué story and the Queen insisted he repeat it. Today, doubtless, it wouldn't lift an eyebrow.

With scholarly fervour, which some may find excessive at times, Mr. Rowell mirrors the heydays when the footlit stage was the prime escape from protocol routine. Doters on royal memoirs will want the book, with its nineteen monochrome pictures, for their shelves.

TREVOR ALLEN

FILMING A PROUST NOVEL

The Proust Screenplay. Harold Pinter. Associated Book Publishers. £7.00.

Proust's 'Remembrance of Things Past' has always seemed to me to be one of the most unfilmable of books. Addicts do not really wish to see it transposed. Others cannot be bothered with the long dream-like recollections. There are, of course, terrible technical troubles. It's a bit like filming the whole of the Old Testament in one two-hour movie. 'Hello there, Noah.' 'Isn't that Joshua?' 'Listen to those trumpets.' 'Where's Sodom?'

Harold Pinter has written a screenplay for director Joseph Losey. Reading a filmscript is, of course, not like seeing the completed film. Were the film ever to be made there would be countless revisions, changes and, of course, the players hopefully would bring flesh and blood to the characters. At the moment all we

have is the paper. Sadly, it seems to fall into all the traps. Characters flit in and out, many of them merely seem to be there because they were in the book and for no other purpose. The style is the tricksy one we have come to know and love (or hate) of Pinter and Losey. There are whole series of shots of the characters' eyes. The time changes are totally baffling and, unless there are innumerable titles breaking up what action there is, it will be almost incomprehensible to anyone without a detailed remembrance of the novel. Much of the dialogue as it stands at present is banal.

The preface to the script ends by saying that the protagonists are still looking for finance for the film. The publication of the script seems to be an effort to salvage something from what appears to be a total wreck.

JAMES MORTON

SHORTER REVIEWS

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939. First Series. Vol. XXI. (H.M. Stationery Office. £30). This volume, prepared by Professor Douglas Dakin, is concerned with 'German Reparation and Allied Military Control 1923' and contains nearly 700 documents and also an Appendix dealing with the reference of the Saar Problem to the League of Nations. A great number of the documents are those passing between Lord Curzon, the Foreign Secretary, the Foreign Office and British missions abroad. The volume opens with the failure of the Paris Conference in January on German Reparations and the occupation of the Ruhr by the French. As Professor Dakin shows in his Preface, the British Government proceeded to sit on the fence. While disapproving of the occupation, they were equally not prepared actively to support the German objections. Friendship with France was the first essential. In March, the French under Poincaré had resumed military control over German installations. In September, Germany declared their intention to abandon passive resistance in the Ruhr. This had very little effect upon the French Government, in spite of British efforts to bring the two nations together. In a telegram dated the 30th September from the British Ambassador in Berlin, Lord D'Abernon, to the Foreign Secretary, he refers to an interview with the German Chancellor who was extremely worried at the political consequences of the rigid French attitude. 'Inner political situation had become more acute. Differences with Bavaria had increased and there was undoubtedly throughout the whole country a strong wave to the right. He could not fight unless he got some kind of encouragement and support. If his government fell it was the last chance of a constitutional regime.' On the 8th November there was the abortive Hitler-Ludendorff *Putsch* in Munich; and a despatch from Mr. R. H. Clive in Munich gives an account of it. 'Hitler is at large, considered by many as a hero and martyr.' On the 13th November, Mr. Clive concluded 'more responsible elements of populace gradually becoming disillusioned about Hitler.' The Hitler menace was not then fully appreciated. As with other volumes in this series, the Editor has enjoyed unrestricted access to the Foreign Office archives.

Pimpernel Gold (Robert Hale. £4.50). 'How Norway foiled the Nazis' is the sub-title of this exciting account, by Dorothy Baden-Powell, of how Norway's gold reserves were saved in April 1940. Hours before the Germans seized Oslo, eighty tons of gold bullion were removed from the vaults of the Bank of Norway and were conveyed by road and rail through the Gudbrandsdal to Andalsnes and Molde where they were taken on board Allied ships to Britain. It is a remarkable story of great courage, resource and determination by some fifteen Norwegians who outwitted the harrying Germans always close behind. The author, who worked with those organising Norwegian resistance during the war, has carried out a great deal of research from German as well as Allied sources as the basis for this account. To give it greater immediate impact to the reader she has written it in fiction form. In a brief Foreword, Sir Laurence Collier, who was British Representative to the Norwegian Government in exile, 1941-45 and later British Ambassador to Norway, writes: 'I have read and enjoyed the manuscript of this book. Though it reads like a first-class thriller, I can testify that it is a record

of historical fact'. There are two small though useful maps and also a number of illustrations.

Sandition, the Watsons, Lady Susan and other Miscellanea (Dent, London. £2.95; Dutton, New York). This volume of fragments of Jane Austen's work was first published by Dent in 1943 and is now reprinted in Everyman's Library, with the original brief Introduction by the late R. Brimley Johnson. The first item, *Plan of a Novel,* written in 1816, 'was destined,' writes Mr. Brimley Johnson, 'to laugh out of existence the idle vapourings of romance.' The next, *Sandition,* consists of rough ideas for a new novel in 1817, which she could never complete. *The Watsons* was a much corrected manuscript, probably written about 1807. It, too, was never completed. Fourthly, the volume includes the cancelled chapter of *Persuasion,* which 'remains a charming example of Jane Austen's best, most finely polished, work.' Finally, there is included *Lady Susan,* written about 1805 in the form of letters, which was never published.

One Old Oxford Ox (Jonathan Cape. £2.50). Nicola Bayley's skill and reputation as an illustrator of children's books cannot be denied, but her new offering appears to be little more than self-indulgence. Twelve semi-tongue twisters, the longest being of nine words, are the total content of text which accompany, almost incidentally, Miss Bayley's illustrations. Beautiful though they are it is difficult to justify them in a volume which no doubt is aimed at the children's market. Placed in the middle of large pages like special edition postage stamps, the illustrations depict various animals in human poses on the same lines as the tigers in her earlier very much more rewarding book *The Tyger Voyage.* The tigers, in fact, make a 'guest appearance', sitting round a tea-table 'taking toast for tea' like three elderly spinsters. Just as one feels hungry again shortly after having consumed a Chinese meal, this book makes one feel that you have only been given the menu.

Uniforms and Weapons of the Zulu War (Batsford. £4.95). This latest volume on military uniforms and weapons comes from Christopher Wilkinson-Latham. After a brief account of the Zulu War early in 1879, he discusses all the units involved in the fighting, including the Marines and the Naval Brigade, being particularly concerned with their uniforms and the weapons used. Although there were changes in design, they were still predominantly red. The author also has a valuable section on the Zulu army, in which he discusses their order of battle, regiments, training and tactics in battle. They were remarkably well organised. In the long run their lack of fire power and rigid deployment were bound to lead to defeat by a well equipped European force. The volume is very well illustrated, in colour as well as monochrome.

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INTELLECTUAL OBSOLESCENCE: THE SURVIVAL OF MARXIST STATECRAFT IN AFRICA

by Peter Janke

IDEOLOGY and statecraft have been a constant concern of African states since independence in the early 1960's, but never more so than today. Two countries, Angola and Mozambique, last year established vanguard parties in accordance with Marxist-Leninist doctrines. Further north, in Ethiopia another military strongman, Haile Mariam Mengistu, is constructing a bloody dictatorship, pitting organised 'Red terror' against 'White terror'. The ideological justification is Marxism-Leninism, but the political reality is little different from the struggle for mastery in Uganda or Burundi. Put another way, it would have occurred anyhow. But will the doctrine strengthen the tyrant, and in fact produce in Africa what US Ambassador Andy Young called a stabilising factor?

Firstly, Leninism in itself is not entirely new to Africa. Both the Congo and Guinea had earlier in the 60's borrowed certain aspects, but Moscow never considered these regimes entirely orthodox; nor were they. The class struggle, for instance, was never recognised by Sekou Touré as the basis for his *Parti Démocratique Guinéen* (PDG) although both the PDG and the *Parti Congolais du Travail* (PCT) claimed to be vanguard parties based on Marxism-Leninism. The PCT, founded in 1970, is the younger party, created by President Ngouabi, who seized power in 1968 and ruled until his assassination last year. It was 'a proletarian party which, in the exercise of its leading role, relies on the support of the worker and peasant masses and on those soldiers and revolutionary intellectuals who are striving for the complete independence of their country and its development on the basis of scientific Socialism. The theoretical basis of the party's activity is Marxism-Leninism'.[1]

These two parties came nearest in black Africa to monopolising politics by bringing trade union activity and youth and women's organisations under party control. Local committees were set up in Guinea in 1975 in an attempt to root the PDG in the provinces—to act in fact as party cells which would oversee the carrying out of party directives. Ideologically the commitment to 'scientific socialism' in Guinea and Congo isolated them from Arab socialism in the north of Africa and from the African and humanistic socialism practised in Tanzania and Zambia. In both cases religion and the concept of the individual were highly valued and continue to be so today. Yet devel-

opments in the Congo and in Guinea, distinct as they were, still bore little resemblance to that which is at present taking place in Angola, Mozambique and Ethiopia. Only in Somalia is there a parallel, although there too the place held by Islam distinguishes Somalia from the intellectual and political obsolescence practised in Angola, Mozambique and Ethiopia.

In two of these countries, foreign soldiery alone permits the imposition of Marxism-Leninism on the population. In Angola President Agostinho Neto's policies are bitterly and successfully contested on the ground by the UNITA guerrilla forces of Jonas Savimbi. The President's rule is maintained only by a praetorian guard of some 23,000 Cubans, who saved his life in June last year when a faction of his own MPLA party attempted to seize power in Luanda. Since November 1977 the number of Cubans in Ethiopia rose from 550 to over 16,000. They were responsible for the Somali reverse in the Ogaden region of the country earlier this year, and will be in the forefront of Mengistu's attack upon the secessionist Eritrean forces on the Red Sea coast of Ethiopia. Neither leader could survive without this military aid.

Weakness too drove President Samora Machel to embrace Marxism-Leninism, for although he emerged unchallenged from a ten year guerrilla campaign in Mozambique, two-thirds of his country had never known a guerrilla action.[2]

He was confronted by the requirement to govern eight million Mozambicans with no more than 15,000 Frelimo guerrilla fighters totally unschooled in administration. It was only at that point, and not during the struggle when it was important to emphasise nationalism as a rallying call, that Machel espoused Marxism-Leninism.

To military regimes, whether they come to power through a coup as in Ethiopia, or through a liberation war, as in Mozambique, there are very material reasons for the attraction of this political obscurantism. It opens at once to an unknown and backward country the orchestrated acclaim of the world socialist community which, through congratulatory telegrams, invitations and radio and television programmes, flatters and publicises the new regime. This in turn bolsters the ruler's stature and strengthens his position amongst a generally ignorant populace.

The ruling system becomes the ideological and physical repository of truth, facilitating the legitimate denunciation of political rivals. To a military strongman such as Siad Barre, Mengistu or Machel 'scientific socialism' is attractive because it appears to offer greater long-term security than either military government pure and simple or military government backed by a new party.

Having embraced ideological orthodoxy an African ruler may consider himself better placed to appeal for aid from the socialist world in the event of rebellion, whether it be a secessionist revolt, a palace coup or military opposition from a section of the armed forces. It is, after all, the constitutional duty of the USSR to intervene, if it can be maintained that by so doing 'proletarian internationalism' is upheld.

Most attractive of all to a would-be ruler 'scientific socialism' holds out the prospects of receiving from the USSR, Cuba and Eastern Europe a whole programme designed to control the population or to maintain internal security. This ranges from education and media control through factory and village surveillance to military and police training.

If, on account of these reasons, the ideology appears attractive to African leaders how has its application fared in practice? Far from its progress appearing to be an historical inevitability, as Marxist theorists would have one believe, it has undergone setbacks, although in the course of time these may still turn out to be temporary. The assurance of Soviet backing does not necessarily prevent reverses, which most obviously occurred in Ghana, where President Nkrumah was toppled whilst on a visit in China, nor does the imported apparatus of control preserve the ruler from internal threats. There have been attempted coups in Mozambique (December 1976), Angola (May 1977), Cape Verde Islands (June 1977), Benin (January 1977) and Somalia (April 1978). Finally, President Ngouabi of the Congo was assassinated in March 1977.

Nonetheless it is Marxist statecraft, or at the very least the 'vanguard party', which appeals in the early days. Later on there is some evidence that rulers, having found their feet as it were, find it advantageous to go their own way and even renege on agreements. Somalia broke with the Soviet Union after signing a 20 year treaty of friendship and cooperation, as had Egypt earlier. Neither country had adopted total orthodoxy, mainly because of the influence of Islam, but President Sadat's renunciation of socialism in favour of political pluralism may, because of Cairo's intellectual supremacy in the Arab world, have a seminal influence. It will be interesting to discover whether or in what form scientific socialism in Somalia will survive the diplomatic revolution of 1977.

But for the moment Leninism is influential in Angola, Mozambique and Ethiopia, where the internal evidence suggests that it has not yet proved a stabilising factor. It is worth examining first the ideological orthodoxy, for it runs against the current of the time when modern European communist parties are questioning the concepts, before turning to the difficulties these regimes are encountering.

It was in February 1977 that Frelimo turned itself into a Marxist-Leninist Party. 'The hard class battles demand that the working class and the progressive elements from other workers' classes, have a vanguard party directed by the scientific ideology of the proletariat. The setting up of the party arises as a need of the development of the revolution.'

'The final objectives in the Constitution of the Peoples' Republic of Mozambique are, basically, the construction of the political ideological, scientific, and cultural basis of the socialist society. The constitution establishes that the land and natural resources of our country are the property of the State. It stresses the value of the collective form of production and defends the interests of the working masses. . . . . The Constitution lays particular emphasis on internationalism—one of the achievements of our

struggle and a constant factor in Frelimo policy. It defines as fundamental features of the foreign policy of our state the unity of the African peoples and States, the natural alliance with Socialist countries, support for and solidarity with the struggle against colonialism, neo-colonialism and imperialism, the fight for peace and general and universal disarmament . . .'[8] On closing the Congress on February 7, Machel reiterated, 'our struggle is to destroy all vestiges of feudalism and colonialism, but it is also fundamentally to crush capitalism, which is the most advanced form of exploitation of man by man.'

For the occasion of the Congress the party approved official slogans which were chanted in the streets of the capital, Maputo. They included 'Long live proletarian internationalism' and 'Long live the dictatorship of the proletariat, the highest form of democracy'. To these ringing tones the leadership extolled the cardinal precepts of old fashioned Communist orthodoxy such as the 'destruction of capitalism', 'democratic centralism', 'the class struggle' and the 'decadent values of the bourgeoisie', all concepts which have as much historical and sociological relevance to Africa as tribalism has in the United Kingdom.

Fewer observers were present during identical procedures in Luanda in December 1977 when the *Movimento Popular para a Libertaçao de Angola* (MPLA) celebrated a history spanning 21 years. It began within the clandestine Angola Communist Party and ended with the formation of a vanguard party dedicated to the 'scientific ideology of the proletariat—Marxism-Leninism'. President Agostinho Neto had already drawn attention to his model when thanking the USSR for wishing the young Marxist republic well on its second anniversary. 'We must stress that the fundamental goals of our revolutionary vanguards, the MPLA and the CPSU, of our two States and governments and of our two peoples should be absolutely identical.' Little wonder that on the same day, November 12, he was awarded the Lenin Peace Prize at the Karl Marx Cinema in Luanda.

In putting forward a National Democratic Revolution Programme in 1976 Mengistu also pressed for the establishment in Ethiopia of a party of the proletariat. 'Unless the party of the proletariat is formed, the revolution cannot have lasting guarantees. Building the socialist ideology is the right direction for the long march for the victory of socialism, to which there is no alternative.' Celebrating the revolution's third anniversary on September 12, 1977 he was still more specific. "Our revolution is to safeguard the interests of the broad oppressed masses and be guided by them. It therefore has objectives, goals and directives—and this is Marxism-Leninism, the hope of all oppressed peoples. It is scientific socialism whereby the history of the oppressed masses, the ownership of the country by the oppressed masses and the dictatorship of the proletariat are confirmed and guaranteed.'

Thus armed ideologically, the government *Voice of Revolutionary Ethiopia* exhorted 'the broad masses of Addis Ababa, in collaboration with security forces, to establish a peaceful and revolutionary city by conducting Red terror in full revolutionary discipline. The broad masses will not be dis-

turbed by the White terror. Vigilant people, by keeping to their plans, will beat White terror with Red terror and will finally be victorious.' There followed a bitter period of assassination and counter-assassination during which faction fought faction. By April the government had still not 'liquidated' all its opponents. The Chairman of the Addis Ababa General Revolutionary Operations Command urged the local neighbourhood assassinations to intensify their tactics 'to rid the capital of counter-revolutionaries and to transform it into an arena of correct struggle'.[4]

In future local control will go to cadres who have undergone Marxist-Leninist courses at the Yekatit-66 political school set up by the ruling Provisional Military Administrative Council (PMAC). Their task is to politicise the masses. 'Unless revolution is correctly guided by Marxism-Leninism and liquidates Right-wing and Left-wing opportunists and eliminates anti-people feelings it will fail to bring its aim to realisation.'[5]

Similar problems of control afflicted President Machel. To overcome them East German personnel advised the purging in Mozambique of 'activist groups' so that 'the principles of democratic centralism are rigorously observed'. Eventually it was the intention of Marcelino dos Santos, the Minister of Economic Development and Planning, that these activist groups should become Frelimo party cells. Armed militia brigades were formed from those pronounced politically trustworthy.

Reviewing the achievements on June 25, 1977, the fifteenth anniversary of Frelimo's foundation, Samora Machel spoke of the mass organisations which had been created to bolster the party, particularly the Organisation of Mozambique Youth. 'We must quicken the creation of new mass organisations, particularly amongst workers. The creation of village communes, of production and consumption cooperatives, of production councils and of State enterprises is already proof of our capacity to create for ourselves new relations of production. . . . We also began the process of destroying the bureaucratic and anti-peoples mentality in the civil service, and we constructed a State apparatus which can serve the interests of the worker-peasant class alliance.'

However the task which the government faces is daunting. A searching analysis was circularised by *Frelimo* in July 1977 to all ministries, services, and State-owned firms. It admitted serious shortages in the larger urban centres—not to mention rural areas—of basic foodstuffs, clothing and medicines, as well as shortages of products essential to the development of the economy, such as seeds, fertilizers, agricultural implements, raw materials for industry and spare parts.

Smuggling, speculation and hoarding were rife. More fundamental, new State structures had failed to respond quickly to urgent needs. The provincial structures were inadequately integrated for planning purposes and delays occurred in the organisation of local government. Colonial work methods survived, typified, according to the circular, by the bureaucratic and pedantic approach to solving problems. Financing suffered endless impediments. Government employees were infiltrated by agitators and saboteurs and many

recruits simply lacked professional interest and motivation.

In the State credit institutions a hierarchy had developed, and there were shocking wage differentials. People came and went, displaying unlimited ambition for posts vacated by departing foreigners. They were greedy for privileges and often wilfully opposed the new structures. The problem stemmed from inattention to the task of organising grass roots sectors and to setting up adequate communication with the centres, which planned in isolation. There were, too, within the State apparatus, individuals bent on driving a wedge between the governed and the government.

Foot-and-mouth disease broke out during November and December 1977 in Mugaba and Limpopo regions. Wide areas were affected by flooding in 1976 and less badly in March 1978. Torrential rains mid-month coincided with the opening of sluice gates in the giant Cabora Bassa Dam destroying 10,000 hectares of maize, cotton, sunflower, groundnuts and sugar cane causing 45 deaths. A quarter of a million people were left homeless. Rising waters on the Zambesi and Pungue rivers made roads and bridges impassable cutting off all contact with the south other than by air.

Transport difficulties arising from lack of spare parts that month had already caused rice shortages in Nampula, gas shortages in Sofala and tons of perishable food, such as fish, to rot in Inhambane. Beira was without bread in January and food queues were so long in the capital, Maputo, that the city authorities feared for law and order. Meat was unobtainable, Argentinian deliveries having been delayed. To some extent matters were made worse by traders deliberately causing shortages to raise prices. The crime rate soared over the Christmas and New Year period so that the armed forces were compelled to patrol the streets to counter theft, rape and assault. These are problems which every African country faces, but it seems the *Frelimo* government, armed ideologically as it is, has been no more successful in motivating Mozambicans.

Addressing a schools' rally in Maputo on February 16, 1978, President Machel outlined some of the problems facing education and showed what little effect ideological indoctrination had had. 'At the schools level we have not yet succeeded in implanting the party properly.' The guidelines of the third *Frelimo* Congress had not been implemented. 'Teachers are without political authority, without self-confidence, and without administrative authority because they have not assumed correct principles; they do not know when they are applying *Frelimo* policy correctly.' Pupils turned up unwashed and unkempt, or wearing trendy clothes, the girls in headscarves, of which the government disapproved. Some sported beards and long hair or absented themselves from disciplinary spells of work in factories. Truancy, absence and unpunctuality were the rule.

Teachers failed to control classes and were threatened and even attacked. Equally serious, pupils at the age of 12, 13 and 14 fell in love with staff members, and pregnancies resulted with both pupils and teachers. Senior pupils encouraged sexual promiscuity between younger students. Pornography was circulated and camouflaged prostitution occurred in secondary schools

with adult pupils. 'This has been going on all over the place.' Worst of all, Machel admitted that students questioned their teachers, bringing press cuttings to school for comment, and listening to foreign radio broadcasts and especially to the *Voice of Free Africa*, broadcast from Rhodesia.

Military service is compulsory in Mozambique, but is widely evaded. With no population census and no thorough registration of births, marriages and deaths, draft laws have little impact. When steps were taken to tighten up service some fled the country. 'Their flight reveals their unpatriotic spirit, the cowardice characterising all reactionaries and the lack of respect for the interest and the most sacred traditions of our people's struggle.' If anyone had doubts as to their duties, government radio urged them to telephone the party's Ideological Action Department.[6]

As pointed out earlier President Neto owed his victory in the 1975/6 Civil War and his survival in an attempted coup in June 1977 to Cuban troops. His party's philosophy, in such circumstances, could scarcely hold to anything but orthodox Marxism-Leninism. Yet the attempts to build the vanguard party, despite the enormous efforts made by Cubans and East Germans have met with familiar resistance.

To start with, the government has failed to carry out the directives of the party, a course which led Neto on January 9, 1978 to dismiss the ministers. 'The government must reflect the party's policy, the government must carry out what the party decrees, what the party decides. That is why we made these changes.' 'The Congress has very clearly laid down what we should do this year . . . the government must accordingly comprise ministers who are convinced, who know exactly what the goals are and how to carry out the tasks laid down.'

To avoid enmity Neto anxiously asserted that the outgoing ministers would be given other positions of responsibility and that the question of political distrust did not arise. Nonetheless he was generally dissatisfied with the administrative performance and with the bureaucracy. "There are individuals occupying senior posts in the administration who are totally opposed to the MPLA and who think only about their privileges.'

A principal problem has been the unwillingness of cadres to serve outside their home areas or to get them to stay in the countryside where they are needed. Preferring the material attractions of the towns, they also work for profit on the side. Furthermore their slogans hold no meaning for the populace. 'We must make our workers a little more aware so that the worker peasant alliance is not just a word.' 'Unfortunately, we frequently fall into the trap of filling the so-called mass organisations with intellectuals and bureaucrats, who, in fact, often dampen the spirit of initiative since they have never really been with them, nor have ever understood properly their problems.' Worse still, the administration was simply not dynamic enough. 'Whenever we take decisions at party level, we discover that at a certain level everything fails . . .'

Indoctrination was meant to overcome this state of affairs. Cubans took over the programme planning on *Radio Nacional*, and began in July 1977

courses for radio personnel 'aimed at enhancing the political and ideological awareness'. This single initiative was broadened in March 1978 with an agreement on political and ideological education. Accordingly, the Nico López National School in Cuba was to provide courses with new syllabuses and programmes by mid-year. The Union of Cuban Journalists agreed to oversee the creation of a similar union in Luanda and to exchange regularly news items and stories. The MPLA Revolutionary Orientation Department would maintain close contact with its Cuban counterpart.

Finally, as a result of the agreement the first contingent of 732 teachers from the Che Guevara internationalist teaching detachment left for Angola on March 10. They would supplement the political commissars already active in the army and the administration, and increase the output from indoctrination seminars already operating. A similar protocol agreement on cooperation in higher education was signed with East Germany in March whereby lecturers from East Berlin's Humboldt University will help set up and staff a new Institute of Planning and Administration in Luanda.

That the organisation of Marxism-Leninism is in bad shape was never more clearly demonstrated than during the celebrations held on February 4 of the anniversary of the start of the MPLA struggle. A vast campaign of political and ideological education involving all party members was launched. Its aim was to improve working methods, to purge the organisation of harmful elements, and to unite militants behind the Party's objectives. To prosecute the campaign a National Corrective Commission, linked to Provincial Commissions, was set up.

'The coming class struggle within the party must be a decisive victory for the proletarian policy . . . the reform movement must be a united act by the militants in which the working class must assume a leading role and bring to book all those with incorrect ideas. The unity of the militants must launch a broad movement of sincere and open criticism in which everyone must try to correct his mistakes and working methods.' This would involve a reclassifying of party members, militants and candidates. 'New party members will be chosen preferably from the working class.'

Thus the main thrust was to fight all ideas contrary to the ideology of 'proletarian Marxism-Leninism'. 'In addition to the struggle against petit-bourgeois ideology it will be necessary to wage a bitter struggle against tribal, regional and racial manifestations. Working methods must be improved in fighting bureaucracy, liberalism, subjectivism, and sectarianism, by establishing a direct link with the masses so that every step taken by the party will reflect the desires and aspirations of the broad strata of our masses.'

It seems extremely doubtful whether this effort will produce unity, rather it seems likely to promote dissension by creating a climate of insecurity wherein none can be certain of keeping his employment. It will certainly do little to distract the followers of Jonas Savimbi, whose UNITA guerrillas, it was conceded by the Minister of Labour and Social Security, Noe de Silva Saude (on April 2, 1978, continue to cause havoc in the southern part of the country by daring raids and kidnappings. Significantly, the Catholic bishops

raised their voices in January to protest at the curtailing of religious education and the nationalisation of their radio stations. Whilst not opposed to a socialist system which was open to human and Christian values, they objected to systematic propaganda favouring atheism and still more to the sacrilegious profanation of churches. Freedom of speech had practically disappeared on the public level. Arbitrary arrests and prolonged imprisonment had taken place on unfounded suspicion without propert trial.

Clearly, from the evidence produced from within Ethiopia, Mozambique and Angola these Marxist-Leninist regimes are very far from succeeding in their objectives and must continue to rely for some considerable period to come upon Cuban and East German support to maintain themselves in power.

The ideology itself is broadly speaking unattractive to Africans; it has not provided greater political stability in the long run, nor has it yet provided a satisfactory development model. On the contrary, those states which adopted scientific socialism, notably Guinea and the Congo, and even Socialist states like Egypt and Tanzania, have modified or abandoned the dogmatic approach to statecraft. Recent events in Africa show that there is a strengthening of the ideological reaction to Marxism-Leninism, which may, if the West as a whole furthers it, turn back the tide in favour of pluralism and individuality. So long as the Cuban and East German presence remains, so long will Marxism-Leninism survive. It has yet to be seen whether the apparatus of control, which has proved unhappily effective in Eastern Europe, can survive in Africa on its own.

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[1] *New Times,* November 1972.

[2] Peter Janke, Conflict Study No. 52, *Southern Africa*: *End of Empire* (London 1974).

[3] Samora Machel, February 1, 1977 in Maputo.

[4] Lt. Col. Debela Dinsa, April 12, 1978 on *Voice of Revolutionary Ethiopia.*

[5] *Voice of Frelimo,* April 2, 1978.

[6] *Voice of Revolutionary Ethiopia,* April 3, 1978.

[Dr Peter Janke, a Senior Researcher at the Institute for the Study of Conflict, has followed events in Africa closely with study tours every year since 1974. A longer version of this article will appear as Conflict Study No. 95, published by the Institute for the Study of Conflict, London.]

POEM

MAKERERE: PUBLIC EXECUTION DAY, JANUARY 1973

Saturday, early morning.
Soldiers on the playing fields;
it was no manoeuvre:
students spread-eagled beneath their boots
was real enough.

Libraries and lecture halls
and students in gowns
spun round and shimmered
like a mirage.
What was this campus?
What kind of incongruity
was festering now?

Squawking strident bird calls
swept across the garden,
manic eruptions:
colours, direct, primary,
mangoes hanging bloated.
Barely contained,
welling up,
primeval violence:
the sledge-hammer through the skull,
castrations,
someone's blood on your hands,
the madness of bared teeth,
methodical slaughter.

The place became like a day
that failed to carry on.
Twelve 'guerrillas' from twelve districts.
Each stripped naked
and clothed in white
so people could see the blood.
Each shot, with family and tribesmen watching.

Of course, we in the West
are more sophisticated in dealing death.
But that day they came quite near:
slow motion pictures on the telly after supper.

MIKE RAMSDEN

THOUGHTS ON THE ULSTER DISCONTENTS

by John Biggs-Davison MP

DREAMS are dangerous. One such is that of a United Ireland. Dream it is; for it has never existed in the sense of one emerald island under one Green Flag. There were kings and sometimes High Kings before the centuries of tribes gave way to those of nationhood. Ireland was fleetingly united in resistance to the Vikings. They it was who changed the name of *Ulaid* to Ulster. Otherwise, the only historical United Ireland was that of English overlordship or dual monarchy and within the United Kingdom of 1800-1922.

The English connection began as a Catholic thing. An English Pope, the only one, bestowed the Lordship of Ireland on an English, or, rather, Anglo-Norman king whose writ ran in a European Community stretching from Scotland to Spain. Ulster was the last of the ancient provinces to be forced into England's United Ireland. Ulster was, and is, different. Geologically and geopolitically, all Ireland is divided into two parts. The River Erne and the lakes, the bogs and the forests cut Ulster off.

Her distinctness was no invention of Protestant bigots, proto-Fascist colonels or Orange card sharpers of the Tory Party. It was no artificial device to defeat Home Rule. Thus it is much older than Partition, older than the Plantations. As Mr. Enoch Powell said at Inch, in his County Down constituency, on May 6th,

> As far back as history goes, and further still, into pre-history, Ulster was a separate entity, whose affinities (in every sense of that word) were more with the adjacent mainland, fourteen miles away, than with the remainder of the island. This separateness was something which Ulster imposed upon those who dwelt in it rather than something which those who dwelt in it imposed upon Ulster.

This separateness goes back beyond Carson to Cú Chulainn who fought for the *Ulaid*, for Ulster, against the four kingdoms of the South. The hero's statue adorns the Post Office in Dublin to commemorate what deeds were done there, and thereabouts, at Easter 1916; yet, as every Irish, and no English, schoolboy knows, he was buried upright, strapped to a pillar 'facing his enemies, the men of Ireland'. For Cú Chulainn Ulster was right. They should move his statue to the City Hall in Belfast!

In Ulster old allegiance and old ways resisted and persisted longest, whether against de Courcy's English who bore Norman banners to the Giant's Causeway or, under the great O'Neill, in the last stand of the Northern Chiefs and the Gaelic reaction against Tudor modernity. The Flight of the Earls extinguished the embers of Gaelic independence. A century later a very different cause of independence was championed by Ulster and her Presbyterians. They were moved not by affection for Catholic Erin but by the radical and revolutionary infection of America and France.

It was the same in the North of Ireland as in the North of England,

another fastness of old faith and feudalism. Both became, in dramatic transformation, the industrial heart of its island. Ulster's mills and shipyards brought her closer to the Mersey and the Clyde than to the Liffey and the Shannon. With Scotland there had been a two-way traffic of clans and conquerors and evangelists. The planted Protestant Scots—to use the term 'Protestant' in its modern sense, not, as formerly, to describe the Church of Ireland alone—brought qualities of commonsense, rectitude, energy, courage and tenacity and a new element of separate personality. Thus, through the blood-red tapestry of Ulster's story runs a thread from Cú Chulainn to Craigavon.

At Partition the Nationalist Member of Parliament for West Belfast, Joseph Devlin, lamented: 'They have created for the first time in history two Irelands.' That is not history. The conquerors' Union had been dissolved. Self-determination had been granted and, in opting immediately out of the Irish Free State, Six Ulster Counties were exacting their own right of self-determination. Partition, by any democratic standard and as a matter of political practicality, was the price the Irish Free State had to pay for Dominion Home Rule. An unfortunate consequence of acts of self-determination is that minorities find themselves on the uncongenial side of a frontier. The Southern Unionist remnant and other pro-British elements in the South of Ireland accepted or acquiesced in the establishment first of an independent Dominion and then, by subterfuge and stages, of a Republic outside the Commonwealth. In contrast, the Nationalist minority in the North was intransigent, although Ulster Catholic support for the Union, in the teeth of intimidation, is attested by analysis of election after election and the plebiscite of March 1973 known as the Border Poll. In the heyday of Unionist Ascendancy only two-fifths of the total Catholic vote would be cast for anti-Partitionist candidates; and Unionists came close to winning an absolute majority in the strongly Catholic Counties of Fermanagh, Tyrone, Armagh and Londonderry.

Devlin shared with Sir James Craig (afterwards Lord Craigavon) the distinct Ulster quality that transcended racial, religious and political difference. These adversaries were firm friends. Which is no more extraordinary than the friendship Winston Churchill forged with Michael Collins. Craig rejoiced when the Nationalists gave up the sterile, sulky policy of abstentionism and Devlin became Leader of His Majesty's Opposition in the Northern Ireland House of Commons. Craig liked Devlin better than Carson. Carson, after all, was a Southern Irishman.

Nationalist and Republican rejection of the Union and the constitution of Northern Ireland made for, and served to justify, half a century of one-party government.

It was not all abuse of power as suggested in the propaganda of their opponents. In the 1960s the fifty-year 'oppressors' at Stormont were presiding over the building of houses, new towns, motorways, a new University (albeit at Coleraine, not Derry). They were attracting new industries from across the Irish Channel, the Narrow Seas and the North Atlantic. The

Primate, Archbishop Tomas O'Feaich, is one who has lately acknowledged the Ulster Unionist achievement.

The troubles of 1956-62 were not such as to excite great interest at Westminister. The Irish Border was smaller beer than the Suez Canal. The 'wind of change' blew hotter in Africa. The Irish Republican Army was contained and beaten back by the Royal Ulster Constabulary and its legendary Ulster Special Constabulary, with logistic and other support from the Regular Army and the Territorials. Dublin harried and hunted the IRA. The Church excommunicated those who manned and backed it. North of the Border the Catholic population gave the aggressors scant comfort. In the twenties Sir James Craig made special mention in an Order of the Day of the Catholics then serving in the B-Specials. If the Prime Minister of 1962, the first Viscount Brookeborough, with his invincible charm and unassailable prestige, had from his position of victory over the IRA, discussed and remedied Catholic grievances, Ulster might have enjoyed a happier recent history. A Territorial officer of my acquaintance made the suggestion to Lord Brookeborough. His only reply was: 'I think it's time to go into lunch.'

After him the deluge! The grievances were removed but, it appeared, in response to agitation and from weakness, which endangers any regime. It suited well the revolutionaries and the bigots who had been on the way out in the more prosperous and harmonious sixties. The two Irish Premiers, Terence O'Neill and Sean Lemass, exchanged cordial visits. There were better dealings not only between North and South but between Catholic and Protestant in the North.

The extremists, for their part, declined to be put out of business. The Civil Rights Movement was less innocent than it seemed. In 1967 the IRA, not yet split, agreed at a secret meeting in Derry to give it support. The first President of the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association (NICRA) was Mrs. Betty Sinclair of the Communist Party of Ireland. NICRA was also penetrated by the People's Democracy (PD), to which Bernadette Devlin (now Mrs. McAliskey) belonged. The PD had ties with the International Socialists (IS), forerunner of the National Front's sparring partner, the Socialist Workers' Party, and the Revolutionary Socialist Student Federation (RSSF). It was strong at Queen's University, Belfast.

Such factions were concerned not so much for social reform as for social revolution. They were interested less in Civil Rights than in civil war.

Neither New Left nor *Sinn Fein* could succeed democratically, in the North or the South. Those whom the ballot spurned had recourse to the bullet and the bomb. They prate of Civil Rights, like the militant I met a week after Bloody Sunday in Newry. He was unable to tell me what civil rights obtaining in Great Britain were lacking in Northern Ireland. But they deny the most fundamental civil right: the right to stay alive in liberty under law. They reject the right of Ulster people to choose Monarchy and Parliamentary Union, and they scorn the whole parliamentary process.

The modern physical force men are an élitist conspiracy. They claim a

monopoly of truth, which they would define as Lenin defined it. Revolutionary truth must be imposed, in default of political or subversive success, from the barrel of the gun. The present troubles have revealed them as indeed '. . . a perverted few holding the community up to ransom.' No Tory, or Unionist, words these; they are the judgment of the Irish Catholic Hierarchy. One may also recall Sean O'Casey's lines in his play *The Shadow of a Gunman*:

> I believe in the freedom of Ireland . . . but I draw the line when I hear the gunmen blowing about dyin' for the people, when it's the people that are dyin' for the gunmen.

Marxist tactics disposed Official *Sinn Fein*/IRA to political not guerrilla action. Not that the Officials have been above select assassinations. It was, however, the rejection of armed uprising, as courting military defeat by the British Army, that split *Sinn Fein* at its 1970 conference in Dublin, when the Provisional Council was formed.

In 1969 Belfast had become the rendezvous and proving ground of the revolutionary experts and enthusiasts of Paris, Berlin and elsewhere. In a sense Ulster was conceived of as a rehearsal, as Spain had been in the 1930s, with the difference that urban guerrilla war, like war by proxy, had become the appropriate mode of conflict in the age of nuclear weapons which could destroy the world powers and the world. In contrast to the Muscovite orthodoxy of Official *Sinn Fein*/IRA (it reaffirmed its Marxist basis in 1972), the Provos were thought of as more traditional republicans. Latterly, Trotskyist and other extreme deviations overlaid their old quasi-fascist ideology, metaphorically changing green flag to red, replacing the ideal of rosary and rifle with that of anti-clericalism and Kalashnikov and placing Utopia not in Catholic Eire but in Castro's Cuba.

The Provos' *Republican News* has less to say nowadays about 'the national struggle' waged by 'the soldiers of Ireland' and more about the social, economic and class conflict of revolutionary import. It compares the Vietnamese 'war of liberation' and the withdrawal of American forces from South Vietnam with the 'war of independence' and Partition of Ireland. According to the issue for October 29th, 1977, of *Socialist Worker*, organ of the Socialist Workers' Party,

> hundreds of provisionals now see themselves as revolutionary socialist workers. It is a development certainly to be welcomed.

Various Breton, Basque and other nationalist movements have likewise shed their romantic past and taken on the revolutionary ideas of the outer Left. With them, as with the *Baader-Meinhof* and the Palestinians, with whom IRA men have trained, the Provos have their connections. The Officials, for their part, have convened international terrorist jamborees in Dublin and Belfast. Talk about multinational corporations! There is a multinational corporation trading and investing in anarchy—a worldwide mafia of terror.

The Official line has been proved correct: the British Army is too strong for the IRA. But the socialist republic sought by both the orthodox and

heretical wings, and, for that matter, the Irish Republican Socialist Party (IRSP), with which Mrs. McAliskey had a short affair, would be constructed on the ruins of constitutional democracy in Northern Ireland and the Irish Republic. Despite *détente* and the Helsinki spirit, Moscow is still in faith and duty bound to support 'liberation struggles' as the Kremlin defines liberation; and the KGB, which can now operate from a Soviet Embassy in Dublin, is not ideologically fussy. What could suit the Russian imperialists better than civil war within the British Isles or, were it possible, a 'European Cuba'?

England's enemies have often essayed to strike at her from Ireland. Bonaparte for one regretted that he went to Egypt not Ireland. England's difficulty has in the past been Ireland's opportunity: and separatists of Catholic profession have not scrupled to accept the arms and alliance of Jacobin, Nazi and Marxist persecutors of Holy Church.

Were British forces and sovereignty to be withdrawn from Northern Ireland, some scope for dispersal in the event of nuclear exchange would be lost. But a more protracted struggle cannot be ruled out. NATO is now thinking in terms of another Battle of the Atlantic. In the first such Battle starvation by U-boat was staved off by a Royal Navy that had the use of the Irish ports. According to Churchill,[1]

> the two Southern Irish ports of Queenstown and Berehaven . . . were a vital feature in the naval defence of our food supply. When in 1922 as Colonial and Dominions Secretary I had dealt with the details of the Irish Settlement . . . , I brought Admiral Beatty to the Colonial Office to explain to Michael Collins the importance of these ports to our whole system of bringing supplies into Britain. Collins was immediately convinced. 'Of course you must have the ports,' he said, 'they are necessary to your life.'

Neville Chamberlain, who surrendered much else in 1938, thought otherwise and ceded to de Valera Britain's Treaty rights in the two Irish Free State ports and Lough Swilly. Only Churchill and a few Ulster Members refused to ignore the possibility of Southern Irish neutrality.

'It will be no use saying,' Churchill said in the House of Commons on May 5th, 1938, ' "then we will retake the ports". You will have no right to do so.' Bases in Ulster remained. Without them, Britain would have lost and Hitler would have won the second Battle of the Atlantic.

Eire is still neutral. There is therefore a fortunate coincidence between the strategic needs of the United Kingdom and its allies and the democratic will of the overwhelming majority in Northern Ireland to maintain their Union with Great Britain. In a third world war and a third Battle of the Atlantic access to ports and positions in Northern Ireland and over-flying rights could not be guaranteed if Britain abandoned her duty to our Ulster fellow subjects. A likely consequence of that betrayal would be a civil war which would not stop at the Irish Border or even the Irish Sea and in which the Catholic minority would suffer worst.

A lingering hope that the British can be bombed or bored into surrender keeps the Provisional IRA going. It has sustained reverses. It has alienated

and antagonised by its atrocities many who had given it sympathy and harbour. Dublin has acted rigorously against the common enemy. The Prime Minister recognises the legitimacy of no government in Ireland save that proclaimed from the steps of the Post Office in 1916. Yet there is still an ambivalence, analagous to the attitude of some Arab governments to the PLO. Dublin shelters behind constitutional objections in declining to sign the European Convention for the Suppression of Terrorism. Miscreants on the run are caught by the *Gárda Síochána*, ordered by magistrates to be extradited and released by the High Court in response to pleas of political motive for gangster deeds. The *Gárdai* co-operate with the Royal Ulster Constabulary. It is otherwise with the two Armies. Gritty Mason has replaced emotional Rees as Secretary of State for Northern Ireland. Both Ministers have benefited from Mr. Airey Neave's unacknowledged tuition.

Conservative proposals, repeatedly proferred as to a blank wall, have often eventually been adopted. The Special Air Service Regiment has been deployed in the province, notably in South Armagh; the demoralising parleys between Civil Servants and the Provisional IRA's 'political commissars' in Provisional *Sínn Fein* have been terminated, to the relief of every democratic party in the whole of Ireland; the full-time element of the Ulster Defence Regiment has belatedly been expanded with the aim of ensuring a daytime presence, which the part-time soldiers could not provide.

At the same time Conservatives, among others, have been critical of bureaucratic direct rule, amounting to a Stormont Castle colonialism. In effect, Northern Ireland is being ruled less democratically than any of Britain's few remaining dependencies, with the possible exception of Hong Kong. This is not entirely the Government's fault. The reform of Local Government in Northern Ireland under the late Brian Faulkner's Administration at Stormont abolished the six County, and two County Borough, Councils. Few powers were conferred upon the twenty-six new District Councils. Education, Libraries, Housing, Roads and Social Services are managed either by Central Government Departments or by Statutory Boards that are creatures of Ministers. This would be less intolerable if the abolition of 'Stormont' had not left the gaping 'Macrory gap'—so called after the author of the relevant Report who had assumed in his proposals for Local Government the continued control, scrutiny and supervision of a Northern Ireland Parliament and Government—between District Councillor and Parliament at Westminster.

The latter has a Herculean task. The Kilbrandon Report of the Royal Commission on the Constitution concluded that the province was underrepresented at Westminster, devolution or no devolution. The Conservative and Unionist Party has long recognised this. It said as much in its General Election Manifesto of October 1974. It is unjust that Northern Ireland should have fewer MPs in relation to its population than any other part of the United Kingdom. When wooing the Ulster Unionist Members under threat of defeat on a vote of confidence in March 1977, the Government became converted to an increase and a Speaker's Conference was set up. It was a year since the then Northern Ireland Secretary, Mr. Merlyn Rees, had said:

'Even to talk about extra representation in this House is to fly in the face of history and cultural attitudes (*sic*).' The Conservative Party submitted to Mr. Speaker's Conference that on the basis of present constitutional arrangements Northern Ireland should have seventeen seats or thereabouts. The recommendation of the Conference was for an increase of from four to six. Legislation is now awaited. The political vacuum in Northern Ireland continues. The most promising opportunity of filling it seems to lie in the sphere of Local Government and regional administration.

Political frustration in the province feeds factions demanding Ulster independence. However paradoxically, this has been a theme in some loyalist quarters hostile to Dublin but disenchanted with 'the Brits'. The Irish Independence Party is not the first organisation to call for proletarian unity across the sectarian divide. Bernadette Devlin (Mrs. McAliskey) rated the revolutionary potential of Protestant workers higher than that of their Catholic counterparts. The Official *Sinn Fein* President, Mr. Tomas MacGiolla, advocates a revolutionary Catholic-Protestant workers' front to destroy the existing social order throughout the island of Ireland.

In the autumn of 1976 Mr. MacGiolla was received at the Houses of Parliament by a handful of Tribune Group MPs sympathetic to the Troops Out Movement. This body has gained scant support, despite public concern at casualties and conditions in Northern Ireland and impatience with the unnecessary protraction of the troubles, by political irresolution and Ministerial procrastination. Note the Movement's advocacy not of a United or Federal Ireland but of independence for Ulster. At a poorly attended meeting on the fringe of the Labour Party Conference at Brighton, Tom Litterick, MP, according to Des McCartan of the *Belfast Telegraph*, bitterly attacked 'that wee hard man', Roy Mason. Other British Socialist speakers alleged that Northern Ireland was subjected to British imperialism and that troops should be withdrawn. The prospective Labour candidate for Hampstead, Ken Livingstone, is reported as likening the province to Vietnam, Algeria and Angola.

> The Irish people suffer because they are not black, brown or yellow, but we can still regard it as a colonial situation.

Mr. Livingstone wanted a campaign similar to that which led up to American withdrawal from Vietnam.

The Irish Independence Party has stated several alternative solutions. One political option it does not include is the retention of the British link. Independence, on the other hand, could lead to incorporation in an all-Ireland republic. Some would think it more likely to produce an area of instability or conflict within the defences of Western Europe, acting as a magnet for subversives of every hue. On Mr. Livingstone's strange analogy with Vietnam, Algeria and Angola, one might visualise Soviet warships in Lough Foyle. The analogy is false. Northern Ireland is not colonial territory. It is no Aden or Cyprus. It is part of the homeland. The proposition that Britain should shed that part would command assent in the Soviet camp and among the Soviet camp followers. So would the thesis that Britain need hold no part of Britain!

POLITICAL TERRORISM IN ITALY

by Percy Allum

THE resumption of the Red Brigades' trial in Turin on 9 March after it had been twice interrupted and once postponed, because of the intimidation of jurors, lawyers and journalists (for example, the assassination of the Genoese public prosecutor Francesco Coco brought interruption in June 1976, while the death of top Turinese barrister Fulvio Croce postponement in April 1977), followed exactly one week later by the spectacular kidnapping and subsequent murder of former Christian Democrat Prime Minister Aldo Moro and the brutal killing of his five bodyguards, turned the international spotlight once again on political terrorism in Italy.

In considering it, the first point to note is the duration and intensity of the phenomenon. As in Ulster, it has been going on for nine years now (the first bomb attack—the explosion of two bombs at Milan Trade Fair—goes back to 25 April, 1969), and is responsible for a death toll of over 300. The second important point is that these nine years can be roughly split into two different phases.

The initial phase, from the 'Hot Autumn' of 1969 to the beginning of 1975, was characterised by indiscriminate bomb attacks (the massacres of Piazza Fontana in Milan of December 1969, at the Milan Police HQ in May 1973, at Piazza della Loggia in Brescia of May 1974 and the 'Italicus Express' at San Benedetto Valdisambro in August 1974). This phase has been called the *trama nera* (the black conspiracy) or the 'strategy of tension'. It is now a well-documented fact that it was the work of the neo-fascist groups acting with the help of the mafia and the complicity of what the political scientist Giorgio Galli has called the 'invisible government' (i.e. the secret and special services (both Italian and foreign) and the most politicised sectors of the armed forces (tank corps, parachute regiments and elite groups in the Navy and Air Force), which was created, according to him, by NATO in the fifties with anti-communist functions.

The second phase runs from late 1974 to today. It is, by contrast, one of guerrilla warfare, consisting of assassination attempts on, or spraying knee-caps with lead of, selected persons, chosen as political symbols (the first was against Massimo De Carolis, a leader of the so-called 'Silent Majority' and of the Christian Democrat group on Milan City Council in May 1975). They are the work of countless small groups whose political colour is undoubtedly leftist. The two principal groups are the Red Brigades (founded 1970, orthodox marxist-leninists which are credited with 38 murders, 26 kidnappings and 18 attacks in the last two years) and the Armed Proletarian Nuclei (founded in 1972, less orthodox ideologically and credited with 16 assassinations, 20 kidnappings and 14 attacks in the same period).

The persistence of political terrorism as a social phenomenon and the separation of terrorist activity into two different phases each representing

but not exclusively, a different strategy raises the question as to whether it is the work of a single centre or if the change of strategy corresponds to the different plans of radically opposite groups. The analyses of the Italian Communist Party tend to favour the first hypothesis while those of most other observers the second.

Before considering this specific question, it is perhaps worthwhile looking a little more closely at the two different strategies and their political implications. In the first, there is little doubt that it was the 'invisible government', operating as it did in France in 1958 or in Greece in 1967, which was trying to secure the formation of a 'government of order' without necessarily seeking constitutional changes (i.e. to reinforce the conservative political and social forces around the Christian Democrat Party), but with the aim of strengthening the political executive. In this way, it was led to use neo-fascist terrorists and *mafiosi*, whom it had had under surveillance for a long time, in an attempt to swing Italian public opinion to the right. In fact, the strategy did not work because it failed to push the centre of gravity of Italian politics to the right, either by creating a strong bloc led by the ruling Christian Democrats or by achieving an authoritarian solution. The Italian left was strong enough to frustrate all attempts at a return to the right, but not strong enough to bring in a programme of reforms. In consequence, political and social tensions have grown, not declined, in the last few years.

In the second phase, the point of departure of the revolutionary grouplets was the conviction, which they reached in the aftermath of 1969, that the class struggle is civil war and, hence, that the revolution can be hastened by a frontal attack on the State and its institutions. They saw Italy as an underdeveloped country on the edge of the industrialised world, with conditions not dissimilar to those of the third world which would permit the formation of a revolutionary army which had a real chance of taking power. The armed struggle, on the model of the anti-imperialist struggle, was the final phase in the long political struggle of the proletariat which, by its actions, would provoke a general uprising.

The Red Brigades have been very clear about how they see their strategy:

> Our commitment in the factories and the districts has been from the beginning that of organising proletarian autonomy for the resistance against the counter-revolution in progress and against the liquidation of revolutionary upsurges attempted by the opportunists and revisionists.
>
> Organising resistance and constructing proletariat armed power are the directives that guided and guide our revolutionary work. What has all this to do with terrorism? . . .
>
> Urban guerrilla warfare plays a decisive role in the action of political disarticulation of the regime and the State. It hits the enemy directly and paves the way for the movement of resistance. It is round the guerrillas that the resistance movement and the Autonomous area is constructed and articulated and not vice-versa. Enlarging this area means in the first place organising the guerrilla war, its political capacity and fire power . . .
>
> We believe that armed action is only the culminating moment of a vast political work by means of which the proletarian avant-garde and the movement

> of resistance is organised directly in respect of its real and immediate needs. In other words for the Red Brigades armed action is the highest point of a thorough class work: it is its prospect of power . . .

Thus, the targets of the Red Brigades and the Armed Proletarian Nuclei were chosen with a certain logic. They started by waging war on the 'petty bosses' (personnel managers and head foremen) but the working class did not respond. Then they turned their attention to State personnel (magistrates and policemen), but public opinion was not aroused. Finally, they attacked local Christian Democrat officials (and even some Communist ones, too) and national newspaper editors and their deputies (Indro Montanelli of *Il Giornale Nuovo* of Milan, Vittorio Bruno of *Secolo XIX* of Genoa, Emilio Rossi of *Telegiornale 1* of Rome and Carlo Casalegno of *La Stampa* of Turin) in an attempt to intimidate the middle classes, but so far this has not met with much greater success.

The kidnapping of Aldo Moro, because of the position of the victim (Chairman of the Christian Democrat Party, former Prime Minister and virtual heir to Leone's succession as President of the Republic at the end of the year), his political role (the principal architect of the agreement between Christian Democrats and Communists, finally forged after two months' laborious negotiations) and the moment of its accomplishment (the morning of the debate on the presentation of the Fourth Andreotti government in Parliament) represents a qualitative jump by the Red Brigade; if such it be it is the greatest challenge that could be to the Italian State short of civil war. Its manner clearly shows that it was designed not only to strike 'at the heart of the State' in an attempt to kill the 'historic compromise' at birth, but more importantly to demonstrate their technical and organisational efficiency. The capacity to strike where and when at will was intended to terrify the population at large and to demoralise the State's agents by suggesting that any resistance would be in vain. In this connection, two significant details are worth noting. First, the Moro kidnapping was foreshadowed in the 'Red Brigades' document n. 4', dated November 1977, which states, *inter alia*:

> It has been said, why strike at the intermediary cadres of the Christian Democrats and not the men of government? . . . We have said 'also' the men and peripheral structures of the Christian Democrats but certainly not 'only' these. It is the whole of Christian Democracy which must be destroyed. The practical directive must be clear: attack, strike, lead and destroy once and for all Christian Democracy, the leading centre of the restructuration of the State and of the imperialist counter-revolution. . . .

Secondly, a political kidnapping differs from a political assassination because it demonstrates a will to articulate a political strategy. In point of fact, a political assassination is a one-off event which can only create a new situation by the reaction it provokes, but once perpetrated the event is finished. On the other hand, a political kidnapping creates an on-going situation which can be developed and manipulated until the liberation, release or death of the prisoner. It is possible to discern two phases in the political exploitation of the Moro kidnapping: the first phase saw a deliberate attempt to destroy Moro as a political person (because, as mentioned,

of his central role as link between Christian Democrats and Communists), while, in a second phase, the so-called 'popular trial' was used initially as a vehicle to undermine the credibility of the whole political class by forcing him, by whatever means (drugs, torture), to draw up indictments of his political colleages and publicising them.

Rather surprisingly, it was not pursued, which raises questions about the real designs of its perpetrators. It is, therefore, necessary to ask whether the kidnapping and murder of Aldo Moro marks a third phase. There are too many disturbing elements in the events since 16 March for them to be taken at face value.

The Communist Party's analysis, according to which political terrorism is the work of a single centre (Galli's 'invisible government') that changed strategy in 1975 was based on the realisation that the general state of insecurity created by political violence did not necessarily favour the Christian Democrats, as it had in an earlier period (i.e. most notably in 1971-72). Indeed, in the period 1974-76, it worked against the principal government party and certain Communists were prepared to agree, in private, that because of the party's reputation for efficiency and seriousness, not to mention organisational capacity, violence was one of the factors which caused the sharp rise in the party's support in the last two elections (i.e. 15 June 1975 and 20 June 1976). Hence, the conclusion that the centre which manipulates the terrorists had substituted for their original strategy: 'a cleverer one: the discourse which mobilises the marginal groups, activity inside prisons, and armed attacks on the symbols of inequality.'

Despite the firmly held conviction of Communist Party Chairman, Luigi Longo, that 'the subversive plans against the Republic and the Constitution are prepared with obvious political intelligence in other foreign and Italian offices', all the evidence available suggests the contrary: the Italian terrorist movement has its social and political roots in Italy itself. In one sense, the question whether the two strategies are the work of the same centre or of several groups is misplaced. In seeking who is behind the terrorists, instead of who they are, one tends to overlook the reasons for their success, and the sympathy which the Red Brigades and the Armed Proletarian Nuclei undoubtedly enjoy, and espouse an intellectually comforting, but politically dis-educative conspiracy theory instead.

To understand the present wave of political violence in Italy, it seems useful to combine both sociological and political analyses. For the former, it is helpful to take a leaf out of Annie Kriegel's study of French Communism and examine the terrorists in terms of the concentric circles of Hell in Dante's *Inferno*. Indeed, we can paraphrase Ms. Kriegel and say with greater truth that 'Italian terrorism is Dante's Inferno'.

The hard core in the centre is the so-called 'army party'. On the right this consists of the 'New Order' and 'Black Order' movements; on the left, there are the Red Brigades and Armed Proletarian Nuclei as well as the hundreds of ephemeral groupings that have claimed responsibility for attacks. This hard core is 700-800 people strong who live clandestinely from kidnap

ransom money (calculated at 36 thousand million lire—£25 million—last year). It is estimated that every clandestine member costs his or her organisation at least a million lire (£650) a month. In general, the neofascist organisations find support in the middle class residential districts while the Red Brigades are based in the industrial suburbs of the big cities (Turin and Milan principally) and the Armed Proletarian Nuclei in the prisons and among the marginal populations (in the slums of Naples, for example). In consequence, the Red Brigades' organisations are more homogeneous and decentralised than the Armed Proletarian Nuclei, which explains the difficulty, according to the Ministry of the Interior, to infiltrate them. In any case, the leaders are usually middle class and often graduates, but whereas the neo-fascists attract young bourgeois who feel threatened by an imminent left-wing victory, the Red Brigades recruit young factory workers, and the Armed Proletarian Nuclei members of the *lumpenproletariat*, and particularly prisoners. Hence, the sociologist Francesco Alberoni's conclusion, the 'revolutionary, terrorist groups constitute a tiny minority of the population, but they have, nonetheless, a class basis.'

The second circle of this Hell consists of up to 10,000 non-clandestine militants who are often armed. They are grouped round the neo-fascist MSI party on the right and the *'Movimento dell'autonomia'* (*Autonomia operaia* and *collettivi autonomi*, like the celebrated Roman collective of via dei Volschi, closed in November 1977) on the left. They are recruited from students, casual labourers and the unemployed. One of the theoreticians of the *Movimento*, Enzo Modugno, has recently remarked that 'there are now three types of students: those who are afraid and no longer come to the University; those who offer the other cheek; and those who buy a revolver'. They infiltrate labour and student demonstrations, seeking a confrontation with the police, often firing shots and throwing Molotov cocktails. Transition between this circle and the centre is easy; and it is for this reason that they perform many vital services for the clandestine terrorists, such as providing hide-outs, supplying food, clothing, false number-plates, even small arms, or just pass on information. In fact, it is no surprise that the *Movimento* is the principal recruiting ground for the armed party.

Further out lies the third circle, of political sympathisers. This is bigger and more fluid. It consists mainly of young people: students, workers and marginal groups of every kind; and it is estimated to be between 30,000-40,000 strong. On the left, they meet in the so-called *'Area dell'autonomia'* which forms a mass of people prepared to participate in all kinds of protests, but many of them do not necessarily agree with the armed struggle. The largest single group are the militants of *Lotta continua*, but there are other groups who, hostile to the Italian State and present government policies, speak of the 'Red Brigades' as 'comrades who are wrong' but *still* comrades, i.e. they consider political terrorism an 'error' not a 'crime'. They tend to show their solidarity in words and not deeds: they covered the walls of Milan and other cities on the day of the Moro kidnapping with slogans like 'ten, a hundred, a thousand Moros', 'Moro, you've stopped repressing the people now' or shouted 'Moro is not here, look for him at the DC' at

the various demonstrations. The principal social institutions where this kind of attitude is widespread are, significantly enough, the secondary schools and Universities, as well as some of the big factories (including some of the best known in Italy, Fiat of Mirafiori, Sit Siemens of Milan, Alfa Sud of Pomigliano d'Arco outside Naples, etc.). Communist leaders claim that certain easily identifiable political forces are active in this circle manipulating and exploiting political sympathy for the terrorists against their party.

Finally, right on the outside of this Inferno, there is a band of variable density, made up of the indifferent: people who believe that terrorism does not concern them, just as politics is 'not their business'. It surfaced recently amongst the politicised Fiat car workers in Turin after the assassination of Casalegno. Many refused to heed their Union's call for a general stoppage of solidarity. Interviewed by journalists, they gave three kinds of reason: (i) while recognising that terrorism is a crime, they maintained that the government could only extinguish it if it first ensured that those guilty of corruption and fraud were condemned and sent to prison; (ii) they agreed that it was just to stop work in protest at the murdering of a journalist at work, but they asked how many journalists stopped work in protest at the thousands of workers who lost their lives in industrial accidents every year? (iii) they pointed out that the murdered journalist was a member of the Fiat management (*La Stampa* is owned by Fiat) and so his fate was no concern of theirs. They recalled that the newspaper had been careful not to print one word about the Fiat trial for keeping secret files on Trade union members; and which ended with the condemnation of the Turinese car firm in January 1978. However, to judge from the mass demonstrations which greeted the news, it would seem that the shock of the Moro kidnapping has brought a change of mind.

In any event, the new factor in the months before the Moro kidnapping and murder was the pressure of what the Red Brigades call 'the permanent war' (i.e. the State and its apparatus) on the '*area dell'autonomia*' which has led to increasing bolshevisation. In other words, the armed party imposes its policies and no longer tolerates any disagreements. Discussion is suffocated in a way which is reminiscent of the Comintern under Stalin. Dissidents are now treated as class enemies and this is likely to set in motion a spiral of self-destruction, such as has occurred elsewhere (Latin America, West Germany and Japan). Some Italian observers believed before the Moro kidnapping that this has already started to happen.

So much for the sociological analysis. The political analysis starts from the following observation: it is true that political terrorism is a very marginal phenomenon in terms of the numbers involved; but at the same time it has been able to plant strong roots in Italian society and influence a significant part of the population. Three factors help to explain this: first, the economic crisis has increased greatly the numbers of marginal people (unemployed, or in casual work, or in semi-legal work) and has created enormous disillusionment. Secondly, there is the blockage of the political system. It is unable to meet the widespread desire for change and, at the

same time, the political class (primarily the Christian Democrats) seems unshiftable, despite the many scandals and favouritism. Thirdly, there is the role of the Communist Party as disseminator of an ambiguous mass culture. It has continued to proclaim revolutionary myths long after it has abandoned the practice.

Exports were the driving force behind Italy's economic growth since the war. Products were competitive in world markets, thanks to low wages. This was due to the reserve army of labour in the South and the political weakness of a divided left. In the space of ten years, the Italian model of economic development created the 'miracle' of 1958-62, but it was an extremely uneven growth which was responsible for an initial process of marginalisation. Worse, once the favourable conditions of the fifties and sixties disappeared, as a result of the union victories of the 'Hot Autumn' of 1969, which brought wages up to European levels, put an end to labour mobility, and undermined management control of the shopfloor, the Italian economy has been in a crisis.

Even during the 'miracle' years, Italy did not achieve full employment. The fall in investments after the first postwar recession of 1963-65 had already contributed to restrict the expansion of employment and, despite working class combativeness, the industrialists seized the opportunity provided by the oil crisis of 1973 to initiate a large-scale cut-back in activity. Unemployment, casual labour and sweated work grew dramatically. Furthermore, 250,000 emigrants returned from northern Europe in the period 1974-78; and the student population grew fivefold in twelve years to reach 750,000 by 1972. Today there are nearly two million unemployed, three-quarters of whom are under 30 years; more than 400,000 of them are graduates. The precariously employed number a further two million. An inflammable mix, given how much the Italian economy depends on foreign markets and the prospects for world trade.

The political system is blocked because the Christian Democrats since 1945 have succeeded in becoming not merely the principal government party but also *the* party of government. The Christian Democrats' master-stroke, given that the party has never won an overall electoral majority, has been to *de*-legitimise its arch rival, the Communist Party. This was achieved, essentially, during the Cold War under the political concept of 'Italy, a special democracy'. Thus, any alternative to the Christian Democrats was declared out of the question because it would be, by definition, anti-democratic.

The Christian Democrats succeeded in rallying a large all-class coalition to its conception in 1948 as a result of an anti-communist crusade led by the Vatican. The occupation of State power furnished Christian Democracy with an indispensable instrument in patronage for conserving and increasing its hold of the electorate. It is impossible to understand the immobility of the Italian political system unless the link between the Christian Democrats' occupation of State power and its central position in the political spectrum is grasped. It is unable to choose a coherent political strategy for fear of

alienating the support of important sections of the population and so of losing its quasi-absolute power. The party remains in power, but the State is paralysed and the country. . . . It is no coincidence that political violence started when the reformist intentions of the Centre-Left were exhausted.

The ambiguity of the Communist Party's role stems from the fact that it felt it necessary, as a revolutionary party, to propagate various leninist themes in order to establish itself in Italian society. Thus, the parliamentary 'Italian road to socialism' elaborated progressively by the then party secretary, Palmiro Togliatti, was thought by many party militants to be a clever trick to build the party until the revolutionary moment arrived. This gave an impression of duplicity, which was strengthened when the party resorted to the old rhetoric to mobilise support in difficult moments.

Today, the Red Brigades and the Armed Proletarian Nuclei have appropriated the old marxist-leninist themes made familiar by years of Communist Party propaganda. They have occupied a part of the ideological terrain abandoned by the Communist Party for the new pastures of the 'historic compromise' with Christian Democracy. This has disorientated a certain section of its militants and they have furnished a base of sympathy for the Red Brigades and the Armed Proletarian Nuclei. But the real question posed by the new Italian political situation, opened as much by the 'historic compromise' as political terrorism, is broader. It is this: is it possible, as the Communist Party believes, to transform a capitalist state from inside in order to change its nature, despite the absence of any historical model for this? It is on the response to this question that the survival of democracy, and perhaps not only in Italy, will depend in the long run.

APPENDIX I

SUMMARY OF NINE YEARS OF TERRORISM, 1969-78

1969—April: bombs at the *Fiera di Milano* and the Central Station; no deaths but some wounded.
August: bombs on trains.
September: bombs in the office of Rector of Padua University.
12 December: Massacre at Piazza Fontana, Milan; 16 killed.

1972—January: bombs at office of *L'Ora* (Palermo), explosions in Ascoli and RAI transmitter.
March: death of Feltrinelli in bomb explosion outside Milan.
May: car bomb explosion at Peteano, 3 carabinieri killed.
August: bomb destroyed railway line at Sondrio, derailment avoided.
October: another derailment attempt near Milan.
Failed attempt of bomb attack on Trade Union train en route for Reggio, Calabria.

1973—May: bomb against Police HQ in Milan; 4 killed.
March: bomb explosion in Varese market; 1 killed.

1974—April: Florence-Rome railway line sabotaged, 20 metres of track blown up, train massacre avoided.
May: Massacre in Piazza della Loggia, Brescia; 9 killed.
August: 'Italicus Express' massacre at S. Benedetto Valdisambro; 12 killed.

1975—(Period of great massacres over, many small incidents, explosions avoided, etc.)
May: gun attack on DC Milan City councillor, Massimo De Carolis.

1976—(year of gun attacks.)
PSI city councillor in Naples; Civil servant of Ministry of Justice, Rome, Manager of Pilco; Chairman of Unione petrolifera, Giovanni Theodoli; head shop-foreman Fiat, Mirafiori; Bookseller of CL in Rome; bombs at DC office in Milan, outrage against Judge Paolino dell'Anno in Rome.
June: Red Brigades killed Genoese Public Prosecutor Francesco Coco.
July: Neofascist attack on Judge Vittorio Occorsio in Rome.
December: attempted massacre Piazza Arnaldo, Brescia; 1 killed.

1977—(Start of intimidation of journalists.)
April: attack on Fulvio Croce, President of Ordeine degli avvocati.
June: attacks on Montanelli, Bruno, Rossi, later Leone Ferrero, Antonio Garzotto.
November: Casalegno killed by Red Brigades.*
Attacks on intermediary cadres of DC (7 wounded January-November).

1978—(Continued kidnappings and attacks.)
March: Police Inspector killed in Turin.
March: Aldo Moro kidnapped; 5 policemen killed.
May: Aldo Moro found murdered.

* Source: *La Repubblica* of 17 November, 1977, p.3.

APPENDIX II

GUN ATTACKS IN ITALY FEBRUARY-NOVEMBER 1977

Rome, 13 February: Valerio Traversi, General Inspector of *Istituti prevenzione e pena*—Red Brigades.
Turin, 17 February: Mario Scoffone, Fiat manager—Red Brigades.
Turin, 18 February: Bruno Diotto, Fiat shop foreman—*Squadra operaia armata.*
Rome, 29 March: Vito Morgera, Director General of *Poligrafico dello Stato*—*Unità combattente comunista.*
Pisa, 30 March: Alberto Mammoli former Prison doctor—*Azione rivoluzionaria.*
Milan, 18 April: Bruno Bucano, Vanozzi personnel manager—Armed Proletarian Nuclei.
Turin, 20 April: Dante Notaristefano, DC local councillor—Red Brigades.
Turin, 22 April: Antonia Munari, Fiat shop foreman—Red Brigades.
Turin, 28 April: Fulvio Croce, President Ordine avvocati—Red Brigades.
Seveso, 19 May: Giuseppe Ghetti, Health official—*Combattenti per il communismo.*
Genoa, 1 June: Vittorio Bruno, Editor of *Secolo XIX*—Red Brigades.
Milan, 2 June: Indro Montanelli, Editor of *Giornale*—Red Brigades.
Rome, 3 June: Emilio Rossi, Editor of *Telegiornale* 1—Red Brigades.
Sesto S. Giovanni, 9 June: Fausto Silini, Breda head foreman—*Nucleo Combattenti Walter Alasia.*
Milan, 12 June: Mario Trimarchi, First President of the Court of Appeal—Red Brigades.
Milan, 20 June: Giuseppe D'Ambrosio, Sit-Siemans head foreman—Red Brigades.
Rome, 21 June: Remo Cacciafesta, Dean of Faculty of Economy and Commerce—Red Brigades.

Pistoia, 22 June: Giancarlo Niccolai, DC official—*Prima linea.*
Milan, 24 June: Roberto Azzalone, Provincial Secretary of *medici mutualistici* —Red Brigades and *Prima linea.*
Pollena Trocchia (Naples), 27 June, Vittorio Flick, Alfa Sud Manager—*Operai combattenti per il communismo.*
Genoa, 28 June: Sergio Brandi, Ansaldo Engineer—Red Brigades.
Turin, 30 June: Franco Visca, Fiat manager—Red Brigades.
Milan, 30 June: Luciano Maraccani ,Fiat-OM employee—Red Brigades.
Abano Terme, 7 July: Antonio Garzotto, *Gazzettino,* journalist—*Fronte communista combattente.*
Rome, 11 July: Mario Perlini, *Communione e Libertà collaborator*—Red Brigades.
Genoa, 11 July: Angelo Sibilla, DC Regional Secretary—Red Brigades.
Turin, 13 July: Maurizio Puddu, DC Regional Deputy Secretary—Red Brigades.
Turin, 19 September: Leone Ferrero, *L'Unita* journalist—*Azione rivoluzionaria.*
Turin, 11 October: Rinaldo Camaione, Fiat personnel employee, RedBrigades.
Milan, 23 October: Carlo Arienti, DC local councillor—Red Brigades.
Turin, 25 October: Antonio Cocozzello, DC local councillor—Red Brigades.
Turin, 2 November: Publio Fiori, DC Regional Committee member—Red Brigades.
Milan, 8 November: Aldo Grassini, Alfa Romeo manager—Red Brigades.
Turin, 10 November: Pietro Osella, Fiat manager—Red Brigades.
Turin, 16 November: Carlo Casalegno, deputy Editor of *La Stampa*—Red Brigades.
Genoa, 17 November: Carlo Castellano, Ansaldo manager—Red Brigades.
Source: *L'Europeo* of 2 December ,1977, p. 43.

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CHILDREN'S BOOKS GROW UP

by Brian Lee

SOMETHING strange is happening in the once cosy world of children's books. One best-seller ran to 150,000 words—about three times the length of an ordinary novel. It was written, according to the author, in the style of Proust, and had each chapter headed with a neat quotation from such writers as Aeschylus, Plato, Shakespeare, Dylan Thomas, Jane Austen, Clausewitz—even a couple in French (Napoleon and General Jourdan) and one in the Italian of da Ponte's libretto to Mozart's opera *Cosi fan Tutte.*

Another children's book, in which the heroes are a pair of clockwork toys, contains a satire on Samuel Beckett's *Endgame*—very funny if you know the play and the allusions. But what would an eight- or nine-year-old make of it?

Yet another book by an author, highly esteemed in critical circles, has been described as being written with strong overtones of James Joyce and the author himself said some people would probably look on it as the 'first pornographic novel ever written for children'.

What is going on? Have our children been weaned away from Winnie the Pooh, Mole, Toad, Arthur Ransome, Enid Blyton and the schoolboy adventures of Jennings to a new awareness of the delights (and obscurities) of great modern literature?

Or is it, as some believe, that serious authors of today are being weaned away from great literature and the 'significant novel' to writing for children because there is more freedom in children's literature than there is in the tight confines of the adult literary world?

Although permissiveness appears to have taken over completely and authors now feel free to explore avenues of human behaviour that were once taboo, this permissiveness is in itself restrictive. It permits only itself to flourish. A Harold Robbins is successful with a sex-plus-violence formula, so publishers jump on the bandwagon and demand of their authors sex-and-violence novels, preferably more sexy and more violent.

If authors fail to serve it up they find their offerings are turned down as unsuitable for today's public. This is underlined by American author, Sylvia Louise Engdahl, who writes space fiction for young people. In the American literary magazine *The Horn Book* she says:

> The true reason I direct my books specifically to young people is not that I would be unable to reach them through adult books but that in the publishing field today I see more restrictions on what I can do in adult books than in the so-called juveniles . . .
>
> One might think that in the adult market there are no restrictions whatsoever any more. Yet actually when the old taboos disappeared, new and different varieties took their place. Every era has its conventions, and I happen to be guilty of two of the most scorned heresies of ours: I have an

optimistic view of the universe, and I just do not believe that sex is the most significant thing in life. These days, a novelist who concentrates neither on gloom-and-despair nor on sex has little chance of being taken seriously by the critics.

Take a closer look at the three children's books mentioned earlier. The first is called *Watership Down*, by a 58-year-old civil servant Richard Adams (his first book, incidentally) who set out to write a 'real novel for children —even if it is about rabbits'.

The hero of Adams' book is called Hazel and he is a real thinking rabbit's rabbit, who leads a small band of young bucks from a doomed warren that is about to be bulldozed into a new housing estate, across the Berkshire countryside, to find a new home. The other characters include Hazel's brother Fiver, who is psychic and has a habit of falling into trances and uttering Cassandra-like prophecies of doom. Then there is Bigwig, a regimental-sergeant-major rabbit of the old school, and General Woundwort, a totalitarian dictator, who is the main villain of the story.

One of the more engaging characters is Kehaar, a black-headed gull with a wounded wing who is saved from starvation by Hazel and his friends and, in return, helps them in the struggle against Woundwort and in the search for does to make their warren complete.

Kehaar, not being a rabbit, talks in a strange guttural accent—'Meester Pigvig, 'e plenty good fella'—and almost his first greeting to the rabbits is: 'Piss off!'

The final siege of the new Watership Down warren by Woundwort, in which he meets his match, is as gripping and full of action as any James Bond thriller. Between the action, there are lyrical descriptive passages in a style which Adams admits is Proustian. Certainly the sentences are Proustian in length—there is one of 200 words.

Is this the sort of book children go for? Well, since it was published by Rex Collings in 1972 (after being turned down by three agents and four publishers) it has sold 2,000,000 copies in this country, topping the list of paperback best-sellers for five weeks in succession, and the American paperback rights were sold for £400,000, a world record. But how many of the buyers were children? Significantly, in America *Watership Down* was not sold as a children's book. It was marketed for adults, too.

The search for a new life and home is also the theme of *The Mouse and His Child*, a witty and moving story by American author Russell Hoban (Faber and Faber). The mouse is a tin clockwork toy. When wound up the father mouse dances in a circle holding his son by both hands, lifting him up into the air and down again.

In the shop the mouse child asks what happens when they are bought. A clockwork elephant explains: 'One does what one is wound to do. It is expected of me that I walk up and down . . . it is expected of this young mouse that he go out into the world with his father to dance in circles.'

The young mouse starts to cry: 'I don't want to.'

A clock interrupts: 'I might remind you of the rules of clockwork. No talking before midnight and after dawn, and no crying on the job.'

'He's not on the job,' says the seal. 'We're on our own time now.'

'Toys that cry on their own time sometimes cry on the job,' says the clock, 'and no good ever comes of it.'

After the toys have been bought and inevitably discarded, the rest of the book is the story of the mouse and his child's encounter and escape from Manny Rat, a Fagin-like king of a rubbish dump, who repairs old wind-up toys and makes them his slaves. During their flight they meet Mr. and Mrs. Crow, who run the Caws of Art Experimental Theatre Group (formerly Caws of Art Classical Repertory Group and before that the Caws of Art Follies).

This episode is where Hoban sets his skit on Samuel Beckett. The whole book abounds with this kind of sophisticated humour which must mean very little to children under the age of 14—and what teenager would be seen dead with a book about a clockwork mouse?

Unless of course, it fell into the same cult category as J. R. R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* (Unwin), a mammoth three-volume novel longer than *War and Peace.* Although it is about dwarfs, dragons, elves, wizards and trolls, it has become a cult book, particularly among students. In America there are fan clubs devoted to the work of this Oxford professor of languages who died in September 1973 at the age of 81. Other professors have written books about Tolkien's Hobbit books, but as well as being a fashionable success, *Lord of the Rings* and its fairy tale world has given pleasure to more than 5,500,000 people.

Then there is the strange literary progress of Alan Garner, who also started off his career with a story of wizards, elves and magic in *The Weirdstone of Brisingamen, The Moon of Gomrath, Elidor* and graduated to *The Owl Service* (all Collins), which drew heavily on the mystical legends of Wales and also dealt with the stresses of adolescence and puberty.

His next book, *Red Shift,* was again about the relationship between two adolescents, but interwoven in their love story were two other strands: one about a group of Roman legionaires 'going tribal' among warring factions of the British (the parallel and the brutal language are obviously those of the Americans among the Viet Cong and Viet Minh); the other strand is about the massacre of a village on the Welsh border during the Civil War.

Undoubtedly, *Red Shift* is a brilliantly written and gripping book. The difficulty about it is that Garner makes no concessions to his readers (and on the book jacket he makes it clear that it is for children). It is told almost entirely in cryptic conversation with minimal clues to the identity of the speakers. He switches from strand to strand of the story without warning. The book cannot be understood and appreciated at one hasty reading. It is worth serious study, but will children persevere?

In her introduction to the 1973 edition of *Children's Books of the Year,* critic and reviewer Elaine Moss says:

> Spurred on by the publication of Alan Garner's literary crossword puzzle *Red Shift* . . . many of us asked ourselves where children's publishing should end and adult begin? For *Children's Books of the Year* I have drawn the line below *Red Shift* and excluded it . . . Alan Garner, in deliberately choosing an avant-garde form, is also choosing an advanced, sophisticated audience for his book.

Alan Garner himself seems to have come round to this view. This year a television adaptation of *Red Shift* was screened at peak viewing time with no mention of the fact that it was originally published as a children's novel.

One other new author whose children's books break away from the accepted pattern is Robert Westall, a teacher from Tynemouth, who with his first novel *The Machine-Gunners* (Macmillan) published in 1975, won the coveted Carnegie Medal awarded by the Library Association.

Any adult whose childhood was spent during the Second World War will recognise the underlying excitement of *The Machine-Gunners*—the search through the streets after an air raid for trophies, shining, jagged lumps of shrapnel still too hot to pick up, nose cones, cartridge cases, bomb flights. In Charlie's case he found a machine-gun, complete with ammunition, in a crashed Heinkel, and he managed to spirit it away before the police found the wreck. As the reviewer in *The Observer* wrote,

> collectors' fever at first but it leads to the digging of a secret gun pit, the swearing in of a platoon of Tyneside kids, and a 12-year-old's corner of the Blitz on two fronts, the other truce-less war being against ham-fisted grown up intrusion. Funny, savage, intensely real, allegorical; dimensions that make it one of the best books for and about children of recent years, and one which no adult should be ashamed of reading.

Since then Robert Westall has published two more novels. As with Alan Garner, he has raised the age of his main characters to mid or late adolescence, bringing in all the conflicts of growing up and the prickly changing relationships with parents. Both novels are ghost stories. *The Wind Eye* is set in the Holy Island area of Northumberland where St. Cuthbert once lived. *The Watch House*, again set on the north-east coast, is the story of a haunted Life Brigade station, with echoes of the wreckers of Victorian times.

Both are perceptive, exciting stories full of tension and closely-observed character, with none of the tiresome clichés of plot, violence and sex that are mandatory in the adult novel of today. If you want a good read it often pays to take a look around the children's section of the nearest library or bookshop.

[Brian Lee has worked on newspapers and magazines for 30 years. Has been interested in children's books since the age of eight and owns a complete set of Arthur Ransome's books and still reads them. His first job in publishing was as office boy at Faber and Faber.]

MULTI-SPECTRAL PHOTOGRAPHY: AT PRESENT THE MOST EFFECTIVE METHOD OF EARTH EXPLORATION

by Wilhelm Hempel

HEALTHY forests are to be represented red and bad ones blue—this was one example of the goals set up for the latest Soviet space experment Sojus 22 and the multi-spectral camera MFK-6 which was developed by the VEB Carl Zeiss Jena and was on board the spaceship. All bodies and objects on the earth's surface are exposed to solar radiation, independent of whether directly or after dispersion by atmosphere. The atmosphere mainly consists of the visible white light, which is a mixture of the colours of the rainbow from violet to red, and the infra-red radiation which joins in the field of long wavelength. Then, however, a process begins which depends on the chemical characteristics of the radiated object and also on its physical state. Certain wavelengths are transmitted, other ones are absorbed and still other ones are reflected. The reflected wavelengths determine in which colour the object is realised by the human eye. Plants, e.g., appear 'green' by the leaf-colour chlorophyll. The spectral colour, the composition of the reflected light according to wavelengths, however, is essentially more informative and characteristic of the object observed than the colour-shades which the human eye is able to distinguish. The most modern technique of space-photography, the multi-spectral photography, is based on this principle.

This is the fourth of the applied methods. Black and white colours have already proved at the beginning of air-photo technique that a greater distance to the object of observation is advantageous because unimportant details are neglected and more important structures become obvious. At first, archaeologists made use of this fact when they had discovered by this means buried town-walls and similar findings. Also, in future, black and white photos will be in use with weather satellites, where it is mainly important to get the contrast between cloud formations and the surface of the earth. During the next stage, coloured photographs showed the surface of the earth, and the third stage was the 'false-colour' photography, producing contrasts by filters at the object-glasses and by a purposely produced sensitivity of the film material to colours which do not any longer agree with the natural ones. This in turn resulted in an increased information content of the photographs. This information content, however, was orientated towards a certain purpose.

In comparison with this, multi-spectral photography possesses a new quality. Its results are applicable in many ways. With the multi-spectral camera MFK-6, 6 different reaches of wavelengths were sorted out—4 within the visible, and 2 within the infra-red reaches—and thus 6 black and white films were exposed, each on the same object. With an object mainly

reflecting blue light, a film sensitive to blue light is heavily exposed, while one sensitive to red light reacts only insignificantly. When the photos are developed on earth, 6 of them form one series. These 6 photos can again be reduced to one by a special projector, the MSP 4, designed by the VEB Carl Zeiss Jena. In comparison with the usual technique of photography, however, there is a difference, namely that the photographer can use any colour filters for each of the 6 films. In this way, colour contrasts can be produced which can be changed according to the will of the photographer. In comparison with the up to now usual methods, multi-spectral photography is universally applicable.

This technique is relatively new and as yet there are no routine exploitations for it. These have to be created, even when the potential applications are already obvious.

That is why the experiment Sojus 22 was carried through on three levels. While both the cosmonauts photographed the selected areas above the GDR territory with the multi-spectral camera, on board a Soviet research plane of the type AN-30, the same pictures were taken from a height of 7,000m but with a less efficient equipment. Following that experiment some 400 scientists made on the spot examinations at the so-called 'earth stations'; considering how moist or dry the soil is; how clean or dirty the waters; how the ripeness of a plant, as for instance corn, has developed. Later on, the results of such research will serve to develop standards in order to decide which colour contrasts have to be chosen to meet most effectively this or that task.

Two scientists, Valeri Bykovski and Vladimir Axjonov, have mapped a total of about 50 million square kilometres of the earth's surface. With a photo size of 55 x 80 mm each photograph comprises an area of 19,000 square kilometres. This corresponds to about one-fifth of the GDR territory. With a cassette capacity of about 1,000 photos, each cassette took 19 million square kilometres.

Now it is the photographers' turn to prove the advantages of the multi-spectral photography for each exploration, both by the visual and the electronic data processing treatment.

[Dr. Wilhelm Hempel is a Presidium Member of the GDR Astronautical Society.]

POWYS AND THE KUNDALINI SERPENT

Part Two—East and West

by G. Wilson Knight

IN *Masked Gods*, a study of ritual beliefs among the Navaho and Pueblo Indians of the South West of the United States (U.S.A., Swallow Press, 1950; Ballantine Books, U.S.A., ed. of 1973), Frank Waters writes:

> This endless perpetuation of mankind on the same physical plane is not the destiny of man. He must surmount it; and by finally reconciling and uniting the opposite polarities on a higher spiritual plane, consummate all aspects of his nature in harmony with the divine Creator of all life. (II.v.249)

There is a monster-slayer myth, the monster being born of men's perverted sex-force, as with Powys's Mr. Evans; but even so, it is divine and so acknowledged by the Sun, not unlike Typhoon (II, iv, 220-1; v. 250), Canon Stephen Verney has suggested in *The Times* that in the St. George myth we might consider the Dragon as an inward principle, to be assimilated rather than slain.[6]

Kundalini is not directly involved by Powys's Red Indian survey, but *Masked Gods* is more revealing.

Young Navahos 'are told that excessive sexual intercourse is injurious' and in time affects the spine where it 'joins the brain' (II v.25). Here we have a fascinating correspondence between practices of the West and the East:

> This is a direct parallel with the practice of Tibetan Buddhist yogins in redirecting the course of sexual power up the median nerve in the centre of the spinal column to the brain centre and thus achieving the transcendental phenomenon of Illumination. The Navaho ceremonial preoccupation with sex we therefore glimpse as parables dealing with the understanding and transmutation of the physical life force into a spiritual power necessary for the evolution of man into his final state of existence. (II. v.250)

'Evolution': Powys in *In Spite Of* (1953; IV.110 and throughout) reiterates his belief that the psychic gifts there described are as a forecast of man's evolution. Mr. Waters makes an extended comparison with the Orient. In Hopi tribal ceremonial we have a superabundance of live snakes, controlled by 'snake whips', wooden stems with eagle feathers, used to calm them. Performing 'snake dancers' are opposed by 'antelope dancers', coloured respectively reddish brown and greyish white, the Antelope standing for divine guidance, the higher element, as do the feathers too, of the Kundalini drama. This snake-antelope opposition, we are told, occurs in Chinese Taoism, Hindu Lamaism, and Tibetan Buddhism (II. viii, 313, 317, 325, 326). The eastern Kundalini process is described:

> The main median nerve extends through the centre of the spinal column. Around it to the right and left, like serpents, coil the other two. The latent mystic fire force associated with the physical sexual force of the body is the Serpent Power, personified as the sleeping goddess, Kundalini, abiding 'four fingers below the navel nerve-centre'. She represents the feminine or negative

aspect of the universal force of the cosmic mind. The Hopi Snake.

> Roused from her slumber, she slowly uncoils and ascends up her double-coiled path to the brain psychic centre, represented by a personification of the masculine or positive aspect of the universal force. Here in union with her Lord, the Divine One . . . there results the phenomena of mystic rain. . . . The whole body is recharged with psychic power. And man attains that sublime peacefulness, that yogic quiescence or True State of Mind in which alone the divine light of true perception can dawn. (II. viii.326)

Such is the 'Kundalini Yoga', 'yoga' signifying the joining of the two powers (IV. viii.327)

In such terms we are able to interpret the *objective* Hopi fertility, rain-invoking, ceremonial. There is a male Antelope Chief, a divine figure, and a Snake Chief with Eagle feathers. There is an Antelope youth holding a rattle-snake and a Snake Maid dressed in white, holding fruits; each thus partaking of the other's attributes. Everything is made ready for their eventual union. Description blends the external and the personal, as 'from the deep nadir, the bowels of the earth, the manifestations of the serpent goddess Kundalini are called forth as from the base of the spine'. There is danger in the fire power, recognised but not dissipated, and controlled by the 'eagle feathers on the snake whips'. Gently it happens, as the 'powerful sexual force is controlled by the yogi'. Now Kundalini is ready to join her lord. To lightning and thunder 'the serpent power is unleashed'. Masculine and feminine unite. All the earth is renewed, the stream of life flows. We are told: 'It is a great ceremonial; one of the greatest man has known. It is an hallucination, a hoax, and a fact as real as rain' (II. viii.328)

The name 'Kundalini' is not, presumably, known to the Red Men, but is part of the Author's description. We should understand what is being united. It is not to be regarded as a normal sex-union, but one involving principles within (i) the individual and (ii) the universe outside.

This convergence shown in *Masked Gods* of West and East appears to be of striking importance. This may be because American Indians came originally from the East; or there may be a joint causation sinking back to prehistory. The widespread presence of Kundalini symbolism suggests that we have in it something vital to man and pointing to his futurity. That is why our imaginative writers, Powys, Lawrence and Masefield, are impelled to handle it. For them I do not think of 'sources' so much as of intuition or inspiration. If there are sources, the varied differences in each conform to the practice of poetic composition and is as a sign of original inspiration.

To assess further the meaning of the Kundalini Serpent we turn to Gopi Krishna's recent vitally important study *Kundalini*.[7] There is a running commentary by James Hillman. The author, who comes from India and Kashmir, narrates how he, prepared by Yogi meditation, experienced the awakening of the great power; how he suffered from its misdirection; and how he recovered the right way. He writes:

> From my own experience, extending to a quarter of a century, I am irresistibly led to the conclusion that the human organism is evolving in the direction indicated by mystics and prophets and by men of genius, by the action of this

> wonderful mechanism, located at the base of the spine, depending for its activity mainly on the energy supplied by the reproductive organs. (XIX. 241)

At this 'spot' the goddess was imagined asleep 'in the guise of a serpent' (VII, III), or as 'a stream of radiant energy', as in the ancient texts (XIII. 171).

Though the resulting consciousness would be called normally 'spiritual', the story concerns the body throughout; it could almost be called a 'physiological autobiography'. James Hillman—thinking of the Kundalini Serpent—says: 'The animal that is divine is the wisdom of nature, or the wisdom of the body, that knows from primaeval times with a knowledge which we cannot hope to emulate' (Commentary, 100). Body and mind, says Gopi Krishna, are intimately related; it is wrong to regard abnormal phenomena as of the mind alone (IX.126-8). Yoga itself has not the 'status' honoured of the bodily frame (IX.130). An editorial commentary discusses the 'Yogic body' saying that 'what is logically impossible' is 'psychologically' present. There are 'two levels which are really but one identity which our minds divide into two logics'; and our author's account shows how intimately the two 'logical levels' merge in actual experience (James Hillman, Commentary, 179). There are, as it were, two physiologies, which are really the same. 'It is the problem of us modern men to connect the body again with the spirit' (Commentary, 43). We are reminded of Harry Edwards, who regards spiritual healing as in part the use of the body's own amazing resources to advance a cure.[8] Gopi Krishna himself notes the body's intelligence, preserving and healing, remaining unseen, though presiding as the 'real mistress' (VII, 111). We may recall Wolf Solent's 'It's my body that has saved me' (XXV. 642 or 613).

Sexual energy is involved. The process is 'connected unmistakably with the sexual parts', the 'sublimated seed' being within the 'radiant energy', the reproductive organs supplying the 'raw material' (XI. 88-9). The contiguity of sexual and Kundalini activity is a purposely designed arrangement (V. 79). Prof. Hillman tells us that 'A reorganisation of the sexual impulse' is needed for a change in consciousness. The Kundalini area is supposed to lie in the region of the coccyx, anus and prostate, and the transformation of sexuality is the 'major opus in the discipline'; though exactly how the anal and the sexual are coordinated remains rather mysterious: we may remember the conjunction of 'excremental' and 'sexual' functions in Powys (as above). It seems that Hippocrates thought that the sperm came 'in a tube from the base of the spinal column'.[9] Semen, that is presumably the energy generated by it, is, according to Hillman, to be discharged 'upwards rather than outwards'. He discusses the sexual implications during the transition, including some rather indecisive references to masturbation, referring to both oriental and Red Indian teachings (Commentary, 98-9).

In Powys's *Weymouth Sands* the seer Sylvanus Cobbold is said to follow the Lamas of Tibet in withholding sexual impulse in order to prolong it (*Jobber Skald*, reissued as *Weymouth Sands*; 1935, 1963; XI, 393 or 380).[10] Sylvanus Cobbold is peculiarly interesting here, in view of his 'physical

self-consciousness' which so shocked him by seeming 'to give a twist, a tug' to 'some invisible *nervous navel string* that was the devil's wire of his puppet-hood'; and also for the reptilian appearance of his 'long neck', which bore so striking 'a resemblance to the head of a tortoise or turtle' (XI. 394-5 or 381-2). Geard, the seer of *A Glastonbury Romance*, is like a 'monster lizard', or a 'mud-turtle' (XV. 467, 473 or 452, 458). Cold-blooded life is always deeply revered by Powys, in *In Defence of Sensuality* (1930) and elsewhere; but the Kundalini power is, like mythical dragons, who may perhaps be imagined as warm-blooded in descent from prehistoric creatures, 'compact of fire' (the phrase is Shakespeare's, *Venus and Adonis*, 149). Hillman tells us that the true Yoga devotee has not 'less sexuality than others but more' (Commentary, 99). All such fiery Kundalini symbols may appear cold, but resemble Andrew Marvell's Fawn, 'Lilies without, Roses within' (*The Nymph complaining of the Death of her Fawn*). In *Morwyn* Powys says that 'it may well be that sex-love, divorced from complete union and divorced from any thought of children, is so far from being reprehensible that it is the most potent of all urges in the process of the evolution of a higher race' (I.53; see *The Saturnian Quest*, IX. 124).

The head and 'reproductive organs' are connected by the spinal column (XII. 163-4). In Norman O. Brown's *Life against Death* (1959) we are told that 'the psychoanalytical theory of infantile sexuality and its sublimation insists that there is a hidden connection between higher spiritual activity and lower organs of the body' (Part V, 'Studies in Anality', XIV, 203). We may observe that in all cerebral divagations the mind and sex organs are in close mutual activation. Hillman tells us that the connection by the spine was a physiological axiom in Indian, Chinese, Tibetan, Arabic and Ancient Greek medicine; between 'the two creative centres of man there is a direct relationship', expressed by his erect bearing (Commentary, 178). We may remember Sylvanus Cobbold's adopting the name 'Caput-anus' to pin-point the close relationship of vision and the lower centres when addressing the Absolute (*Weymouth Sands*, XI.395, 405 or 381-2, 391). E. M. Forster reports a vivid experience, 'as much psychological as physical', when 'touched' below by a friend: 'It seemed to go straight through the small of my back into my ideas, without involving my thoughts'.[11] Gopi Krishna locates Kundalini as normally dormant round 'the lower orifice' (VI. 94), 'coiled round the base of the spine, a little below the sexual organ, like a serpent, fast asleep' and 'closing with her mouth the aperture of the Sushamna, the hair-like duct rising through the spinal cord to the conscious centre at the top of the head' (IV. 59). He tells us:

> The subject has remained shrouded in mystery not only because of the extreme rarity and outstanding nature of the manifestation but also because certain essential features of the development are closely bound up with the intimate life and private parts of the individual who has the experiences. The disclosures made in this work are likely to appear startling, even incredible, because the subject has been discussed openly for the first time after centuries of a veiled existence. (VIII. 113)

In handling any elements of embarrassment, we do well to face Hillman's statement—in a different context—that 'the greatest danger is not the

opposite or contradiction of truth, but its nearest imitation. Pink sentimental religion threatens the real red thing more than does any antithesis' (Commentary, 154).

In *A Glastonbury Romance* Sam's vision and later medical experience engages, as does Lawrence too, though very differently, this very centre or area which we are discussing; and in his Preface to the second edition, Powys, as we have seen, drives home the thought, with reference to the Grail. Both Wolf Solent and Sylvanus Cobbold were at pains to assimilate 'the Gross, the Repulsive, the Disgusting' (*Weymouth Sands*, XI, 395 or 382). A helpful quotation comes in *Don Leon*, the obscene but powerful, and honest, poem concerning Byron's marriage, probably by George Colman the Younger, in which the highest 'honour' is accorded the part in question: 'Where honour, sensitive, a shelter seeks' and 'Health, ease and honour centre in that spot'.[12] Our embarrassment must be surmounted. In any really new advance there must be some obstruction, or it would not be awaiting discovery, would not be new; just as there must be something immoral in any ethical advance. It is probable that we do not so much fear Kundalini because it involves details that embarrass us, as that the true reason of our quite irrational embarrassment is the fear of Kundalini. Is that why the breaking of this embarrassment, as Powys's Sam found, opens vistas and marvels? It certainly seems strange that physical repellence alone should be so important. We must however note that Powys's seers, such as Johnny Geard, Sylvanus Cobbold, Uryen Quirm and Myrddin Wyllt, are regularly conceived as physically gross or ugly; the Grail-Messenger was traditionally ugly (*Glastonbury Romance*, XVI, 509 or 491-2), and the all-knowing giant in *All or Nothing* (1960) was named 'Bog'; the one exception being Owen Glendower. Geard's favourite exclamation is 'Bugger me black' (XV. 473 or 457). It is as though their very grossness were constituent to their seer-ship. Powys's physical emphasis may accordingly be valid.

We have good reason to fear the powers aroused. The 'coiled snake-worm' prompting Mr. Evans's terrible obsession in *A Glastonbury Romance* is so very like what we hear of Kundalini. From ancient times on, secrecy has been preserved (V. 76). Extremes of vice or agony may be involved. Our author suffered torments through arousing the power through a *male* channel on the right of the spine, but by will-power, in obedience to an intuition, concentrating on the *female* left channel, he succeeded in getting it to go through the central channel. Gopi Krishna reports:

> There was a sound like a nerve thread snapping and instantaneously a silvery streak passed zigzag through the spinal cord, exactly like the sinuous movement of a white serpent in rapid flight, pouring an effulgent, cascading shower of brilliant vital energy into my brain, filling my head with a blissful lustre in place of the flame that had been tormenting me for the last three hours. (IV. 66; see also X. 137)

He attributes his 'timely deliverance' to the 'Unseen' (IV.67), being sure that 'A superhuman agency acting through my mind' had conveyed the needed 'hint' (VI.83). The commentary by James Hillman accepts the account, saying that habitual experience made him at first use the male

channel of normal ambition—including, perhaps, vices—before he turned to the softer, feminine channel, on the left, where the heart is. The shift meant 'an abandonment of his former personality' (Commentary, 73). Kundalini is, we remember, a 'feminine' power (Commentary, 157-8). As with drugs, the possibilities are equally satanic and paradisal, as Aldous Huxley in *The Doors of Perception* and *Heaven and Hell* has demonstrated. The occurrence of Holy Sam's and Mr. Evans's different experiences in *A Glastonbury Romance* makes a powerful design, reflecting extremes of the double-natured First Cause; with Johnny Geard in between. Geard is, to use a usual religious terminology, a 'once-born' type, like Jesus himself; not a 'twice-born' type, needing sudden conversion, like St. Paul and Sam, or Saul Kane in Masefield's *Everlasting Mercy*.

We may reasonably ask how Gopi Krishna knows so well what is going on in himself. He saw it—inwardly. A near correspondence to his faculty appears in Powys's *Morwyn* (1937) and *The Inmates* (1952). In *Morwyn* the hero finds he enjoys a strange illumination that was 'both mental and physical' (I.7), which enables him to see into himself, the girl Morwyn, and her vivisector father. He sees into the latter's emotional nature, into the 'magnetic disturbances' that went on there (I.20). His mental illumination is both 'psychic' and 'electric' (I.29). When the vivisector is dead, he can see his hideous self, as it is, and that of others. Throughout the book the consciousness works on realities 'half-mental and half-material' (III.170). In *The Inmates* we have a Tibetan seer, Morsimmon Esty, under whose influence the hero experiences an insight into the 'millions of little clock-cells' in another's skull, 'that were ticking and tinkling and turning their tiny wheels on their electric pivots'. He could also see the link between soul and body like a 'living eel' that 'quivered and shivered' (XIV.258-9); indicating what is known as 'the silver cord'. These instances are mostly insights into others; but Gopi Krishna's was an insight into himself, with his 'mental eye' (III. 50).

He sees a halo 'within and outside my head' in constant vibration, a jet rising, 'through the spine' and splaying out, with colour changing (VI. 87). He sees 'countless nerves in the body' (X.138), a 'network of nerves' (XI. 146). Explanation is necessarily difficult: 'With the aid of the luminous stuff now filling my nerves, I could, by diverting my attention towards my interior, discern clearly the outline of the vital organs and the network of nerves spread all over my body' (VI.90). He is, like Powys's two heroes, enjoying a consciousness, and a perception, of unusual quality.

Powys in *In Spite Of* gives accounts of certain psychic experiences, especially out-of-the-body experiences, though the body senses are somehow still active. Soul-travel or astral travel, is, in *Owen Glendower* and elsewhere, an important Powys concern, and *In Spite Of* he regards it as an evolutionary advance towards a 'new self-created self' (V.130; IV.106, 110, 113, 116-7, 122-3; VIII.246; IX299). So too Gopi Krishna asserts that Kundalini is the key to man's evolution.

This he sees as a 'continuous biological process', like any other, with all

bodily interests respected (XVIII.234). Reason is only an instrument; the 'whole personality' is involved; man is riddled by sexual passion and covetousness, and needs a more than earthly energy (V.81). At present, our culture is paying the price of a 'violation of evolutionary laws'; Kundalini discharges as important a function in its own field as does the reproductive system in its; 'it alone can save us from annihilating war' (XIX.246). The ascent from instinct to reason has played its part in the great plan and now there is ahead a supreme hope (XVIII.227). Kundalini cannot be accidental and is evidence for design in human creation, involving the sublimation of energy (XIX.244). Now man must win nearer to his 'innate majestic form' and become aware of his 'true immortal state' (V.80-1). Though 'ages of incorrect living in obedience to the dictates of civilisation' have made things difficult, there is only one way (XIII.173).

What does he imply by 'immortal state'? Of death we have, he says, direct evidence, and no proof of its reverse; though here he is strangely in error since 'proof', however we assess its validity, is abundant. The higher consciousness of Yoga sees 'life energy' as a 'deathless entity', even when the body, as in Wordsworth's *Tintern Abbey*, appears to be in a death-state (VII.109). Personal survival is left undefined, rather as in Powys, who in some later moods was averse from the thought, saying that, the sky's infinity being so marvellous, survival becomes irrelevant; and that anyway the 'I' can feel 'outside the radius' of even a 'planetary disaster' (*In Spite Of*, 1952; IV.91; VIII.237; VII.207). Powys clearly writes from a mystical apprehension like Gopi Krishna's. Meanwhile the 'imaginal body' (Commentary 179), 'spiritual body' as St. Paul has it (1 Corinthians XV.36-49), or 'etheric' body, clearly here relevant, is not adduced.

The Kundalini experience is a consciousness of boundless scope overarching time, covering all arts and sciences now and in the future, now and always, a measureless ocean of wisdom (XVI.213). Gopi Krishna's 'internal radiance' (X.142) makes external objects shine with 'a silvery lustre', yet 'brightly coloured' (XI.144). Superlatives abound: it is 'the highest achievement' possible to man, far exceeding any sexual orgasm (XIV. 186). The 'I' is contained yet fully cognizant of the vast consciousness surrounding it (X. 139). Known objects, however vast, become phantoms in an 'ocean of existence', unmeasurable and yet 'no bigger than an infinitely small point', large and infinitely small at the same time, 'measureless, without form or size, nothing and yet everything' (XVI. 207). So, too, the last words of *A Glastonbury Romance* are 'Never or Always', and one of Powys's last tales is called '*All or Nothing*'.

Such accounts are normal in the annals of mystical experience, and they recur under drugs. William James's *Varieties of Religious Experience* is a good storehouse; and Middleton Murry's account in his *God* should be carefully studied. What Gopi Krishna adds is his uncompromising conviction of its central importance:

> This mechanism, known as Kundalini, is the real cause of all genuine spiritual and psychic phenomena, the biological basis of evolution and development of personality; the secret origin of all esoteric and occult doctrines, the master key

> to the unsolved mystery of creation, the inexhaustible source of philosophy, art and science, the fountainhead of all religious faiths, past, present and future. (XIII. 176)

This amazing mystery he has located in the body, with precise definitions, and concludes:

> The awakening of Kundalini is the greatest enterprise and the most wonderful achievement in front of man. There is absolutely no other way open to his restlessly searching intellect to pass beyond the boundaries of the otherwise meaningless physical universe. (XIX. 243)

The concentration is on what he regards as the physical, but through his physiology he reveals the supernal. There is little mystery in it yet the result is mysterious. Throughout he writes as a modern, seeing it as 'a perfectly natural biological phenomenon of an uncommon kind, demonstrable by any healthy human body on the attainment of a certain state of evolutionary perfection' (XIII. 167). It is scientifically approached (XVII. 223), yet the key to mythology, spiritualism, and religion (V. 78). Throughout he is humble and utterly honest. Though now living in a continual state of internal glory, which he sees or senses, yet he is not otherwise abnormal. Qualities normally associated with such experiences, psychic, mediumistic or occult; or of artistic genius; for these he makes no claims (e.g. VI. 85, VIII. 116-7, X. 137-8, XIII. 169-70, XVIII, 224). He sees himself as 'a man of common clay far below, intellectually and morally, the spiritual giants about whom I had read' (XII. 160). It seems that his task was providentially single: to deliver his Kundalini message. He does however claim awareness of 'a mighty conscious presence', who intimated lines of poetry to him (XV. 201). He felt himself at times encompassed by a 'stupendous silent presence' (XVII. 217). After all, the existence of such an 'internal monitor' has been acknowledged by some famous names (XIII. 170). He may be thinking of Socrates, or of Jung. He calls it 'Kundalini'.

A concluding comment might suggest that we do not need sudden illuminations like Sam's, but that the process may be at work gradually all the time, at least with those attuned, men of artistic or other genius especially. The 'once born' type may be better to cultivate than the 'twice born', who look for sudden conversions. But study of the process in an extreme development is needed; we need to know from what human experience of quality derives and its purpose. That this book is basically sound seems evident: not only is Kundalini vouched for by records of great antiquity, but it has survived in both Eastern and Western tradition ever since; and today, as we have shown, it is ratified by men of literary genius: Powys, Masefield, Lawrence. The symbolism is still alive and probably is widespread in other contemporary literature. We are often told today that nothing can help us but a change in man himself; and in that change the powers we have been discussing are pivotal.

The book follows the New Testament in its emphasis on the body of man, which in both the Gospels and St. Paul is, as I show in *The Christian Renaissance*, primary; though by the 'body' we must also include the 'spiritual' body of St. Paul (1 Corinthians, XV 44) called also by Spiritualists the 'etheric', and by the Orient the 'diamond', body. It also follows that other

document, which I group with The New Testament, seeing the two as the joint inspirers of our best wisdom, Nietzsche's *Thus Spake Zarathustra* wherein the lonely prophet, working out his gospel of the Body, the Superman, and the Eternal Recurrence (discussed in my book *Christ and Nietzsche*, 1949) is accompanied by two symbolic beasts, Serpent and Eagle, signifying wisdom and vision. These appear, not in combat, as in Shelley,[13] but the one coiled lovingly about the other (Introductory Discourse). Like Swift's Gulliver on returning from the ideal animals, the Houyhnhnms, Zarathustra can murmur: 'All these Higher Men, *smell* they, perchance, not sweet?' And so: 'Draw nigh, mine Eagle and my Serpent', and 'Now only do I know and feel how I love you, my beasts' (IV. 14). The Eagle awakes, honouring the Sun at the Great Noon (V. 20), Zarathustra's emblem is 'a golden Sun and round about it the Serpent of Knowledge' (I.22; my numeral omits the Introductory Discourse).

With his symbolic Beasts, Zarathustra is a lonely prophet; and so, essentially was Powys (see *In Defence of Sensuality*, 1930; IV. 287). Of all our exploitations *A Glastonbury Romance* is primary and central. It exactly places the elements we have been considering. It has Holy Sam and his vision of the Grail, with anal obscenities included, though in strictly moral terms; we have the sadistic evil of the double-natured First Cause in Mr. Evans, sexually impelled though with strong Kundalini undertones, as though the upward Kundalini thrust had been deflected into the sexual nerves, giving us a precise definition of crime; and the Jesus or Christ figure, Nietzsche's Superman, Geard, the miracle-worker of comprehensive attainment and assured powers.

'One who has familiarity with the practice of Yoga', wrote Professor Kewal Motwani,[14] 'could easily see in Mr. Powys an adept in the art and science of this discipline'. After summing up his qualities, he concludes: 'A great Yogi'.

NOTES

[6] 'St. George as a Symbol of Unity', *The Times*, 23 April, 1977.

[7] Reissue dated 1971 (revised 1970), Shambhala Publications, Berkeley also Boulder, U.S.A.; London, Routledge & Kegan Paul; Canada, Random House of Canada.

[8] Harry Edwards, *Life in Spirit*, 1976; XVIII, 'The Place of Healing'.

[9] Paul Overy, 'Leonardo as Anatomist', *The Times*, 29 November, 1977.

[10] In this connection, see my reference in *The Saturnian Quest*, reissued by Harvester Press, 1978, IX. 124, note, to Garma C. C. Chang, *Teachings of Tibetan Yoga*, New York 1963.

[11] *Maurice*, 1971, 'Terminal Note', 235.

[12] *Don Leon*, 1449, 1455 (numerals are wrongly printed as 1439, 1445). See my *Neglected Powers*, 1971, 'Who Wrote *Don Leon*?', 122. For line numerals, 118, 127, notes.

[13] *The Revolt of Islam*, I. viii-xiv.

[14] Journal of Sociology, University of Jabalpur, India, 1962; quoted by Derek Langridge in *John Cowper Powys, a Record of Achievement*, 1966.

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The September issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Revolution in India* by A. S. Raman, *The New Portugal* by Charles R. Lefcourt, *A Conservative Look at the Health Service* by the Rt. Hon. Patrick Jenkin, M.P. and *Two New Poems* by Robert Gittings.

QUARTERLY RECORD REVIEW

by David Fingleton

RACHMANINOV. Piano Concerto No. 3 in D Minor. Horowitz/New York P.O./Ormandy. RCA RL 12633. £3.99.

LISZT. Sonata in B minor/FAURE. Impromptu No. 5 and Nocturne No. 18. Vladimir Horowitz (piano). RCA RL 12548. £3.99.

BEETHOVEN. Symphony No. 6 'Pastoral'. London Philharmonic Orchestra/Boult. HMV ASD 3456. £3.99.

GLUCK. *Orfeo ed Euridice*. Chorus and Orchestra of Netherlands Opera/Bruck. (2 records) HMV RLS 725. £6.25.

LEHAR. *The Merry Widow*. Philharmonia Chorus and Orchestra/Ackermann. (2 records) HMV Concert Classics SXDW 3045. £4.50.

WEILL. *The Seven Deadly Sins*. Lenya/Orchestra/Bruckner-Ruggerberg. CBS 73657. £4.29.

MOZART. *Cosi Fan Tutte*. Strasbourg Philharmonic/Lombard. (3 records) RCA Erato STU 71110. £14.25.

VERDI. *Il Trovatore*. Berlin Philharmonic/Von Karajan. (3 records) HMV SLS 5111. £11.95.

OPERATIC ARIAS. Elena Obraztsova (mezzo-soprano) Philharmonia/Patane/Stapleton. HMV ASD 3459. £3.99.

NON-APPEARANCE may seem a curious way to become a legend in one's own lifetime, but it is thus that Vladimir Horowitz, the great Russian born, American domiciled pianist, has latterly achieved his unparalleled fame. This year marks the golden jubilee of his American debut, and when he played Rachmaninov's 3rd Piano Concerto with the New York Philharmonic under Eugene Ormandy in Carnegie Hall on January 8th it was his first appearance with an orchestra since his silver jubilee concert in 1953, when he played the Tchaikovsky B flat minor concerto, with which he had in fact made his American debut in 1928 at Carnegie Hall, conducted by the almost equally legendary Sir Thomas Beecham. Horowitz, born in 1905, knew Rachmaninov well, and first played the 3rd concerto in about 1920, over ten years after the composer himself had taken the solo part in its world première in New York in 1909. This golden jubilee performance, which was recorded live, though, the sleeve tells us, 'for technical reasons some portions of this album were re-recorded following the concert', is in fact Horowitz's third version on record. I have never heard the original one, made in 1930, but can confidently state that in terms of sheer musical understanding and technical bravura this latest version far surpasses that of 1951. Horowitz's achievement in this performance is quite outstanding, not merely demonstrating one of the very greatest instrumental techniques and musical understanding of our own, and indeed probably any other day, but at the same time demonstrating such an affinity with the composer's musical thought as to re-establish the work as the great music it is, rather than the lighter-weight show-piece that in lesser hands it can all too often seem. Horowitz has also been scrupulous in his text, playing Rachmaninov's original, less showy,

cadenza in the first movement, and the third variation in the finale—often omitted by other soloists. The result is a unique performance, something in a class of its own, which makes comparisons with other such superb recent recordings as those by Vladimir Ashkenazy and Lazar Berman seem irrelevant. Furthermore, Horowitz's own great performance is complemented by accompaniment of consummate understanding from the New York Philharmonic under Eugene Ormandy, one of the pianist's contemporaries, who with his own Philadelphia Orchestra has for decades now been a bed-rock of the American musical scene. This fully integrated, grandiloquent, yet sensitive, performance is enhanced by the live recording which gives the feeling of the rapt audience culminating in their fervent ovation at the end. Far preferable to a more clinical studio recording, whatever the marginal sacrifice in actual technical quality.

Horowitz's other golden jubilee recording marks his return to the work which he chose for his debut on records in 1932: Liszt's B minor sonata. He gives a compelling, weighty and thoughtful interpretation, a good deal slower than many, for the sonata can generally fit onto one side of a record but here requires a sadly distracting break at the end of the slow section. Nor is the sheer technical bravura quite as much in evidence as in the Rachmaninov performance—there are occasional wrong notes to be heard in some of the more hectic octave passages. Nevertheless this is once again a great account by a great pianist and one which throws a new light on a major work. Moreover the Fauré Impromptu No. 5 and exquisite Nocturne No. 13 are given breathtakingly beautiful performances and provide an invaluable fill-up to the record, two wonderfully relaxed encores after the fire and passion of the Liszt.

On the subject of grand old men, I vividly recall a BBC Prom I attended at the Royal Albert Hall two years ago when Sir Adrian Boult conducted an intensely beautiful performance of Beethoven's 'Pastoral'. At the time I hoped fervently that such a performance might be enshrined on record, and yet reflected that a studio recording might fail to do justice to the spontaneity of the concert performance. Thanks to EMI and the London Philharmonic we now have such a recording, and justice is entirely done by it. This is unquestionably the approach of a great conductor, *sui generis* yet never seeking excitement for its own sake, above all filled with love, respect and understanding for the music. Beethoven undoubtedly sounds at his most relaxed in Sir Adrian's utterly civilised, experienced approach, but the musical tension remains, the structure is always respected. This too is a record to cherish, nobly supported by the LPO at their most persuasive, and the recording engineers at their most meticulous.

My next selection is of something totally different: an undeniably bad technical recording of an opera in which all but one of the cast are no more than tolerable, but which remains one of the most important and exciting issues from any record company in a long time. Only recently was it discovered that a complete recording was available of Kathleen Ferrier singing the title role in Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice* when at the height of her powers. There was an abridged version recorded by Decca in 1947, at the start of

her career, and neither of the two final performances at Covent Garden in 1953, just before her fatal illness, was preserved. Miraculously, Klaus Posthuma, the record producer, recently discovered that the Dutch Broadcasting Corporation had retained, buried in its archives, tapes of a performance given by Ferrier in Holland in 1951. Painstaking work on the tapes has resulted in this issue, of which we may say, as does the libretto, *'Son Orfeo, e vivó ancor'*. Ferrier's assumption of the role has an authority and a beauty wholly unparalleled, and renders insignificant the fact that her supporting singers are mediocre, and that the recorded sound is desperately dry. In its favour, however, is Charles Bruck's powerfully committed conducting, and the fine playing he obtained from the orchestra. But it is of course Ferrier who remains the performance's *raison d'être*: *'Che farò'* cannot fail to bring tears to the eyes whenever one plays it, and sung here at what one feels to be the perfect tempo, likewise *Chiamo il ben cosí* and the heart-rending power of the start of Act 3. This is a recording no true music lover should be without.

Two other exciting reissues from the 1950s spring from diametrically opposite ends of the political spectrum. On the one hand we have Walter Legge's immaculately polished production of that ultimate in 'entertainment' operetta, Lehar's *Merry Widow*, made in 1952 with the Philharmonia playing with sufficient panache for Otto Ackermann to belie their non-Viennese origins, and a starry cast, headed by Elisabeth Schwarzkopf in most radiant form as Hanna Glawari, Erich Kunz a resplendently urbane Danilo, Emmy Loose enchanting as Valencienne, Nicolai Gedda scarcely less so as Camille, and a splendidly witty Cascada from Otakar Kraus. The one serious drawback is the lack of a libretto, but the issue is at truly bargain price, and to hear Miss Schwarzkopf sing 'Vilja' is to experience operetta at its very zenith. Her artistry is equalled by Lotte Lenya's on CBS' reissue of their 1957 recording of Kurt Weill's magnificently abrasive *Seven Deadly Sins* to the text (happily included with this record) by Bertholt Brecht at his most bitingly sardonic. This is a fascinating, marvellously succinct work—it lasts little over half an hour—and is performed here for all it is worth by Lenya in her most abrasive cabaret style, idiomatically conducted by Wilhelm Bruckner-Ruggerberg. We shall have the opportunity to hear the work in English later in the month when Michael Geliot's new production, with Julie Covington as the singing Anna, and Siobhan Davies as her dancing sister, is given to celebrate English National Opera's 10th birthday at the London Coliseum on August 22nd.

Finally two new complete opera recordings: one enterprising and unpretentious, the other starry, glossy and ultimately disappointing. "Erato' is RCA's French subsidiary, and their recording of Mozart's *Cosi fan tutte*, with the Strasbourg Philharmonic Orchestra and the Chorus of L'Opera du Rhin under their conductor, Alain Lombard, has an appropriately youthful cast for this, perhaps the most elusive of Mozart's great operas. The partnership of Kiri Te Kanawa and Frederica van Stade as the sisters Fiordiligi and Dorabella is most telling. The one meltingly lyrical, the other equally beautifully sung, but closer to earth, though never mundane. The two young

men are also satisfyingly taken by our own promising David Rendall, and a fine young Swiss baritone, Philippe Huttenlocher. Teresa Stratas contributes a sprightly, if rather over-acted, Despina, and Jules Bastin is suitably philosophical, not to say cynical, as Don Alfonso. Though lacking perhaps the ultimate in polish, the Strasbourg orchestra accompany with sensitivity, and the whole enterprise has a zest which has sometimes been missing in glossier performances of this opera.

Glossiness is unquestionably what is sought in Herbert von Karajan's latest recording of Verdi's *Il Trovatore,* and from the Berlin Philharmonic that is precisely what he obtains. Their playing is simply stupendous. Unfortunately EMI's recording, in which the conductor is thought to have had a hand, is absurdly artificial, encompassing a ridiculously wide dynamic range, which one could never experience in the opera house, and makes for uncomfortable listening and constant fiddling with the controls on one's equipment at home. Nor is the singing in this ultimate of singers' operas entirely beyond reproach. Leontyne Price remains a great Leonora, but her voice no longer has the effortless radiance of a decade ago. The Manrico, Franco Bonisolli, is frankly playing in the wrong league and makes heavy weather of the part. On the other hand Piero Cappuccilli's Luna is one of the very best things even this fine baritone has done on record, and the Russian mezzo, Elena Obraztsova, is a fiery and compelling Azucena. The chorus sing with massive power and Karajan has welded the opera into a considerable showpiece; but somehow, one feels, Verdi has lost out in the process. Admirers of Miss Obraztsova will also enjoy her vivid, powerful, if somewhat two-dimensional approach to operatic singing on EMI's album of arias from Italian and French operas. At her best in Eboli's *O don fatale* from *Don Carlos* and *Mon coeur s'ouvre a ta voix* from Saint-Saens' *Samson et Dalila,* I do not find her, despite the vocal splendour, a potentially interesting Carmen. Perhaps time will prove me wrong.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

WATERGATE REVISITED

The Memoirs of Richard Nixon (Sidgwick & Jackson) £12.50.
The Ends of Power, H. R. Haldeman (Sidgwick & Jackson) £6.95.

When, in August 1974, hearing that he had decided to resign rather than face impeachment, Kissinger told Nixon that he would go down into history as a great President, Nixon replied: "That depends on who writes the history." Anyone who boldly tackles the writing of the story of the Nixon years will have to put into the scales, still heavily weighted against Nixon, the facts and the judgments offered in his *Memoirs,* a formidable piece of justificatory writing. It is an invaluable record of the Nixon Presidency, detailed, dramatic and in places very moving.

Watergate is not reached until page 625 of the 1184 pages, so we must put into the record the major achievements: notably the ending of the Vietnam War, the opening towards Communist China, the obvious skill in handling foreign statesmen, and not least the authority with which he talked to Brezhnev, "a bear-hug type of man", a Russian-style Johnson but with the manner of a Trade Union boss. Nixon had great respect for De Gaulle and Pompidou, for Adenauer and for Mao, and especially for Chou En Lai, in this telling a very great figure. He soon lost whatever respect he ever had for Mrs. Gandhi. As a diplomat and as negotiator on the international front, Nixon is hard to fault.

It is equally impossible not to be struck by his consistency and total reliability on economic and party issues. He was a market-forces man and for him the forces worked. He laboured for the Republican Party—even after the savage blow of the defeat in 1962 in the contest for the Governorship of California—with a rare and unworried dedication. He served it with rare zeal, and fought hard for it. He admits to an 'instinct for the jugular', and it showed through in the Hiss case, and in the planning of the 1972 campaign. As his Diary for August 3, 1972 indicated:

> 'I emphasised to Haldeman and Ehrlichman the necessity of our getting information on some of our Democratic opponents that they constantly were getting out against us. It is ironic that when we were out of office they really used to crucify us—now that we are in office they still do, due to the fact that the bureaucrats at the lower level are all with them."

He had earned the nomination in 1968, and in 1972 he won by the biggest landslide in American history. Watergate was—as it happened—totally unnecessary.

The man himself is, of course, fascinating: born, it seems, to be unloved, though hungry always for affection and applause; constantly returning in speeches and references to the story of his poor origins, intensely proud of his Lincolnesque career from poverty to the Presidency; obviously loved by wife and daughters, and the letters and notes of one or other of them to each other are warm, fresh and unforced—indeed Julie's fight for him is still a moving memory through the anguish of these years; industrious, serious to the point of dullness, totally humourless (hardly one of these 1,100 pages ever produces a smile in the reader) and—it remains—all but totally unlovable by the public. Indeed it could be contended that that, and nothing else, was Nixon's mistake. He had none of Kennedy's charisma, or Ike's military reputation. He was not

handsome, and was unknown, from a world remote from the Ivy League; the Liberal Establishment from the outset chose him as an easy man to hate. They never forgave him for the Hiss case, and they 'got' him twenty-six years later. It is in this telling a quite frightening tale, and in its sense of the unfolding of a Greek tragedy, better reading than most fiction.

The book will of course be read primarily because of Watergate. From November 1971, Nixon was keeping a daily diary and he draws on it heavily for his account from 1971 on; it is rich in names and comments, analyses and reflections. On Watergate it has to be said that he writes well, and, given that it is his account, with frankness. He was in Florida when the burglary took place and for long played it lightly. He wanted to play the game as did the Democrats, dirtily.

> I thought for a moment about the double standard that was sure to be adopted by McGovern and by *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post*: they had tacitly sanctioned Ellsberg's illegal release of top-secret government documents, but they were sure to register high moral dudgeon about something as comparatively minor as an unsuccessful break-in at a political party headquarters. I sardonically suggested that someone give a speech urging that the Watergate break-in crew be given the Pulitzer Prize like the one *The New York Times* had been given for publishing the Pentagon papers.

The jollity did not last. He became enmeshed in evasions and cover-up, working through his aide H. R. Haldeman and manipulating CIA Director Richard Helms and Deputy Director Vernon Walters. Nixon writes:

> 'I told Haldeman to say that I believed this thing would open up the whole Bay of Pigs matter—and they should call the FBI in and say that for the sake of the country they should go no further into this case. When Haldeman came back from his meeting with Richard Helms and Walters, he said that Helms got the picture and would be happy to be helpful. As far as I was concerned, this was the end of our worries about Watergate."

By January 1974 he was aware of the vehemence of the opposition, that it was now more than a public relations exercise.

> ' . . . The instincts of twenty-five years in politics told me I was up against no ordinary opposition. In the second term I had thrown down a gauntlet to Congress, the bureaucracy, the media and the Washington establishment and challenged them to engage in epic battle. . . . Now suddenly Watergate had exposed a cavernous weakness in my ranks'.

And he recognised his own culpability. He was not, it seems, involved in planning the Watergate break-in. Since it was in itself trivial in any case and abortive—the burglars were caught, and nothing of value was there to be discovered anyway—it was legitimate to make light of it. There was a lot of campaign money available, so why not use it?—who would waste money on McGovern? Not that in June, when the burglary took place did McGovern yet appear certain to be the Democratic candidate. If Muskie by then was slipping, there was still Kennedy (and Haldeman would add, Larry O'Brien, the Democratic campaign manager). Where Nixon personally went wrong, was in not admitting some Republican Party involvement, and getting it out of the way quickly, and in not destroying the ill-fated tapes. These—as much because of the expletives as because of the content—were harmful. Nixon wrote:

> 'I told myself that I had not been involved in the things that gave them potential criminal vulnerability. But there were things that I had known. I had talked with Colson about clemency; I too had suspected Jeb Magruder was not telling the truth, but I had done nothing about my suspicions; and I had been aware that attorney's fees and family support funds were going to the

defendants. The difference between us was that Haldeman and Ehrlichman had become trapped by their circumstantial involvement; so far, I was not'.

'I was faced with having to fire my friends for things that I myself was a part of. I was selfish enough about my own survival to want them to leave, but I was not so ruthless as to be able to confront easily the idea of hurting people I cared about so deeply. I worried more about the impact on me if they didn't'.

But with or without the burglary, Nixon would still have had enemies. He was horrified, and with justice, at the extent of the leaks of information, especially of confidential foreign reports and papers. The book is disturbingly relevant as an indication of the perils of open diplomacy (or open politics) openly arrived at. Nothing, but nothing, was safe. The *New York Times* and the *Washington Post* were especially guilty, hounding him remorselessly, as—perhaps—they now live to hound all men in public life. The *New York Times* showed far more care in preventing leaks when they printed excerpts from the *'Memoirs'*, than they did in preserving the secrets of his Government. Ben Bradlee's philosophy seemed to find no firm line between fact, comment, gossip and outright lies. It angered and angers Nixon that Ellsberg got away with it. 'I still believe' he writes, 'that it is a tragedy of circumstances that Bud Krogh and John Ehrlichmann went to jail and Daniel Ellsberg went free'. It all began, in essence, with Vietnam:

'In hindsight I can see that, once I realised the Vietnam War could not be ended quickly or easily and that I was going to be up against an anti-war movement that was able to dominate the media with its attitudes and values, I was sometimes drawn into the very frame of mind I so despised in the leaders of that movement. They increasingly came to justify almost anything in the name of forcing an immediate end to a war they considered unjustified and immoral. I was similarly driven to preserve the government's ability to conduct foreign policy and to conduct it in the way that I felt would best bring peace. I believed that national security was involved. I still believe it today and in the same circumstances I would act now as I did then. History will make the final judgment on the actions, reactions and excesses of both sides; it is a judgment I do not fear'.

As early as 1969 Dean Acheson—himself hounded in the McCarthy era because he dressed well, had an *aristo* style and was the son of a Bishop—saw the trend all too clearly: "I think we're going to have a major constitutional crisis if we make a habit of destroying Presidents.' The extent to which the media went in releasing documents and thus giving away information and codes to the enemy, and in thus imperilling the lives of servicemen in a war they loathed, almost defies credibility. This book becomes a major indictment of the American Press and the media in these years, and reflects adversely on American democracy. Nor can academics be exonerated.

Nixon is right to see that much of the trouble lay with the Universities, and with the values they propagated. The radicalism of the streets of 1968-70 was potentially as dangerous in the U.S. as in West Germany or Paris. In the academic year 1969-70, there were 1800 demonstrations, 7,500 arrests, 462 injuries—2/3 of them to police—and 247 arsons and eight deaths, not to mention $320,000 damage to the University of California library at Berkeley, And

'In politics, academics, and the arts, and even in the business community and the churches, there was a successful and fashionable negativism which, in my judgment, reflected an underlying loss of will, an estrangement from traditional American outlooks and attitudes. The Vietnam war had completed

the alienation for this group by undermining the traditional concept of patriotism'.

For the story it tells, as well as the significance of its lessons, this is a tract for our unhappy times.

H. R. Haldeman's study is disappointing, perhaps because it was in part ghost-written for him by Joseph Di Mona—he is at present serving a minimum-one-year term at California's Lompoc prison-farm on a conviction for perjury in the Watergate cover-up. He vowed to "expose' Nixon and this he seeks to do. He contends that Nixon was involved in the cover-up from the day on which the burglars were arrested, and goes on for good measure to argue that Nixon himself erased 18½ minutes of the White House tapes that showed his complicity in the crime. For Haldeman, the target of the burglary was Larry O'Brien, the Democratic National Committee chairman. He adds two other substantial items, not on Watergate: that U.S. diplomacy prevented the outbreak of a potential Third World War when in 1969 it learned that Russia was planning a nuclear strike at China, in order to destroy its new nuclear plants, and that it had been originally invited to participate in the blow at China; and, secondly (to which Nixon also makes reference) that under U.S. pressure—or more accurately Kissinger's—in September 1970, Russia abandoned a plan to establish medium-range missiles at Cienfuegos in Cuba. It was done, he says, with skill and without public knowledge, so that detente could continue.

If so, some secrets were well kept in those years. Kissinger has denied the story that the U.S. were ever invited to participate in a nuclear attack on China and says that only when *his* book appears will the real truth be known. Until that work appears (and perhaps Chuck Colson's story too?) perhaps we can nevertheless leave the interim judgment on Nixon with Haldeman. He concludes that Nixon had a 'dirty mean base side', 'coldly calculating, devious, craftily manipulative', but that there was 'greatness in him'. Had it not been for Watergate, he would have achieved his goal of 'a full generation of peace in the world and prosperity without inflation at home'.

It seems indeed impossible to quarrel with Haldeman's verdict that had there been no Watergate in the first place, or had it been "handled' in such a way as to avoid the disaster that it eventually became, Nixon would have served his two full terms, that John Connally of Texas would have replaced Spiro Agnew as Vice-President and would have been elected easily as President in 1976—'on the policies and programs of President Nixon'.

ESMOND WRIGHT

TALES OF TWO CITIES

The Biography of Alice B. Toklas. Linda Simon. Peter Owen. £8.50.
George S. Kaufman and the Algonquin Round Table. Scott Meredith. George Allen & Unwin. £6.95.

Although they probably never met, George Kaufman and Alice Toklas were near contemporaries. She was born in 1887 and he in 1889. Both spent their lives on the fringes of literature. He was the great play 'doctor' of Broadway. She the 'wife' of Gertrude Stein and from her late twenties lived almost wholly in Paris. She died in 1967. He had predeceased her by six years.

Of the two books the 'Kaufman' is infinitely more entertaining. A few years ago S. N. Behrman wrote a series of articles for the New Yorker and turned them into a book on Duveen of Millbank. The result was a series of literary

and artistic anecdotes masquerading as a biography. There was a beginning and a middle and an end but only just. Nevertheless it was vastly entertaining. Scott Meredith's book follows more or less the same pattern but does not pay passing tribute to dates. The chapters are headed "The Hit' 'The Girl' 'The Prize' and so forth, and cover Kaufman's life as a fashionable playwright and play doctor and those members of the Algonquin Round Table who most frequently crossed his path. Notably these included Ring Lardner and Dorothy Parker, the former of whom gets a whole chapter. Almost all the well-known jokes are there and a few others beside but this is an abridged version of the book published originally as George S. Kaufman and his Friends. So beware you may already have it!

The Biography of Alice B. Toklas is an entirely different kettle of fish, both in content and style. Whereas Kaufman was aggressively heterosexual, Alice B. Toklas was exclusively lesbian. Reading Linda Simon's book it would appear there wasn't a *'straight'* woman in Paris to be seen before 1930.

Linda Simon takes the reader in strict chronological order through Alices' early days in and around San Francisco and then to her fateful meeting in Paris with Gertrude Stein. Within a few months Gertrude had fallen in love with little Alice and she had taken over not only the former's heart but her household as well. From then on they were inseparable and the one ruled the other. At first blush Gertrude seems to have been the dominant party but Miss Simon's book tends to the view that Alice had much more steel in her than one might suppose. It is quite clear that if Alice didn't like anyone she or he was soon excised from the writing list. This was particularly true of Ernest Hemingway who fell foul of Alice if only for the reason that there was a clear afinity between him and Gertrude. Alice soon had him out and waged a constant war on him, his lifestyle and his writing from then on. For his part Hemingway with his naïve macho was disgusted by the set up. In 'A Moveable Feast' he quotes a conversation he heard between the pair. Gertrude is obviously in disgrace and is pleading: 'Don't pussy. Don't. Don't please don't. I'll do anything, pussy, but please don't do it. Please don't, Please don't pussy.'

Alice does seem to have been a fairly unpleasant lady. She and Gertrude have always reminded one of a pair of maiden aunts of mine who kept a bald parrot on the breakfast table. Alice's motto was 'I can forgive but not forget'. The reality was she did neither. One clue as to how Gertrude thought and felt after nearly forty years of 'wedded' bliss was in her rather shabby treatment of Alice in her will. Gertrude died in 1946. Alice lingered on in shabby poverty eking out her days in trading off her memories of celebrities whose writing hands she had touched.

All in all Ms Simons' is a biography which has a repellant fascination but it is Scott Meredith's amusing collection of anecdotes which I shall have as a bedside book.

JAMES MORTON

PORTRAIT OF A PUBLISHER

Gollancz: *The Story of a Publishing House* (1928-1978). Sheila Hodges. Gollancz. £7.50.

Victor Gollancz, like most of us, was a yea-and-nay man of many conflicting parts. Miss Hodges, who served him for 38 of his firm's 50 years, presents him as a prodigy of energy, drive, resource, business acumen, with a genius for publicising books, fostering authors, revolutionising the trade, furthering his social and political convictions as a 'liberated' radical Jew.

He could treat his staff well, earn their respect, yet bawl out in exasperation *'Why must everyone in this firm have to go to the lavatory?'*—which countless employers might echo today, when loo-loafing has become an industrial past-time. Lunching hurriedly on cold beef and pickles, he would often get tummy-ache and call for a penny sponge-cake to soothe the pain. When a new office-boy, sent out to buy a 'sponge', returned with a washing one, Victor, raging, kicked it through the open door.

He lived intensely. 'Nothing about him,' she says, 'was humdrum or middle-of-the-road'. He had acute literary judgment, was often autocratic with authors and late in life tended to be too paternalistic towards some of the younger ones 'as if he had himself written their books (to their fury).' Sometimes he nearly drove her mad, yet in many ways enriched her life. It is a fair portrait.

He launched the firm with £12,000 capital raised among friends. His first book was Susan Glaspell's novel *Brook Evans,* his first big success Isadora Duncan's revelatory *My Life* after Hutchinson had funked it from fear of libel. In his first year he issued 64 books, no mean achievement. Subsequent authors included Dorothy L. Sayers, George Orwell, Ivy Compton-Burnett, H. G. Wells, Arthur Koestler, Joyce Cary and Rosalind Wade.

Some, like Elizabeth Bowen, were hypersensitive about their craft. Elizabeth Jenkins, for instance, confessed: 'I have developed such a morbid horror of my work in its finished state . . . I would not read one of my books if you paid me, and it has become painful to me even to correct proofs . . . .' Submitting the script of her highly successful novel *Rebecca,* Daphne du Maurier wrote: 'It seemed *ghastly* to me when I read it through and I was quite prepared for you and V.G. to write and say the whole story must be re-written!' Of V.G.'s 'Too many commas' comment on Nadine Gordimer's *Occasion for loving* she wrote: 'I was incensed, but he was right. I picked them off by the dozen in galley proof.' He met his match in Edna Ferber who repressed his garrulity with 'Victor, *you* are the publisher, *I* am the author. *I* talk and *you* listen.' A best-seller that nearly missed being looked at was A. J. Cronin's *Hatter's Castle,* for its 250,000 words on thick paper arrived in eight or ten shirt boxes over a foot high. Sidelights on authors and their sales abound.

Miss Hodges gives a detailed account of V.G.'s most innovative Left Book Club, started in 1936 to combat the rising Nazi menace and appeal to 'every man and woman to be politically responsible.' It proved a costly venture but probably set the climate for the return of a socialist government, postwar. In his later years V.G. deplored the changed publishing conditions due to rising costs, and 'the new pornography', though no prude. Wisely he said of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Capricorn*: 'What he describes isn't of course filth when *done* —God forbid! It's filth when *described.*'

Miss Hodges' expert, scrupulous writing has made of this labour of love an epic of publishing and literary lore worth placing beside Sir Stanley Unwin's *The Truth About a Publisher.*

TREVOR ALLEN

THE CHARACTER OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

Sherlock Holmes and his Creator. Trevor Hall. Duckworth, £7.95.

Conan Doyle's epigraph:

I have wrought my simple plan
If I give one hour of joy
To the boy who's half a man,
Or the man who's half a boy.

would surely have been better placed at the commencement of one of the volumes of his Sherlock Holmes stories than where it in fact is, on the verso of the title-page of *The Lost World;* for mighty as the figure of Professor Challenger was, it has been eclipsed by the angular shadow of the saga of Baker Street.

The latest addition to the positive mountain of exegetical literature which has grown up around the life and personality of the man who never was, is Mr. Hall's third bow as Holmesian essayist and exponent of the "higher criticism', *Sherlock Holmes and his Creator.* It is an exercise, too, in the 'sharper criticism', for Mr. Hall, quite rightly, castigates Nicholas Meyer for his deplorable thesis, expounded in *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution,* that Professor Moriarty had no existence outside the cocaine-tripped imagination of Holmes.

However . . . Mr. Hall then proceeds to merit a dose of the 'sharper criticism' himself, by propounding, upon the most flimsy of evidence, the startling theory that Holmes' drug-addiction was attributable to an early trauma, caused by Holmes *père's* killing his wife for infidelity, and then committing suicide. Far more satisfactory is Mr. Hall's interesting demonstration of the influence of Holmes and the Baker Street chronicles on the work of T. S. Eliot. Satisfactory, too, is his definitive dismissal of the proposition that Holmes was founded upon the character of one Wendel Scherer, a German private detective who was called to investigate the circumstances surrounding the mysterious disappearance, in London in 1881, of a baker named Urban Napoleon Stanger.

The final long chapter, 'Conan Doyle and Spiritualism', makes intriguing, if rather sad reading. It is depressing to see the man whose acuity and pertinacity rescued George Edalji and Oscar Slater, both victims of miscarriages of justice, being hoodwinked by the most transparent of medium's tricks and earnestly subscribing to a belief in fairies.

Full of all manner of interesting and unusual sidelights on the careers of Holmes and Doyle, thoroughly scholarly in mode, Mr. Hall's book is a very worthwhile addition to the collection of anyone who is in sympathy with the time-honoured sentiment that 'There's no police like Holmes!'

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Obituaries from the Times, 1971-1975. (Newspaper Archive Developments Ltd, a Division of Times Newspapers Ltd. £17.50). It is extremely gratifying to have this second volume of *Times* obituaries so soon after publication of the first volume in 1975, which covered the decade, 1961-1970. The publishers now propose to publish subsequent volumes over five-year periods. This new volume includes just over one thousand obituaries for 1971-75 drawn from the obituary columns of the *Times,* without modification. As the Editor, William Rees-Mogg points out in his Preface, they are "'records of contemporary judgments and stand as such.' The general standard of information, assessment and objectivity in these biographies is quite remarkable. No doubt the strict anonymity of the authors contribute to this. The laudatory appreciations which frequently follow the obituary are usually signed, written from a particular viewpoint and inevitably less objective. Nonetheless they are clearly of importance and of interest. Reference to them is made among the nine thousand death listings which follow the selected obituaries published in the *Times* during these years and the date of their appearance. As with the first volume,

the Compiler is Frank C. Roberts who had the difficult task of selecting obituaries to publish, having regard to the public importance and intrinsic interest of each subject in all walks of life, at home and overseas. Just over 40 per cent relate to foreign and international figures. These include, for example, Lyndon Johnson, Krushchev and General Franco. There is a long and very fair account of the Duke of Windsor. The arts, of course, have their place, including Picasso. There is bound to be regret at some omissions, Sir Kenneth Pickthorn for example deserved inclusion as a distinguished constitutional historian and parliamentarian. On the other hand there are limitations of available space. As it is, this volume contains 647 very large pages, mostly set in three columns. It is bound to be of great importance to researchers. This volume covers the biographies of the lesser figures. The *Times* may well become their only source, at least unless and until the Dictionary of National Biography decides eventually to include them.

Defamation (Butterworths £13.50). This important textbook is the product of two of the most eminent practitioners in the law of libel and slander, Colin Duncan, Q.C. and Brian Neill, Q.C. The purpose is to give the main principles of the law in as concise and precise a form as possible. It follows the pattern of Sir Hugh Fraser's celebrated textbook which was last published in 1936, by setting out the law in a series of propositions within the main divisions of the subject. Each statement is then explained by reference to reported cases and statutes as necessary. In his Foreword, Lord Salmon, a Lord of Appeal, states that the volume 'covers, with outstanding lucidity and thoroughness, every aspect of this branch of the law as it is today'. One great advantage of this work is that, while written for the legal practitioner, it can also be well understood and appreciated by the layman. It is a masterpiece of clarity and compression, being little more than 200 pages. On the other hand it is not dogmatic where there is doubt. For example, recently the basis of criminal libel was considered in the High Court, and its relation to a breach of the peace. The authors point out that "it is still clearly arguable in the Court of Appeal and above that a tendency to create a breach of the peace remains an essential ingredient.'

Inns Ancient and Modern (London: the Seldon Society. £2.) This 'topographical and historical introduction to the Inns of Court, Inns of Chancery, and Sergeants' Inn' is derived from Mr. Justice Megarry's Seldon Society's lecture in 1971. It is a revised, somewhat amplified and annotated, version with illustrations, which was first published in 1972 and is now reprinted. This study is a very useful and erudite account of these ancient Inns with which, of course, the history of the English legal profession is closely associated. Furthermore this account helps to identify sites or buildings and areas occupied by the Inns. The four Inns Of Court, of course, still flourish in their ancient boundaries.

Wolf Solent (Penguin Books. £1.75). The re-issue by Penguins in their Modern Classics series of this work by John Cowper Powys, written in 1960, will give pleasure to the increasing number of people who enjoy his writings. Like *Weymouth Sands* and *A Glastonbury Romance,* the scene is in Wessex; and it is, in the author's words, a book of nostalgia, written in a foreign country, with the pen of a traveller and the ink-blood of his home.' There may be dispute as to which is the finest work of Powys, but no one will argue that *Wolf Silent* is not among his great achievements. It is to be hoped that more will follow in this series.

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113th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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SADAT AND HIS CRITICS

by Avi Shlaim

FEW leaders have done as much to build up and as much to disrupt Arab unity as President Anwar al-Sadat of Egypt. The October War of 1973 and the peace initiative of 1977 mark the two poles along the continuum of inter-Arab co-operation and conflict in recent years. In both cases the spectacular initiatives were taken by the unpredictable Egyptian leader and in both cases they took the world completely by surprise. The October War was the culmination of a patient and skilful stategy, masterminded by Sadat, to mobilise the economic, political and military resources of the Arab world in the struggle against Israel. It was the high water-mark of inter-Arab collaboration and harmony. The Sadat peace initiative, on the other hand, was linked to the decline of pan-Arabism as a value in Egypt's foreign policy in the aftermath of the October War and the emergence of an 'Egypt first' attitude. It plunged the Arab world into disunity, disarray and bitter recriminations.

Inter-Arab discord is, of course, scarcely an unprecedented state of affairs. It is the norm rather than the exception. For the Arab world is anything but a monolithic entity which pursues a single purpose and presents a united front in the confrontation with Israel. It is a loose and heterogeneous coalition of independent states with no centre, no generally accepted leader, a multiplicity of nationally determined objectives and no agreed strategy. In his volatile coalition alliances and alignments shift and the issues change but competition and rivalry are endemic. The causes of this rivalry are manifold and include personal antipathy between leaders, power struggles, ideological differences and ethnic divisions. But the most fundamental cleavage is between the 'revolutionary' and pro-Soviet regimes such as Syria, Iraq and Libya and the conservative and pro-Western regimes such as Jordan, Saudi Arabia and, more recently, Egypt. In the ongoing rivalry between these two groups, a militant and uncompromisingly anti-Israel posture has always been an integral part of the 'revolutionary' regimes' claim to be the standard bearers of pan-Arabism and anti-imperialism.

Sadat's historic trip to Jerusalem activated the potential and actual sources of discord within the Arab coalition. The consequent polarization does not follow exactly the traditional pattern of division between the revolutionary and conservative regimes because even in the former camp doctrinal purity is tempered, in varying degrees, by political pragmatism. But Sadat's initia-

tive has split the Arab world down the middle and, consequently, in addition to Egyptian-Israeli relations, deep and bitter inter-Arab divisions constitute an important dimension of the current Middle East situation.

The division is between Sadat and his supporters on the one hand and Sadat's critics on the other with a number of states occupying the uneasy middle ground. The most enthusiastic and forthright support for Sadat, comes from Iran and Morocco while Kuwait and Saudi Arabia have expressed lukewarm approval. Ranged against Sadat is the rejection front consisting of Syria, Algeria, Libya, South Yemen and the Palestine Liberation Organisation (PLO). Collectively these countries are known as the Tripoli Alliance following the first summit of 'steadfastness and confrontation' which they convened in Tripoli in December 1977 as a counter-move to Sadat's attempt at a reconciliation with Israel. Jordan and Iraq have so far refrained from joining unequivocally either Sadat's supporters or his opponents but the motives behind their equivocations are highly dissimilar.

The Tripoli Alliance is the spontaneous product of the widespread fears and misgivings which Sadat's approach aroused in the Arab world and it is held together by opposition to his initiative. It does not represent a coherent policy and an alternative programme on which all its members are agreed. But the members have expressed, with varying emphases, a basic critique of the Sadat initiative which may be broken down into a number of specific charges.

The first charge is that by acting unilaterally, Sadat has undermined Arab unity and solidarity. He not only violated the convention whereby major decisions on the Arab-Israeli conflict are taken collectively by the Arab leaders but acted in disregard for Egypt's more specific obligation to consult Syria under the terms of the joint political command which the two countries formed in December 1976.

A second and related charge is that Sadat's real objective is to make a separate peace with Israel and that in pursuit of this treacherous goal he will not hesitate to make a deal with the enemy at the expense of his Arab brothers. The fact that he embarked on his mission to Jerusalem without consulting his allies is used as evidence to support this suspicion and the interim agreement concluded by Egypt with Israel in September 1975 in the face of strong opposition in the rest of the Arab world is cited as a precedent for the single-minded pursuit of unilateral Egyptian interests.

A third charge is that Sadat's conduct has been tactically disastrous in that he has relinquished the two major Arab bargaining assets without the prospect of getting anything from Israel in return. The first card in the Arab negotiating hand is recognition of Israel. This was thrown away, Sadat's critics maintain, by his visit to Jerusalem which conferred on Israel recognition, acceptance and legitimacy without obtaining any quid pro quo. The second card is the threat of activating, in the long term, an Arab war option against Israel. This, too, was dissipated through a de facto agreement on non-belligerency between Egypt and Israel. By surrendering both the carrot and the stick, so the argument runs on, Sadat has not only failed to

secure any concessions of substance from Israel but has also undermined the whole basis for the combined Arab strategy against Israel.

Fourthly, the members of the Tripoli Alliance—all of whom profess an anti-imperialist ideology—see the Sadat initiative as part of a plan to build up a conservative axis in the Middle East in collusion with Israel, which would be overtly dedicated to the promotion of American interests in the area. In an interview published in *Events* on February 10 1978, for example, the Syrian Foreign Minister, Abdel Halim Khaddam, charged that

> Sadat's trip was part of a tripartite scheme: American, Israeli and Egyptian . . . The American objective is total control of the Arab area . . . The Israeli objective is to exclude Egypt from the Arab ranks, to eliminate her role as a confrontation state, to create divisions in the Arab world as a prelude to the final liquidation of the Palestine cause. As for Sadat's objective . . . he believes that through that tripartite alliance he can use the United States to blackmail the rich Arab countries into giving him the largest share of oil revenues.

The foregoing arguments constitute the essence of the Tripoli Alliance's critique of the Sadat peace initiative. But to gain a deeper understanding of the trends in inter-Arab politics, it is necessary to go beyond these generalities and to examine the precise policy of Sadat's principal critics as well as the positions of Jordan and Iraq.

Prior to the Sadat peace initiative, Syria was part of the international peace-keeping process: it accepted UN resolutions 242 and 388; also the principle of direct negotiations with Israel and was prepared to participate in the Geneva conference. Indeed, it evidenced a marked preference for a Geneva conference at which all the parties to the dispute would be represented, including the PLO, and the Arabs would be able to press for a comprehensive settlement from a position of collective strength over the alternative step-by-step approach.

The alignment of political forces inside Syria made the Geneva approach potentially the least disruptive foreign policy option. The Ba'ath Party, which is the central pillar of the regime, has traditionally adhered to a hard-line policy in the conflict for ideological as well as political reasons. A posture of uncompromising hostility towards Israel follows naturally from its fervent pan-Arab and anti-imperialist ideology, given that Israel is viewed as an outpost of Western Imperialism in the region. But it is also dictated by the tactical needs of not leaving the Party's flank exposed to charges of deviation by the Iraqi Ba'athists. President Hafez al-Assad is not inclined to allow ideological extremism to dictate Syria's foreign policy. Realism and caution are the hallmark of his policy and the Geneva approach enabled him to pursue this policy without antagonizing the Party whose support is indispensable to the stability of his regime. It helped him to avert Syria's complete identification with the hard-line rejectionist camp and to keep open the option of negotiations with Israel.

By switching the direction of the peace-making process from the Geneva approach, Sadat considerably narrowed Assad's options and forced him to

an unambiguously rejectionist line. The Syrians became convinced that Sadat is bent on making a separate peace with Israel and is fully prepared to leave his erstwhile allies in the lurch. Given this conviction, the Syrians felt compelled to thwart him by every conceivable means and, if possible, to bring about his overthrow. The new Syrian foreign policy, promulgated by Khaddam on January 24 1978, has three principal objectives. The first objective is to strengthen the capabilities of the Syrian armed forces especially against the possibility of an Israeli air attack. The second is to 'ensure a strong Arab front that can provide a solid foundation for continuing the pan-Arab struggle'. Syria's third policy objective is to 'isolate and encircle the Egyptian regime and deprive it of Arab support'.

The Iraqi response to Sadat's initiative is a mixture of polemical ferocity and practical prudence. Ever since President Sadat went to Jerusalem, nothing but contradictions and prevarication have come out of Baghdad. The Iraqi leadership is torn between the dictates of its Ba'athist ideology and constraints emanating from the domestic political environment. Ba'athist ideology propels Iraq into the vanguard of any radical Arab cause but the country's deep internal division into a multitude of ethnic, linguistic, regional, ideological and military pressure groups militates against the formulation of a coherent and incisive foreign policy. Iraqi foreign policy is, in effect, a perpetual struggle to square the circle between these conflicting internal interests and in particular between the Sunni demands for a wholehearted and active pan-Arab policy and the Shia aversion to involvement in regional politics and insistence on maintaining Iraq's separate identity.

Given this acute domestic factionalism, the fact that the official policy towards the Sadat initiative has been fluid, volatile and inconsistent is not altogether surprising. At the Tripoli summit the Iraqi delegates vociferously bemoaned the 'shame and treason' of the visit to Jerusalem, accusing Sadat of defeatism and appeasement. But they considered it premature to constitute a front to frustrate his policies. They expressed Iraq's willingness to dispatch at once an army to Syria to participate in the 'battle of destiny' but declined to ostracize and boycott Egypt, ostensibly to deny her a pretext for proceeding to a bilateral deal with Israel. Eventually, after endless prevarication and following consultations with Baghdad, the Iraqi delegates refused to sign a document which had been painfully drawn up during the Tripoli summit and staged a dramatic walk-out.

The one consistent element in the Iraqi position seems to be the rejection of resolution 242 and of the entire policy based on it. The policy of accepting a peaceful settlement based on Security Council resolutions 242, 338 and the Geneva conference, argue the Iraqis, has led the Arab world to fritter away its rights, step by step, and has led the Arab masses into subjugation, disintegration and despair. In this respect they hold their fellow Ba'athists in Damascus to be no less guilty than Sadat and direct their fire against them. In a letter to the leaders of the Tripoli Alliance, President Bakr stated:

> We consider that our brethren in the Syrian government bear a basic responsibility for bringing the Arab world to this depth of degeneracy be-

cause, ever since the October War, they followed the same line as Sadat even if they had certain differences from time to time.

Although Syria's joining of the rejection front and giving up the quest for a negotiated settlement was tantamount to going back on its earlier acceptance of resolution 242, the Iraqis insist on a public Syrian denunciation. Such a public recantation by the Syrians would not serve any practical purpose but it would enable Iraq to score a major victory in her long-standing conflict with Syria and vindicate its own claim to have followed the right course all along.

The persistent efforts of President Boumedienne of Algeria to effect a reconciliation between the Iraqis and the Syrians and to persuade the former to attend the Algeria summit in February 1978 ended in failure. As a condition for their participation, the Iraqis insisted that the new front be bound by a public charter and a secret interpretation of it. A key clause in this proposed charter stated that 'the parties can under no circumstances accept any decisions, plans or proposals . . . which violate the essence of the Arabs sovereignty over their land, their freedom to establish relations with others, or the historic rights of the Palestinian people'. By the secret interpretation of the charter, Iraq was prepared to permit the member-states 'flexibility' in their diplomacy. The PLO, however, 'should dissociate itself completely from any concessions of principle with regard to the historic rights of the Palestinian people to their land . . . its basic slogan . . . must be long-term armed struggle to establish a democratic state in all Palestine'.

Any explicit condemnation of President Sadat is notably absent from the charter and its secret interpretation and this highlights the gap between Iraq's declaratory and operational strategy, between the militant rejectionism which surpasses even that of Colonel Ghadaffi and the evident policy of steering clear of the anti-Sadat alliance. Different explanations have been advanced concerning the motives which lead the Iraqi leaders to pursue this cautious policy behind the cloak of uncompromising rhetoric. One is that the Iraqis are fearful of straining relations with the Shah of Iran who has come out openly in support of Sadat's peace-making efforts and has reportedly been urging restraint on the Iraqis. A more convincing explanation is that a recent escalation of Kurdish unrest in the north has alerted the Iraqi leaders to the dangers of active involvement in a united eastern front against Israel. The loyalty of some army units to the regime cannot be taken for granted and the suspicious Iraqis cannot rule out the possibility that instead of using Iraqi units in the struggle against Israel, the Syrians will use them to subvert the Baghdad regime.

But, whatever the motives behind it, the Iraqi decision to boycott the Algiers summit of 'steadfastness and confrontation' constituted a serious setback to the attempt to rally Sadat's critics into a power grouping of major strategic importance. Iraqi aloofness has thrown the whole concept of establishing a solid eastern front against Israel into disarray once more.

In contrast to Iraq, the Jordanian response to the Sadat peace initiative has been cautious in word as well as in deed. King Hussein has been at pains

to keep himself on the sidelines of a dispute in which he stands to lose whichever way he turns. He is under pressure from Syria, with whom he has developed a beneficial alliance, to join the Tripoli Alliance and assume an active role in the projected Eastern front. But he is also subjected to countervailing pressures, which the Shah of Iran has been instrumental in bringing to bear, to join in the negotiations initiated by Sadat in the quest for a comprehensive Middle East settlement.

Hussein is poised on a knife edge. He has the option of going along with Sadat or joining hands with his opponents but in either coalition Jordan would be the junior partner with only limited influence over the direction of policy. If he joins the Syrians, the most committed proponents of an independent Palestinian state, a big question mark will be placed against the future of the Hashemite dynasty. If he joins Sadat and the negotiations with Israel end in failure, he will be associated with and discredited by this failure.

Hussein has, therefore, been moving with characteristic caution, keeping a low profile and steering a middle course between the two rival camps. He has turned to his advantage the decision of the 1974 Rabat summit which named the PLO as the legitimate representative of the Palestinians of the West Bank. At the time this was a serious blow to his position; now he hides behind this resolution to avoid coming down from the fence to take part in the negotiations with Israel on the future of the West Bank. This does not mean that Hussein has abandoned his ambition to recover the West Bank or that he has any sympathy for the goal of an independent Palestinian state on the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. He has not survived for twenty-five years merely to sacrifice his throne on the altar of Arab democracy in action. But he is waiting for more propitious circumstances to assert his claim over the West Bank and in the meantime he is anxiously following developments over which he has no control without giving any hostages to fortune.

So far the progress of the Egyptian-Israeli talks has provided little incentive for Jordan to join and no ground whatever for any optimism regarding the prospect of a comprehensive settlement. There is nothing in the Begin peace plan which has not already been offered by previous Israeli leaders to Hussein in secret talks between 1967 and 1977 and turned down repeatedly by him. And the present Israeli Government has persistently declined to improve on its *jejune* initial offer of administrative autonomy for the West Bank population with the proviso that the Israeli army will continue to control the area and Jews would continue to have the right to settle anywhere on the West Bank.

There is little chance, therefore, that in the foreseeable future Jordan will take the plunge and join Egypt in the direct talks with Israel. The mood in Amman is one of deep pessimism. Jordan's ruling elite is convinced that short of a complete Israeli *volte-face* the peace initiative is doomed to failure; that the failure will almost inevitably be followed by another war; that Israel, in an expansionist mood, will do nothing to break the deadlock but, on the contrary, is seeking to raise tension on the West Bank to provoke

an exodus of the middle class which would be followed by an effective Israeli annexation of the area.

The furthest that Hussein has been prepared to go in response to concerted Egyptian-American pressure on him to help break the deadlock in the peace talks and end President Sadat's isolation, is to indicate that Jordan would join in the talks if a prior declaration of principles is obtained in which Israel would commit herself to full withdrawal from all the occupied territories and to recognising the Palestinians' right to self-determination. Hussein knows as well as anyone what little chance there is that Israel will accept these conditions and to minimize the repercussions of the anticipated final breakdown of the talks, he has been moving towards reconciliation with the PLO and to that extent getting closer to the Tripoli alliance. Algeria and Libya reportedly offered Hussein all the material support he needs if he would repudiate the Sadat peace moves and throw in his lot with Syria and the PLO in a revived eastern front against Israel. But Hussein has been careful not to burn his bridges with Egypt. Polarization within the Arab world can only foster instability inside Jordan and increase the dangers of another Middle East war. It is for this reason that Hussein has been searching desperately for an Arab consensus and sent his envoys to various Arab capitals in an effort to convene a summit meeting at which both sides would be represented.

In the current spate of inter-Arab discord and shifting alignments and strategies the PLO has been able to display a relatively high degree of cohesion. For a long time before Sadat launched his peace initiative, the PLO had been adrift and hopelessly divided on objectives and strategies. Yasser Arafat was the prisoner of his subordinates on all sides of the Palestinian resistance movement. He was too preoccupied with balancing the opposing factions, trying to prevent fratricidal warfare, to lead the Palestinians anywhere. At the Tripoli conference, however, a reconciliation took place between the moderate mainstream leadership and the PLO die-hards. But the policy on which they agreed, and which was embodied in a six point political platform, endorsed the axioms of the rejection front. In the declaration which it issued at the conference, the PLO disclaimed any interest in a negotiated settlement and pledged itself not to recognise Israel.

As with Syria, this shift towards outright rejectionism was prompted by tactical considerations rather than positive choice. And, again as is the case with Syria, a negotiated settlement remains the PLO's only viable option for a Middle East settlement. But the immediate effect of the shift was not only to consolidate the alliance between Syria and the PLO but also to strain relations between Egypt and the PLO to breaking point. The attacks by Sadat and the Egyptian media on the Palestinians after the murder of the editor of *Al Ahram* by Palestinian terrorists in Cyprus were unprecedented in their ferocity. The basic message was that Egypt will not continue to sacrifice her youth and jeopardize her economic development in the cause of Palestinian intransigence, nor would it permit a PLO leadership, unable to

settle on a realistic policy for its followers, to determine the fate of the whole Middle East.

But Sadat subsequently moderated his position announcing that he will not break with the PLO. The PLO, too, modified the initial stand it adopted on the basic issues raised by Sadat's initiative. The moderate wing led by Arafat offered for the first time at the end of April to join in peace talks on the basis of the joint American-Soviet declaration of October 1, 1977 which proclaimed the right of every state in the area to exist, the withdrawal of Israel from occupied territories and the fulfilment of the legitimate rights of the Palestinians. The group insists, however, that no agenda which does not include the establishment of a Palestinian state would be acceptable to the PLO although this is not specified in the American-Soviet formula. But even this qualified and tentative agreement to negotiate does not command general support within the PLO. The opposition within the executive committee which includes Arafat's second-in-command, Abu Iyad, maintains that the PLO should not show moderation as long as Israeli forces remain in Southern Lebanon and that it should also hold out for public American recognition of the PLO as the representative of all Palestinians in any peace negotiations. While the two groups differ on the question of PLO policy towards comprehensive Middle East peace talks, both remain firmly against the resumption of the bilateral talks initiated by Sadat.

The broad and vociferous rejection front consisting of Syria, Algeria, Libya, South Yemen and the PLO has gradually isolated the Egyptian President and forced him on the defensive. Sadat emphatically rejects the charge of tactical ineptitude directed at him by pointing out that he has given away nothing: by recognising Israel he simply recognised an established fact, the denial of which is no more than a symptom of sterile emotional intransigence and Arab self-delusion; and no war option has been sacrificed for the simple reason that the Arabs did not have a war option against Israel. It is true that his initiative has not elicited major concessions from the Israelis but it is his tactics and not those advocated by the rejection front which have succeeded in isolating Israel on the international stage and instigating American pressure on her to modify her maximalist programme.

Sadat has an even more convincing answer to the fundamental accusation which unites all his critics, namely, that he has violated the principles of the Rabat summit conferences and that in doing so he has undermined the whole basis of Arab solidarity and done irreparable damage to the common Arab cause. The two basic principles governing any approach to a Middle East settlement which were formulated at the Rabat summits are Israeli withdrawal from all the occupied territories and the right of self-determination for the Palestinian people. To these principles Sadat remained consistently faithful ever since his speech in the Knesset when he stated them clearly and firmly. He has also taken great pains to emphasise that Egypt does not seek and would not agree to a separate peace with Israel.

Moreover, in the aftermath of the Al-Fatah raid near Tel Aviv on March

11 and the Israeli occupation of southern Lebanon which followed it, there is little chance that Sadat will seriously consider a bilateral deal with Israel. PLO officials made no secret of the fact that the main aim of the raid was to put a spanner in the wheels of Sadat's diplomatic chariot. In this the raid was so successful that the chance for the renewal of the Egyptian-Israeli talks now seems utterly remote. If Sadat banked on American pressure and internal Israeli opposition to force Begin's hand, he must now recognise that there is little hope that major concessions will be made in time to save his mission. He is not ready yet to admit, as his critics urge him to, that going to Jerusalem was a mistake and to abandon finally his initiative. But with mounting criticisms of his foreign policy at home, he must be increasingly worried about his isolation in the Arab world and anxious to mend his fences.

A flurry of activity has taken place recently with the objective of mediating between Sadat and his opponents and then perhaps formulating a joint Arab position at a summit meeting. President Numeiri of Sudan was charged by the Arab League with the task of restoring Arab solidarity. The prospects of success could only be rated low since Sadat's opponents are in no mood for compromise and Sadat himself is unwilling to submit to a humiliating reconciliation on their terms. When Numeiri left Cairo to visit Damascus and Baghdad in early May, 1978, the message he carried with him was that repudiation of the peace initiative is not ruled out in principle but that Sadat intends to pursue his present course for at least several months to come. President Assad, however, insisted on a complete and definitive reversal of Egyptian policy as precondition for Syria's agreement to take part in an Arab summit and the Syrian media continued to call for Sadat's overthrow. A reconciliation between Sadat and his critics is not, therefore, likely in the foreseeable future. The timing and terms of such a reconciliation if it takes place at all, will largely depend on the outcome of Sadat's efforts on the Egyptian-Israeli front. And whatever the final outcome of these efforts, the Sadat peace initiative has already highlighted in an illuminating fashion the intricacies of inter-Arab politics and the constraints which they are bound to impose on the peace-making process in the Middle East.

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A CONSERVATIVE LOOK AT THE HEALTH SERVICE: UNHAPPY BIRTHDAY

by The Rt. Hon. Patrick Jenkin, MP

THE thirtieth anniversary of the National Health Service, which officially came into being on 5 July, 1948, has given rise to little celebration. On the face of it this seems rather surprising. The Health Service has survived to become an enduring landmark in British society and the fact that over 5 million patients pass through our hospitals each year, testifies to the enormous and varied treatment that is provided for the relief of suffering and pain. Our nurses and doctors bring a high degree of dedication to their work and most patients are well-satisfied with the treatment that they receive.

Yet those who work within the Health Service or who have followed it closely seem to be aware of another and bleaker side and their fears are not without foundation. Even a mildly interested outsider will be aware of the huge back-log in the number of patients awaiting admission to hospital and a delay of 1-5 years for non-urgent operations is no longer unusual. The total number of patients on the waiting lists fell slightly between 1970 to 1974, but then rose massively to reach a total of 607,000 in December 1976, an all-time peak in the history of the NHS, and has fluctuated around this level ever since. The situation is made much worse by the fact that last year over 38,000 of these patients had conditions classified as urgent, with 62 per cent having to wait for more than one month for admission.

It is difficult to disagree with the view of Dr. James Cameron, the Chairman of the British Medical Council, who said:

> The sum total of human misery represented by these record figures for waiting lists over the past year is a scandal without parallel in any technically developed country.

The increasing pressure from the outside has been matched by growing deterioration inside. Sir Keith Joseph had initiated a major programme of hospital rebuilding, which was long overdue, and one of the criticisms made by Conservatives in their policy document *The Right Approach to the Economy* was that Labour's 'panic cuts . . . fell too heavily on capital rather than current spending'. The result has been a catastrophic fall in capital expenditure on hospital and community health services from £576m in 1973/4 to £359m in 1977/8 at constant prices. Right across the country badly-needed new buildings and hospitals have been delayed, postponed indefinitely, or cancelled outright.

No doubt many of these difficulties could be surmounted, or kept to manageable proportions, if morale among NHS staff was sufficiently high but unfortunately it is not. Partly this is due to the effects of increased bureaucracy, which have continued to worsen since the reorganisation of

1974, but also it is due to a new and disturbing factor—widespread industrial unrest.

In 1974 the nurses took industrial action because the Labour Government refused an enquiry into their pay (which was later conceded). Mrs. Castle's dogmatic attack on private medicine provoked a major confrontation with the doctors and Royal Colleges and in November 1975 it was the turn of the junior doctors who claimed (rightly as it turned out) that in re-negotiating their contract, the Government had underestimated the amount of overtime that was worked. The increasing militancy of the trade unions has led to almost continuous outbreaks and strikes and go-slows among ancillary workers. Indeed it was not surprising to learn from the Government in June this year that over 30 hospitals in England and Wales were limiting admissions as a result of industrial action by nursing staff, ancillary staff and hospital electricians; what is worthy of mention is that only 15 years ago this would have provoked a public and political outcry. Today it is greeted with a shrug!

Given all these circumstances, it is not surprising that alarm is beginning to be expressed at the consequences for the patient. There are reports of senior doctors no longer accepting responsibility for 'mishaps' in their understaffed maternity unit (East London); of emergency admissions being rationed and of seriously ill elderly patients being turned away (Truro); of queues for cardiac surgery so long that one patient a month dies before he can be operated on (Birmingham). In a survey this year of the Thames Regions, the Royal College of Nursing found that:

> Important basic nursing routines are done less thoroughly and less conscientiously. Less time is available for contact with and re-assurance of patients. Long term education and preventative programmes are delayed or neglected . . . Teaching of learners on the wards is less organised . . . Unqualified staff are increasingly left alone in charge of wards.

The high hopes that accompanied the creation of the National Health Service have thus given way to gloom and there is a deeply-held pessimism about what the future holds. On the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of the National Health Service, the question asked more than any other is 'why has it all gone wrong?'

Contrary to popular belief, the famous Beveridge Report of 1942 had very little to say about the Health Service and much of what it did say was speedily falsified by events.

One of the curiosities of the Report was the assumption (which today seems incredibly naive) that the budget of the National Health Service would stabilise and remain constant. The very low financial priority given to the NHS by Beveridge and in the subsequent 1944 White Paper (i.e. about 22 per cent of social service expenditure) and the forecast of its decline as a percentage of total social service expenditure were fundamentally wrong. Exactly the reverse has occurred with the NHS budget continually expanding and exercising a dominant influence over social service spending. Today the NHS and the personal social services account for about 40 per cent of total social service expenditure and cost over

£6,000m annually. At the same time the number of staff employed in the NHS has risen by over 75 per cent and it is now, with over 900,000 people, the largest single employer in the country.

It may seem paradoxical that this vast outpouring of money has not resulted in the finest health service in the world, which brings us to Beveridge's mistaken belief that demands on the health service would actually diminish as the nation grew healthier. This was an error of colossal proportions.

To be fair, he could not be expected to have anticipated the new medical advances which have in turn opened up new areas of demand. In the 1940s a patient with diseased kidneys could be expected to die within a short period and the health service could do little for him. Today, the same patient can survive thanks to the almost miraculous advances in kidney transplants and kidney machines and no one would wish it otherwise. Yet here in miniature is one of the perennial problems which must be faced, for the 3,000 kidney machines owned by the NHS cost about £4,000 each to buy and the annual running costs for each machine come to between £6,000-£10,000. A health authority may face an agonising decision as to whether to let paients die for want of kidney machines, or to cut back in other hard-pressed areas in order to find the money. It is an agonising choice.

Similarly, there have been enormous advances in the treatment of arthritis which seriously cripples about one million people and affects another 5 million. What was a rare operation yesterday is normal today; in many cases arthritis can be relieved by surgery and by the complete replacement of arthritic joints and bones. Again, however, this has opened up a vast new area of demand.

Many of those suffering from arthritis are elderly and it is the increase in the number of people over retirement age that has been the single most important factor behind the growing demands upon the health service. The number of people over retirement age in the UK has risen as follows:

1901	2.4 million
1951	6.9 million
1975	9.6 million

The consequences for the health service have proved momentous. Those aged 65 and over now account for about 40 per cent of all NHS beds (35 per cent of psychiatric beds and 52 per cent of non-psychiatric beds) and those aged 75 and over, who are particularly heavy 'consumers' of health care, will require a further 30,000 hospital beds over the next 25 years.

These two factors—medical advances and demographic change—are the keys to understanding what has happened in the past and why extra expenditure and new staff have not produced the benefits that might have been expected. The paradox is that the health service must run ever faster to stand still, and like most paradoxes there is no easy way of resolving it.

For thirteen out of the first sixteen years of its existence, the NHS flourished under Conservative Governments and under distinguished

Ministers such as Iain Macleod and Enoch Powell. There was never any doubt about the Conservative commitment.

Conservatives have proved to be good friends of the NHS because the resources it needs depend on wealth creation and on making the private enterprise system work. Although we hope we never have to repeat the economic misery of the last few years, constraints upon resources are likely to remain severe and between 1976/7 and 1981/2 the present Government is budgeting for an annual rate of growth in the health service of 1.8 per cent, little more than half the annual rate of growth in the preceding twenty-five years.

If encouraging investment and growth can bring the country more wealth, then we can raise our sights and have the freedom to discuss priorities for health care in a more favourable climate. The reason why countries like West Germany are able to spend almost 60 per cent more (per head of population) on health care is that they have encouraged the free market economy; their economies have grown and the community at large has benefitted.

In the meantime, the best hope is to make better use of present resources and to re-examine the revenue side.

The system of cash limits appears to be working reasonably well and, as it gives the necessary degree of financial control to central government, the case for relaxing the separate funding of capital and revenue expenditure is a strong one. I have a great deal of sympathy with the evidence given to the Royal Commission on the National Health Service by the Chartered Institute of Public Finance and Accountancy to the effect that the health authorities should be left a much freer hand to use their resources to best advantage.

Similarly, I have little sympathy for a system which causes a lemming-like rush among health authorities at the end of the financial year to spend outstanding financial balances which cannot be carried over. We need to give incentives to hospitals which use their resources carefully and to ensure some of the savings which arise from greater efficiency are retained by the hospital concerned.

On the revenue side I see no good reason for holding down prescription charges which have remained unaltered since 1971/2. Mr. Joel Barnett, Chief Secretary to the Treasury, has told the House that raising the prescription charge from 20p to 50p per item would produce an extra £45m p.a. Labour have always been rather hypocritical in these matters and have already raised dental and optical charges twice since 1974, producing extra revenue of about £50m p.a. There is no good reason why prescription charges should be the odd one out.

Again there is no justification, especially when resources are very limited, for abolishing private pay beds and we are committed to reversing Labour's policy on our return to office. This would save about £30m-£40m p.a. and, coupled with the revenue from prescription charges, these two measures

alone could save about £375m-£425m over the life-time of a full term Parliament.

In the longer term, there may be a case for a direct link between health and insurance, so that there is a clearer identification in people's minds of what is involved. The Royal Commission is looking into the whole system of finance and proposals have been put to them that there should be a shift from tax to insurance. A Conservative Government would be prepared to consider positively and constructively any proposals which the Commission may recommend along these lines.

One malaise running through the Health Service is a mounting pre-occupation with organisation and administration. This has always been a problem and, for example, between 1964-1970 the number of administrative and clerical staff rose from 34,000 to 43,000, an increase of 26 per cent. The recent re-organisation which was provided for by the last Conservative Government has proved a disappointment and the upward trend in bureaucracy has continued unabated. However, I fully endorse the proposal by the Research Team set up by the Royal Commission that changes should be evolutionary and piecemeal and should proceed at a pace that allows for easy adjustment to a new simpler structure.

In theory accountability stretches right up through the structure to the Secretary of State who alone is accountable to Parliament. In practice this is a wholly impossible remit. No one man can conceivably be answerable for all the detailed day-to-day decisions of an organisation of this enormous magnitude.

The Secretary of State should retain responsibility for the evolution of policy, the determining of priorities, the allocation of finance and for the setting of minimum standards of health care. Most of his remaining duties could then be devolved to local health authorities at the point where health care is actually delivered.

Beneath the Department it would be sensible to retain the regional tiers, whose role should be primarily planning and co-ordination. The regional tier should be drawn primarily from members of the constituent Districts with perhaps only the Chairman and Vice-Chairman appointed by the Secretary of State.

Under the Regional Health Authority there is room for change and it is widely accepted that the Area Health Authorities should be merged into new District health authorities, run by properly constituted boards and based on the present district management teams. In this way we would effectively remove one tier and create a service that is more locally based, with decisions being taken at local level. No longer would decisions have to chunter up the administrative ladder; most decisions could be taken at the point where health care itself is delivered. Furthermore, it will be much easier for local communities to identify with 'their' health services and local community involvement, through voluntary bodies and volunteers, is essential to the kind of caring service that we wish to see.

Of course it is a fallacy to believe that any single pattern can or should be imposed universally across the whole country. Circumstances differ widely in different areas and local structure should be tailored to suit local circumstances.

There must be some form of democratic monitoring and the creation of Community Health Councils was one of the better achievements of re-organisation. Experience is varied but most are playing a responsive and creative role which deserves encouragement.

There is no doubt but that the development of private medicine since the 1950s has proved a surprising feature of the welfare state. Even those who were responsible for Provident Schemes expected their membership to run down, as competition with a totally free health service was thought to be their death-knell. In fact the number of people using private medical facilities has doubled and redoubled over the last 20 years and now makes a useful contribution towards relieving the strains on the NHS itself.

I believe that the Socialists' official policy, namely the abolition of all private medical schemes and the nationalisation of all nursing homes, is a denial of basic human rights. A man should be free to spend on private medical care for himself and his family if he so wishes. Furthermore it is detrimental to the NHS which would otherwise have to take on these patients and meet the cost of doing so.

The next Conservative Government will encourage the private sector to develop and we will amend the legislation designed to phase out private pay beds. It is noticeable that in many EEC countries private medicine plays a greater role than in the UK in supplementing the State services and I would like to see this developed.

One of the disadvantages of the present system is that is an 'all or nothing' option. Either a hospital is run by the NHS or it is run by the private sector—the idea that the two could co-operate is so novel as to be almost revolutionary. Yet surely there will be cases where joint management would be to advantage of all concerned, including the NHS patients?

I have in mind, for example, the proposed closure of the Elizabeth Garrett Anderson Hospital for which there is an enormous amount of public goodwill and where a joint effort by the NHS, the local community and the private sector was never considered. Yet this would be one way of saving it. Similarly there are many small hospitals serving local communities which, due to financial strains, are being closed when in fact it might be possible to keep them open by dropping the requirement that they be run exclusively by the State or not at all.

Francis Bacon wrote that predictions and dreams are suitable only for fireside talk. Nonetheless I will chance my arm because I believe that there are certain trends which can already be detected and will emerge more fully in the 1980s.

Firstly, I believe we are moving—as a nation—away from size and centralisation and the Health Service will not be immune from this trend.

Following the report of the Royal Commission, expected next year, the NHS will evolve into a simpler administrative organisation and one that will be more locally-based. There will be greater variety, instead of uniformity and doctors, nurses and ancillarly staff will generally welcome the change.

Within the hospital service I would expect to see fewer beds than today as more people move into the community (although the scope for this is diminishing) and as the average length of hospital stay falls. Nonetheless the demands on the nurses will increase because they will find themselves dealing with more patients (especially the elderly) at a faster speed and with more sophisticated medical procedures.

A continuing advance will also be made in the direction of preventive medicine right across the field from dentistry to maternity provision, from geriatric services to ordinary daily life. Prevention of handicap among babies must be given much greater priority: the infant mortality rate could be halved from its present level. There will be increased emphasis on the dangers of smoking, drink and overweight and health education will become of much greater importance.

Finally, the development of the personal social services, administered by local authorities, will pose an increasingly powerful challenge for resources to the NHS. The legitimate claims of the community services will increase during the 1980s because they devote an even greater proportion of their work to the elderly as compared with the NHS and therefore must expand even faster than the latter simply to maintain current standards. This will prove a source of great tension unless both sides show understanding.

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ENERGY POLICIES AROUND THE WORLD

by J. A. Loraine

ENERGY is the new hinge of history in the final quarter of the 20th century. The energy profile of the nation state is coming more and more to dictate its global *realpolitik*. Energy shortages are now pervasive throughout most of the Western world. They present a symptomatology which is both weakening and debilitating; they are ineluctably eroding once high material living standards. They are deeply resented by governments and governed alike; they hold within their ambit the seeds of international anarchy and armed conflict.

The role of the USA in the global energy scenario is pivotal. She is the energy junkie of the world, housing only 6 per cent of the population yet consuming 40 per cent of available energy supplies. Like all other rich nations, the USA is in the grip of hard technology. In spite of President Carter's valiant efforts, the conventional wisdom holds sway. Technological hawks are in the saddle and their premises are tailored to a procrustean bed. For the foreseeable future, oil, gas, coal and nuclear fission are to hold pride of place. Those who see the future wedded to alternative energy sources wield little *gravitas* in the corridors of power.

A massive electrification programme is at the kernel of America's hard energy policy. Electrical generating capacity must double every 10 years, this constituting the most important attempt to modify the infrastructure of industrial society since the introduction of the railroad. Meanwhile, the country will be scoured for new reserves of fossil fuels. Arctic and offshore oil wells will be squeezed until the pips squeak; oil shales in Colorado, Utah and Wyoming will be mined on a gargantuan scale. New pipelines will be constructed—including the much publicised Alcan, 5,500 miles long and intended to transport natural gas from Alaska, across Canada to American markets in the West and Middle West. There will be more refineries, more compressor stations, more transmission towers, more distribution and monitoring systems.

Thousands of giant power stations are planned, many of them coal-fired. By the mid-Eighties, 170 new coal mines should have opened; by 2000 A.D., the figure could exceed 1,200. Strip mining will cover vast areas of land, particularly in the Western states of the Union. The conversion of coal to gas and oil is a centrepiece of hard energy policy, and new technical processes currently under development are expected to lead to the emergence of a whole new industry, of formidable proportions.

The assertion is frequently made that by 2000 A.D. nuclear stations will carry half of America's vastly increased electricity load. Statements have been made that by the mid-Eighties, 100 new uranium mines will have been opened, several new enrichment and reprocessing plants will have been constructed, together with 150 new 1,000 megawatt reactors. By 2000 A.D. the reactor score will have risen to 800, including by this time, a sizeable number of fast breeders. The whole concept of a centralised power system

of this type is breathtaking and one cannot but admire its magnificence. The fact that it has no conceivable overlap with reality seems almost of secondary importance.

When President Carter announced his new energy plan in the spring of 1977, he described it as 'the moral equivalent of war'. The plan was the first realistic attempt in America's history to grapple with ever-escalating energy demand; and it was rightly stressed that in the absence of a meaningful national commitment to fuel saving, all other governmental proposals could be rendered nugatory. The Administration was especially concerned about the dependence of the country on imported oil, particularly from the Middle East. Such imports are now exceeding 50 per cent of total consumption and their cost was prodigious—$45 billion in 1977, rising, if present tendencies continued unchecked, to an astronomical $500 billion by 1985. The rate of energy increase throughout the US must decline sharply—to less than 2 per cent per annum in less than a decade. Petrol consumption should be cut by 10 per cent; those driving large gas guzzling cars should come to be regarded as social pariahs, and by the mid-Eighties imported oil should have plummeted from 16 million to 6 million barrels per day. Energy conservation was crucial—in the home by way of better insulation, in industry, in the transportation sector. Solar power should come to play an increasing role in the country's energy economy and by 1985 over 2 million homes in the USA should be heated in this way.

By the end of 1977 the President's energy bill was close to emasculation by the Congress. Vested interests had taken their toll; Senators had acted as though energy conservation was an unnecessary and unattractive chimera forced upon them by an inexperienced and overanxious Administration. It seemed as though the President would be compelled to appeal to the American people over the heads of their elected representatives. Above all, it was his duty to dispel the belief that abundant supplies of oil and gas, to which US citizens have become increasingly accustomed, are an ephemeral and not a permanent facet of their existence.

Canadians, just like their Southern neighbours, have failed to profit from the lessons of the Yom Kippur War and continue to use oil with extreme profligacy. By 1977, Canada was consuming 4 million barrels per day; by the early Nineties the figure could have risen to 14 million barrels per day and over 50 per cent of this total would have to be imported. The Canadian government, appalled by the prospect, announced an explicit energy policy. The country will endeavour to free herself from OPEC's hegemony; she will greatly increase exploration and development of new energy sources. Athabasca tar sands will be mined; frontier areas will be scoured for new deposits of oil and natural gas; the coal industry, now run down, will be boosted; uranium reserves will be carefully shepherded and made subject to a yearly audit.

Western Europe is likewise in the grip of hard technology. In France and Federal Germany the nuclear juggernaut continues to roll. During the Seventies both countries were responsible for the dissemination of nuclear reactors around the world—and often to politically sensitive states such as

Pakistan, Libya, Brazil, Iran and South Africa. But since 1975, both nations have encountered mounting opposition to any expansion of their domestic nuclear programmes. Confrontations with police and sit-ins by demonstrators—the latter drawn from all strata of society and frequently travelling long distances to attend the rallies—have routinely taken place at proposed reactor sites, for example, at Whyl, Brokdorf, Fessenheim, Belgey and Grohnde. Such demonstrations have developed a marked propensity for violence and in July 1977 at the site of the Super-Phénix fast breeder reactor at Creys Malville in France, *les forces d'ordre* behaved with a degree of brutality seldom witnessed in Western Europe since the end of the Second World War.

French and German energy policy is currently at an impasse. Politicians in Paris and Bonn remain determined to press on with programmes designed to expand nuclear fission power. The latter is perceived to be essential to protect living standards. In its absence there would be fuel rationing, power blackouts, zero economic growth and a degree of joblessness beside which present unemployment rates would be redolent of Utopia. Social peace would be difficult to maintain and the whole future of the nation states could be placed in jeopardy. At present, compromise between pro- and anti-nuclear forces seems unlikely and for the foreseeable future the politics will be those of confrontation.

In Sweden, nuclear construction has virtually ceased. The new Swedish government, elected in the autumn of 1976 on an anti-nuclear ticket, has not reneged on its original commitment to environmental policies in spite of strong pressure from vested interests. In Britain, the Advanced Gas Cooled Reactor has been selected for future development, and the Report of the Windscale Inquiry, bitterly criticised by environmentalists for being biased, misleading and full of specious arguments, gave unequivocal support to the request of British Nuclear Fuels to build a new Thermal Oxide Reprocessing Plant in Cumbria.

Meanwhile, Britain is in the process of squandering her heritage of North Sea oil within one or two decades. This is being done mainly to bolster policies of unfettered economic growth and future historians will certainly castigate national leaders for their *carpe diem* nonchalance with a finite and most precious resource. Yet by now, the rape of the North Sea has become a fashionable orthodoxy, an integral part of the cerebrative activity of civil servants and of the majority of parliamentarians, supreme in academic circles, inextricably interwoven with the outpourings of the news media. One can only feel a deep sense of frustration about the present turn of events.

In the long term, hard technologies will certainly fail at the global level. They are massively capital demanding, and there is no immediate likelihood that their overall cost can be borne. Their appetite for investment is insatiable; they will come to behave as a parasite whose maw will become ever more capacious; as a result, other sectors of the economy will be progressively starved. Hard energy technologies have an inherent propensity to inflation and will give the global spiral a further decisive twist. Far from

palliating unemployment, the white heat of hard technology will merely burn up jobs and swell dole queues throughout the industrialised world.

Ecological pressures arising from the hard energy path could well become intolerable. Drilling for oil in fragile regions such as the Arctic and frontier areas of Canada and the USA could fracture delicate ecosystems irreversibly. The long term commitment to coal as an energy source will produce despoilation of huge tracts of land with almost no likelihood of eventual restoration. It will also cause air pollution on an unprecedented scale. Carbon dioxide will be liberated into the atmosphere in ever-increasing quantities, the 'greenhouse' effect will become more pervasive and this could result in irreversible and malign climatic change.

Hard technology could prove a catalyst for social and political disturbance. Centralised energy systems, particularly those powered by nuclear fission, could be a potent attraction for terrorists and saboteurs. They will require to be increasingly protected by the use of military and paramilitary personnel. In this way the mentality of the garrison state will be fostered, democratic freedoms progressively eroded and the trappings of totalitarianism will become ever more obvious.

Furthermore, the OPEC hegemony cannot be effectively challenged, short of military intervention and seizure of oil wells. OPEC leaders perceive the world in a light totally different from that of politicians in the oil consuming nations. OPEC is concerned above all with the conservation of its finite resource and with programmes of domestic industrialisation following the lodestar of petrodollars. Meanwhile, the 'oil for arms' trade is being permitted to flourish, turning countries like Saudi Arabia and particularly Iran into the military laboratories of the world.

As we approach the twilight of the petroleum era, the world must increasingly turn for its salvation to soft technology. Solar energy will be its mentor; variants of solar power—from waves, winds, tides and biomass—its most assiduous pupils. Soft technologies emanate from sources which are eternal; they utilise energy income rather than capital; they do not flout the basic lows of thermodynamics, and their quality is finely tuned to the use to which they are put. In general, their methodology is simple, their predilection is for decentralised rather than centralised systems of distribution; cogeneration—a technique designed to recapture waste heat from electrical generation and industrial processes—is their sturdy ally. Soft energy paths have infinite variety and versatility, presenting the world with a uniquely rich *smörgasbord*. The best approach to them will be to 'let a thousand flowers bloom' and to cultivate the best varieties.

In the USA, collection of solar energy could be used in the sunny southwest of the country; in the Great Plains, wind power could play a major role; in the Middle West, there could be massive production of fuels from agricultural residues and animal excrement. In Canada, hydroelectric power, already supplying 75 per cent of the country's electricity, could be further stepped up and in the Maritime Provinces of the nation, particularly in Prince Edward Island, wind hydraulic systems are now starting to make a significant contribution.

Britain should concentrate on wave, wind and tidal power; Denmark on wind power, Sweden on residues from the lumber and paper industries. Countries rich in peat—Ireland, Finland, the Soviet Union, Federal Germany and Scotland—should seriously consider using this material for electricity generation. In Third World nations nestling between the Tropics of Cancer and Capricorn and with a plenitude of sunshine, direct collection of solar power is an obvious choice. The anaerobic digestion of wastes to produce methane for gas is already widely utilised in Asia, particularly in China, India and South Korea. Plants with potential for fuel include cassava (manioc), sugar cane, some sorghums, water hyacinths and sunflowers. Amongst biomass fuels, methanol and ethanol are particularly important as they can readily be mixed with petrol and used in the internal combustion engine. Recently, Brazil has embarked on a well financed programme in which petrol will be diluted with ethanol derived from cassava and sugar cane.

In 1978, the world stands at a crossroads in respect of its energy policies. Individual nation states are face to face with destiny; the choice which they make will mould the world for future generations. What will be the outcome? Will the technological hawks triumph and policies tantamount to Titanic seamanship continue to be adopted? Or is it too much to hope that wiser counsel will prevail and that for the sake of posterity the new and exciting possibilities opened up by the soft energy pathways will be grasped and utilised to the full?

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THE MINISTER'S NON-QUANTUM SHIFT: ARTS PATRONAGE UNDER SCRUTINY

by John Elsom

A MUCH-PUBLICISED conference on arts subsidy, organised by the Institute of Contemporary Arts in July, had the deceptive title of *Making It Happen*. Its nine debating hours were flanked by two events of quite remarkable insignificance. In his opening address, Kenneth Robinson, Chairman of the Arts Council, called for a 'quantum shift' in the level of government spending on the arts, by which he meant that more money should be given to the Arts Council, not simply to meet rising inflation but to increase the size of the block grant in real terms.

But Robinson did not indicate a desirable size for this 'quantum shift' or why the government should be so generous, apart from making the general point that the arts contribute to civilised living. It sounded, in short, like a standard piece of special pleading; and was treated as such by the Minister in overall charge—not the Minister for the Arts, Lord Donaldson, who was not present, but Mrs. Shirley Williams, the Secretary of State for the Department of Education and Science. In her closing speech, Mrs. Williams argued very reasonably, or so it seemed, that every section in her department wants a quantum shift of some sort or another—the teachers, the scientists, the researchers, the universities and primary schools; and that the arts could not expect preferential treatment.

She was sympathetic to the problems of artists, but everybody had to realise that money was in short supply and that social priorities must be borne in mind and in any case the government had done a splendid job up to now and would continue to do so. Nevertheless the arts could not expect quantum shifts just like that; and so on. It was a standard refusal. You or I could have written her speech, just as we could have written Kenneth Robinson's.

In between these two non-events, and filling much of the remaining eight hours, was a fine display of politics by numbers. You will not be surprised to learn that Norman St. John Stevas, M.P., was sympathetic to the problems of artists too, and that as Opposition spokesman on the arts, he advocated more support from industry. Lord Redcliffe-Maud, an expert on local government, whose report two years ago advocated that the 'new local authorities should be the major arts patrons of the future', praised the work of the local authorities in establishing the library service, and used this as an example of how enlightened councils could support the arts in the future. 'We must not think', he said, 'of the artist as a special kind of person, but of each person as being a special kind of artist'. The arts were a natural extension of education, and he drew attention to those 'incredible children', the Young Musicians, discovered in a BBC competition.

There were splashes of light red. Mrs. Renée Short, M.P., who chaired a committee which produced the Labour Party's discussion document on the

arts, was on the platform. She wanted to see a Ministry for Arts, Entertainment and Communications, which would embrace all the different professions covered by this title, from broadcasting and journalism to folk music. This Ministry would be controlled at its highest level by a cabinet minister but, in practice, and at the grass roots, by a large number of local boards, on which various relevant bodies would be represented—councils, education committees and delegates from the arts professions. She did not mention the problems which others saw in this scheme, such as the threat of a totalitarian control of culture. I am as much worried by the details of the document as its general drift. I find the idea that import controls should be imposed on books from abroad to stimulate publishers at home, thoroughly alarming; while the proposal to take major works of art from public galleries and hang them in housing estates seems silly in the extreme.

There were patches of diplomatic grey, from Roy Shaw, the Arts Council's Secretary-General, and a dab or so of Liberal orange. Lord Beaumont, Liberal spokesman on the arts in the House of Lords, chaired the afternoon session; while, as the person who drafted the latest discussion document, the Liberal Party's *The Arts—Change and Choice*, I was allowed a brief speech from the floor. One or two journalists asked me whether there was an establishment conspiracy to keep me from the platform. There was no conspiracy at all. My paper had been published a few weeks before the conference assembled but long after the main invitations had been sent out and the chief speakers had accepted. It would have disrupted the conference's arrangements for a late-comer like me to have been elevated among the other spokesmen; and for my part, bearing in mind the general calibre of the platform speakers, I was rather relieved not to be counted as one of their number.

Furthermore, I felt myself so much at odds with the tenor of the debate, with all the philosophies, tones and attitudes involved, that only a wearing, hot-blooded, day- and perhaps night-long argument could have begun to have expressed what I regard as the main points. Such a battle would certainly have crumpled the suits of the 500 or so arts administrators assembled in the hall. It was too civilised an occasion for a mental rough-house.

Let us take the simple matter of 'quantum shifts', a sad, lack-lustre, civil service phrase in itself. Of course, Mrs. Williams was right when she pointed out that every profession within her department would like to see a quantum shift in government spending and that there were social priorities involved. What she and other speakers failed to mention was the scale of these quantum shifts. A quantum shift in the government spending on primary and secondary schools would require additional public money of some £2,000 million or so. A quantum shift in arts spending would require an additional £50 million. In more human terms, a quantum shift in the average pay of teachers would raise their salaries from just under £5,000 a year to nearly £6,000. A quantum shift for authors would raise their average earnings from about £750 a year to perhaps £2,000.

Such a comparison, however, raises various political issues, by which I

do not mean just party political ones but major questions as to the nature of our society and how technically it should be run. Most teachers are public employees in that they are hired by the education authorities who are responsible directly for their well-being. But authors, like painters, actors, musicians and artistic directors, are usually self-employed. Should governments therefore feel themselves as responsible towards those individuals who, through the exigencies of their professions, become dependent upon public money, as they do towards those who are public servants?

Feliks Topolski, the painter and cartoonist, once argued before a Labour Party committee that artists should be regarded as public servants, on par with teachers and doctors within the National Health Service. But might this not lead to a situation where only artists whose views are roughly in accord with establishment opinion are employed? Everybody in the ICA conference seemed well aware of the dangers of a state-controlled culture. Roy Shaw stressed the importance of the 'arm's length' principle, whereby governments, national and local, preserve a diplomatic distance from the artists whom they support. The Minister for the Arts is not directly responsible for the doings of the Arts Council, which is a 'quango', a 'quasi-non-governmental agency', and thus not accountable to Parliament or anybody else. The Arts Council has sought to devolve some of its powers of patronage on to the Regional Arts Associations, whose initial purpose was to provide independent funding bodies, with money raised partly from central government and partly from the local authorities. The local authorities are not obliged to support their Regional Arts Associations; and in any case, there are two levels of local government, each with their own powers of arts patronage. The arts organisations supported by public money from any level are usually expected to be charitable organisations, 'non-profit-distributing', which means that the artistic directors are accountable to unpaid, part-time and amateur boards. These boards of councillors, local eminences and founding fathers, not to mention funding fathers, have taken over the role of the old private patrons of the arts. One sentiment generally echoed throughout the ICA conference was that the role of the local authorities should be increased, either by exhorting them to do more for the arts or by proposing that there should be a statutory minimum rate, raised by local authorities for arts support.

Again, sad to say, I was one of the few odd men out, perhaps because so many of the delegates to the conference came from the Regional Arts Associations and the Entertainments Committees of various local authorities. Nine years ago, in researching material for my book, *Theatre Outside London*, I first started to have doubts about the involvement of local authorities in the running of theatres; and these qualms in the intervening years have not diminished.

There has always been a marked difference between the generous, enlightened councils and the mean, interfering ones; so that many artistic directors watch local election results with considerable apprehension lest the wrong people should be elected. This concern often has its political dimension, in that Labour councils are considered to be more 'generous' to

the arts than Conservative ones, who believe in protecting the ratepayers and in private enterprise. Thus, from instincts of self-preservation, the arts can become politicised in a party sense. There should really be only two major concerns in an artistic director's mind—what he wants to create and how he can convince the public that what he is doing is of great interest. If an artistic director has to look over his shoulder at the composition of his local council, he gets distracted from his job.

A statutory minimum rate would remove some of these fears, but not all of them; and it would bring other problems in its wake. Our rating system, to begin with, is archaic. It does not raise money fairly from all sections of the community, because it is not organised like that. It is not a local income tax nor is it based on the fairer system of site value rating. Some local authorities can raise substantial sums of money through the rates, while in other areas, the yield is small. Across the country, the rates have to be supported by grants from central government, which account for 9/16ths of the total income.

Rates, therefore, cannot be considered separately from the country's taxation system as a whole. They are not purely independent sources of income. Nor are the local authorities necessarily wise patrons of the arts, and it is wishful thinking to suppose that, with more responsibility, they could become so. As one delegate to the conference dryly remarked, with a little more help from the local authorities at Stratford, the Royal Shakespeare Company could reach the artistic standards of the Alhambra, Bradford.

Local authorities are also subject to pressures which may not be exactly political but which are not non-political either. There is an understandable urge to provide civic monuments. Perhaps the greatest mistake in arts patronage since the war has been the way in which local authorities (and national ones) have been encouraged to build arts centres and theatres, which have proved expensive to run and have absorbed money which could have been spent on supporting artists within existing buildings. Throughout the country, there are now modern, well-equipped buildings lying idle because they do not have the annual subsidies to run them. They stay open with austere, cost-saving programmes of amateur operettas and wrestling. The arts should be protected from local councillors who, on hearing the word culture, reach for their copies of *Municipal Entertainment*.

Furthermore, artists and artistic directors have become increasingly separated in recent years from their prime source of grant income, the government, by layer after layer of amateur boards. An artistic director has to account, firstly, to the board of his own arts organisation, which will apply for grants from the local entertainments committee, the county authorities, the Regional Arts Associations and the Arts Council. There may be five or six well-intentioned Boards, composed of hardworking councillors and other appointed representatives of the people, each advised by voluntary advisory panels, consisting of academics, journalists, lawyers and sometimes fellow artists, who work on a part-time unpaid basis. The Arts Council's London home, 105 Piccadilly, is a house for enlightened Boards.

There are no less than 51 members on the RSC's governing board, from the Earl of Warwick downwards. Where, I wonder, do they all sit? And what on earth can they have to say to Trevor Nunn, the RSC's artistic director, or find time in the general debate to say it? And if they have nothing much to contribute, what is the point of having the Board at all? The answer to that question is that they provide a powerful-looking supporters' club, with an impressive array of names which will encourage governments to look benevolently upon them. If that is so, however, what about those organisations which, for geographical or social reasons, cannot command the same degree of establishment support?

It is sad that the arts should still require this kind of almost feudal protection. It can also be depressing for professional artists to feel that their livelihoods are being decided in those dim council chambers where amateur board meets amateur board in a spirit of universal goodwill and almost total ignorance. But there are other, more serious, consequences, some practical, some aesthetic and some organisational.

Most boards rightly recognise that they are not in a position to comment in detail on the artistic merits or otherwise of the work which they are supporting. They may do so 'off the record', but what really concerns them is whether the organisation is 'well-run' and whether it serves certain kinds of social purposes. These criteria may be sensible, they may be enlightened and worthy; but they can also lead easily to some philistine restrictions.

Let us take, for example, the phrase 'community arts', bearing in mind that the greatest percentage increase in Arts Council subsidy for the 1977/78 financial year has been to the community arts. The principle behind this phrase is a worthy one—that artists should be encouraged to work within local communities, stimulating interest in the arts through their very presences. This phrase, however, contains some tricky concepts indeed. In one sense, all artists work within communities—theatre directors to their audiences, authors to those who read their books, artists to those who see their pictures. If you start to suggest that some audiences are more 'community' than others, sheer parochialism becomes acceptable as a criterion for deciding whether this artist should receive money rather than that one. Artists need to discover audiences sympathetic to their work, which may be on a national or a local scale. They should not be awarded grants simply because they are resident in some local library or other.

Let us take another example. Most arts organisations these days are 'non-profit-distributing'; but what happens if, at the end of the year, they show a profit? That causes problems. When the National Theatre company under Olivier showed a profit during the 1967/68 season, mainly the result of urgent cutbacks in the preceding year, they were faced with several choices—to hand back the spare money, to receive less grant money for the following year or to spend the money quickly on some project. They spent it on opening what is now the Young Vic. The cardinal rule for all artistic directors is always to ask for more money than you need and always to spend the entire grant. This leads to bad housekeeping, for it would be wiser to allow directors to accumulate reserve funds, partly so that they can

weather bad times and partly so that they can tackle more ambitious and costly projects. The present system leads to wastefulness and timidity; and also philistinism, for directors are deterred from attempting the great gambles which may be central to their artistic, as well as their commercial, visions.

There is also the question of 'rogue' artists, those who would fit into no kind of civilised system. Every country has them and they cause all kinds of problems for the authorities. I once asked Kay Unrah, who had worked with the Berliner Ensemble and now runs a small, part-amateur, part-professional but excellent theatre company in Canada, why she had not applied for grants. She answered that to receive grants you have to put forward a sensible looking programme for the forthcoming year, with regular productions at regular intervals. But she knew that her production of a Blake musical would take at least nine months to create, whereas her production of John Arden's *The Happy Haven* would take a mere three weeks. If one took less time, it would be ruined; if the other took more time, it would spoil. There was no subsidy system in the world, she argued, which could cover such disparities. Very few would also allow amateurs to work along with professionals, which is why the Polish authorities had difficulty in subsidising Kantor's work or the British authorities, Lindsay Kemp's. And what about productions which might be regarded as 'immoral'? Local authorities, in particular, are cautious with any art form which could be considered as scandalous. But the arts of the past have often contributed precisely by defying conventional ideas of propriety. The subsidy system can easily become a kind of censorship by bribery.

Most boards and local authorities are well aware of these problems, which is why there is a tendency to off-load them on to the shoulders of professional administrators, whose loyalties are towards local government and often come under the aegis of entertainments committees. The lack of balance between the roles of the administrators and the artists is reflected not only in the greater powers which administrators possess, but also in their greater incomes; and this disproportion has gone beyond the merely inappropriate and is now trespassing on the domains of social injustice.

Librarians in the service of what Redcliffe-Maud calls a glory of local government, earn on average 6 or 7 times as much as authors. The only person at the Wigmore Hall who does not get paid for working there is the soloist who gives the recital. An artist is currently engaged in a dispute with a city art gallery, which invited him to present a one-man exhibition of his etchings. Apparently, they asked for some 25 works, which he duly completed and had framed, a costly business. They only hung 13, however, and those in an ill-lit gallery, behind some building work, so obscurely that even the gallery attendants did not know where the exhibition was. When the etchings were returned, he claims a number of the frames were damaged.

The artist was understandably angry, but I would not mention this incident, probably the result of unfortunate misunderstandings all round, were it not for one small matter to which the artist did not object. The gallery was not acting as a sales gallery: they were not allowed to do so,

by law. Nor were they hiring or renting his etchings. Everybody in that gallery, from its Director to the attendants, got paid—except the artist; while the artist was so conditioned to accept such exploitation that he regarded the invitation to exhibit as a compliment.

If the arts were like any other kind of profession, the circumstances under which artists work would offer the classic pre-conditions for social, indeed political, unrest. But the arts are not like other professions. No M.P. would lose his seat because of the artists' vote: no government would be threatened by a mass strike by artists, and in any case, artists are too individualistic to take easily to this sort of corporate persuasion. The unions too are weak, because union strength ultimately derives from the public demand for the product. The national need for coal puts the miners in a strong position; but art is not this kind of primary product. Everybody knows when he or she is cold or hungry; but not everybody recognises intellectual or cultural starvation. A dissatisfaction can be felt, without knowing either the cause or the cure.

Nevertheless, even on an economic level, the case for nurturing the artist can be made. It has been calculated that the Edinburgh Festival brings in more than £16 million to the city, for an outlay in grants of under £700,000 annually, a remarkable rate of return. British Tourist Authority surveys have indicated that tourists rank visiting theatre and concert halls second only to general sightseeing as their main motive for coming here. Britain is lucky in that, for historical reasons, it is the centre for an English-speaking culture; which provides a background against which our diplomats and business men can work. It may be impossible to measure the way in which British ideas, values and even the language have been spread through the arts to other countries; but there are other societies, also with rich cultures, which cannot rely upon their classics being known outside their frontiers. From their standpoint, our good fortune is as remarkable as our lack of appreciation of it.

These are not the only, nor the best, reasons why the arts should be nurtured. As we move away from a society where sheer physical survival is the dominating drive, we are forced to consider the kinds of lives which we want to lead, in the widest sense, the qualities and values in living. The pleasure derived from the arts is still the best reason for ensuring their survival in a thriving form; but the arts can, and do, serve another purpose by providing an area in society where different ideas and values can be considered, compared, thought-through and appreciated.

Nobody at the ICA conference, however, seemed unaware of such general arguments in favour of supporting the arts. There was, though, an air of complacent unreality to the proceedings, as if all the problems could be solved with a bit more money and a few more boards. This unreality was exemplified by Redcliffe-Maud's remark, echoed by Shirley Williams, that really everyone was an artist potentially and that the professional artist was just somebody who was lucky or foolhardy enough to earn a living from what to normal persons counts as a hobby. The lines of argument exemplified what I would regard as the chief weakness of modern methods

of subsidy—the attempt to translate old-style patronage into modern terms.

The Liberal Party's discussion document, *Change and Choice*, challenges these arguments. It is, I believe, a radical document in that it questions the roots, not just the branches and leaves, of the subsidy debate; and offers a different philosophy.

Why do the arts need subsidies at all? There are societies where the arts receive no public money at all, just as there are societies where the arts get much more, in real terms, than they do in Britain. In the 1900s, we had no subsidies, but it was a time when the arts flourished. The real reason why subsidies are needed today is very simple—the government controls about 60% of the national income, and what is spent on our behalf by governments cannot be spent by us as individuals. In the 1900s, the government controlled less than 10% of the national income, and so it was possible for the arts to be financed through the box-office and the sale-room. These circumstances no longer exist. We may be richer materially as a society, but the individual's control over how the money which he earns is spent, is less. We cannot therefore begin to talk about whether the arts are a minority interest or not. We do not know, and have no means of guessing. For someone receiving an average national wage of £60 a week, with a wife and two children to support, the arts still are a luxury which he can not afford. Can he buy books these days—at £5 a copy—or take his family to the National Theatre regularly? In the old days, the purpose of patronage was to support those sections of the arts (such as grand opera) which could not be self-financed but which were undoubtedly of interest and value. Nowadays, the prime purpose of subsidy must be to compensate artists for the unfortunate consequences to their trade caused by the centralisation of the economy. In the drift towards the corporate state, artists are very likely to get stranded; and it requires a considerable amount of political will to keep them afloat. If this will is present, it can also be exercised with such enthusiasm that the artist loses his independence and becomes sucked into the state bureaucracy. Any sensible arts policy, therefore, has to operate within these two limits—it has, firstly, to compensate the artist for consequences of a centralised economy, and, secondly, it has to do so in such a way that the independence of the artist is not threatened.

The degree to which our economy should, or should not, be centralised remains the leading political issue of today. It reflects the conflict between a centralist or a pluralist state. In Britain, the socialists remain the party of centralisation and the conservatives, of pluralism. From a Liberal's point of view, this great, and undoubtedly important, debate can easily become a vicious circle because it is loaded down with unverifiable dogma. Liberals see society as being the accumulation of many small social units, families, villages, towns, firms and industries, which are bound together by certain elements which they hold in common, such as a language, a currency, a common law and perhaps a culture. The government acts as a service industry. It cannot create wealth, but it can help others to do so; and its purpose is to provide those connecting links between the small units and the wider social good. Under some circumstances, such as war or famine, the

service principle of government may entail a centralisation of national resources. Under other circumstances, it may require a relaxation of central control. What matters is the understanding of the circumstances.

The same principle applies to an arts policy. The government cannot determine what arts should flourish around the country and which should not. It is absurd for a hundred or so people in London, or five hundred arts administrators around the country, to attempt to determine tastes and values in this way. The function of an arts policy is to enable, not to determine; and the only people who can encourage and convert the public into a love for the arts, are artists themselves. Local and national authorities cannot wave wands or subsidies which will miraculously transform a dead theatre into a living one. Only the artists can do so, through the quality and excitement of their work. The aim of arts subsidy is to enable them to do so.

The Liberal Party's discussion document therefore proposes two basic changes in the way in which arts subsidies are calculated and administered. The first is that a certain 'fair level' enabling grant should be given to arts organisations around the country, whose size is determined by the extent to which the government controls the national income. It is proposed that the level should be within 15 to 10% less than the government's control, so that it would mean, currently, that arts organisations would receive about 45% of their required income for the year through subsidy. If the economy were de-centralised, the subsidy level too would fall, but, with more money in private pockets or in the hands of industry, it would be expected either that seat prices rise or that more industrial support could be sought.

As it stands, this proposal is innovatory. Variations of the principle, however, are commonplace, in that in some countries, you can deduct any money spent on the support of the arts from your income tax. If the arts were made substantially or totally tax-deductible, then it would provide the equivalent of a 40% subsidy. The trouble with the support of the arts through tax relief is that it encourages rich man's art, art as a means of tax avoidance, the proliferation of private collections and growth of subscription and expense-account theatres. The fluctuating subsidy level meets this objection.

How this 'fair-level' of subsidy should be administered occupies much of *Change and Choice*. In different arts professions, it has to be applied in different ways. The principle operates simply in the case of theatres, but with more complexity in the fields of literature and the visual arts, through such methods as Public Lending Rights. I do not propose to summarise these details now, but to turn to the second basic change, which is that, wherever possible, the subsidies should be given directly to the artists, by-passing the current hierarchy of amateur boards. This involves ignoring the (by now) artificial distinction between profit-distributing and non-profit-distributing companies; and also presenting an alternative to the Arts Council.

It is proposed that the Arts Council should be replaced by an Arts Development Board of twenty-five members, of which twenty should be

elected through the arts professions and five should be government appointments. The various election methods are discussed in *Change and Choice*, but the overall intention is that there should be four representatives each from the departments of Drama, Music, Literature, Film and the Visual Arts. The five government appointments would consist of representatives from the Departments of Education and Science, and of the Environment, from the British Council and the British Tourist Authority, with a chairman, a Prime Ministerial appointment, who would act as an arts spokesman in the House of Commons. There would be no Minister for the Arts, on the grounds that the spending on arts subsidy is never likely to reach the level to justify an independent Ministry. To have a junior Minister in a larger department, such as that currently run by Mrs. Shirley Williams, separates the arts from the Treasury. The 'fair-level' basic grant would need to be debated through Parliament, and, once accepted, would require no special Ministerial attention to support.

The presence of a Minister can also lead to the mistaken impression that the arts are something which are handed down by a government to a grateful people, as a part of education; and it can result in the arts becoming a plaything of party politics on a national, as well as a local, level. The Arts Development Board would be on par, as a professional body, with certain industrial authorities, which receive public money but which are not subject to government interference, or at least not in theory. By proposing these changes, the Liberal discussion document is, in fact, looking forward to a time and a society in which the arts are not treated as just a higher form of incidental amusement, patronised by well-intentioned amateurs with their hearts elsewhere, but as a skilled occupation whose success contributes, not peripherally but centrally, to the well-being of the country.

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THE NEW PORTUGAL

Part One: Progress and Poverty

by Charles R. Lefcourt

THE Portuguese Revolution of 1974, unlike most other revolutions, avoided violence and bloodshed even during the most precarious moments of its first year when most 'experts' were direly predicting an armed uprising of the Left to be followed by civil war. Indeed, this curious rebellion's tendency to waver on the brink of disaster and continually pull back just in time is its most noteworthy characteristic—one that reflects the calm, somewhat lethargic attitude of the average Portuguese to political events. Perhaps the most striking change that is taking place today in Portugal is the way in which more and more of the no-longer young are getting involved, joining political parties and turning out to vote. Peacefully and in accordance with its national traditions Portugal is gradually taking its place as the leading democracy in the Iberian Peninsula, while its larger neighbour to the east, Spain, often seems to take its cues from Lisbon and follow its lead.

The fall of the Caetano government was accomplished not by the politicians but by a military group whose existence was recognised by only a handful of people outside the Portuguese armed forces. The main cause of the dissatisfaction among many of these army officers was the unending colonial wars being waged in the African colonies, particularly Mozambique and Angola where a 'no win' situation had been in existence for several years. The publication of General António Spínola's book decrying the war as pointless, and demanding that Portugal enter into serious negotiations with the rebels with the goal of eventual withdrawal gave the revolution a striking personality with whom to identify. Somewhat gingerly, Spínola accepted the leadership thrust upon him, and his bemonocled visage was the first image of the new Portugal that was transmitted to the world. Here was a reassuring leader: a liberal, even a rebel, but one whose entire career showed that he was certainly not a left-winger. Within hours of bidding his predecessor *bon voyage* to the safety of exile, Spínola had proclaimed the complete victory of the *Movimento das Forças Armadas* (MFA).

The euphoric atmosphere that reigned during the following weeks was understandable in a country which had suddenly freed itself from a paternalistic totalitarianism depending on an oppressed peasant class and a tamed proletariat with few rights or privileges. The Salazar regime had been a traditional fiefdom where a handful of landowners controlled vast estates many of which were put to little productive use. Control of the country's financial and industrial resources was held by a small group of wealthy families. An uncomplaining and cheap labour force attracted a steady flow of foreign investment and, in the final years of the Salazar reign and the short Caetano regime that followed, created financial stability. Close to a billion dollars was being sent home annually by Portuguese

working in other countries, notably France and Germany, and Salazar built up a huge gold reserve. Now all was changed: stability, repression, and rigid control suddenly were replaced by an unnatural impetuosity. Portugal, for generations essentially medieval in its life style, with a retiring, diffident, and self-effacing populace, suddenly found itself in the vanguard of progress.

During the spring and summer of 1974, the highest priority was given to getting out of Africa; colonialism had, after all, been Spínola's primary complaint against the old regime. Negotiations were begun leading eventually to an abandonment of Angola, Mozambique, and Guinea-Bissau followed by the return of Portuguese troops and civilians to the motherland in ever-increasing numbers. Spínola, who wished somehow to reach a compromise which would enable Portugal to keep its authority in the colonies during a lengthy transition period to be followed by the creation of some sort of Portuguese Commonwealth in Africa, was outraged to find himself helpless against the irresistible tide of emotion calling for a total abandonment of the new African states, leaving them to the tender mercies of local, well-organised communist armies.

In July the MFA, under the pressure of leftist officers and the Communist Party, nominated Vasco Gonçalves to the post of prime minister in a move that was clearly a victory for the Marxists and which began a period of leftist dominance lasting sixteen months. Spínola soon found himself losing control of the situation. More and more he took the position that Portugal was facing a threat to its safety and that some sort of informal citizen counterforce must soon make itself felt to prevent the advent of chaos and anarchy. In September, therefore, with the support of the right wing residue, elements of the Church, and much of the middle class, he called a meeting of protest by the 'silent majority'. The left, taking alarm, succeeded in intimidating the participants and prevented the meeting from taking place. Soon thereafter Spínola resigned in protest and was replaced by General Costa Gomes. The first phase of the Portuguese Revolution had run its course with the breakdown of the artificial alliance between Spínola and the young officers with whom he could no longer agree and who, for their part, no longer needed his name as a token of legality. By the end of the year, Costa Gomes had already become a legend of conciliation and compromise. Performing a delicate balancing act between the extremes, he was, in the main, successful, as proven by the fact that a final confrontation was avoided.

In December 1974 the Socialist Party at its first party conference announced that Phase Two of the revolution—the construction of a workers' society—had begun. In the keynote address, Mário Soares spoke as much to the democracies of the Free World as to his own people when he reiterated the fact that liberal parliamentarianism, not roughshod adventurism was the aim of his party. The Socialists, however, even this early in their struggle with totalitarian forces on both ends of the political spectrum, were in an embarrassing position. They were well aware of the fanaticism of the Communist leadership and the organisational power of its cadres. Of all the parties jousting for power, the Communists, reflecting

Álvaro Cunhal's Stalinism, were the most dangerous. As the times demanded more dramatic solutions than those traditionally offered by the conventional social-democratic parties of the West, Soares had to appear more radical than he really was.

In addition, the political right had gone underground for the moment. The followers of Caetano were biding their time, most of the wealthy landowners were in exile, others were in hiding, and no one could estimate their potential strength. On the other hand, Soares could count on the support of many middle-class voters who saw in the Socialists the strongest enemy of the Communists. For the time being, therefore, Soares felt safe in adopting a philosophy deliberately opposed to left-wing traditions: 'Reaction is not a figment of someone's imagination,' he proclaimed, 'and its manoeuvrings should not be minimised; on the other hand the simplistic myth that "reactionaries" are responsible for all of our ills . . . is an error that could be extremely costly to the new Portuguese democracy.'[1] The Socialists realised (as had Lenin) that capitalism was a harsh necessity in many areas of the economy, and they called for a master plan that would clearly define the areas to be under governmental control and those in which private enterprise would be free to operate without interference.

The inevitable breach between the Moscow-orientated Communist Party and the Socialists came early in 1975 over the labour union issue. Soares feared the Communist attempt to unify and centralise the unions was aimed at eliminating all non-Communist influence in these movements. On January 16 the Socialists denounced the so-called National Workers' Union and the lawlessness of its supporters: 'The atmosphere of politics by street demonstration and counter street demonstration is very dangerous . . . creating a climate of effervescence that aids only the forces of reaction and adventurism of the right. Certain elements on the left do not appear to be interested in creating a true democracy.'[2]

An attempted right-wing coup on 11 March, 1975 came at a most propitious time for the Communists and their allies. Misjudging the response of the masses and sadly overestimating the effects of a sudden blow against the regime, Spínola and a small group of cohorts attempted to overthrow the government, but were defeated before they ever got started. One or two dozen soldiers and a light plane or two was the most he could bring to bear, and within two hours the government was able to announce the destruction of the 'fascist plot' and the escape of its leaders.

Whatever may have been the purposes of the abortive attempt, its results could hardly have been worse for Portugal. All parties and interest groups except extreme reactionaries now found themselves united in a semi-hysterical determination to prevent a fascist takeover. The growing feud between Soares and Cunhal was put aside temporarily, while the bourgeoisie together with the Church and the monarchists, were cut off from political power positions. As an immediate reaction, the government precipitously announced the nationalisation of all banks and insurance companies—with immediate and chaotic results. The bureaucracy, through the banks, took over not only large industrial complexes but also companies and even family establishments such as restaurants and shops, thus becoming

directly responsible for over half of the economy without the necessary experience to determine overall policy. Thus, Portugal entered its most dangerous period with a lack of self-confidence in its own ability to stabilise its rocky economy; within a year it had become the sick man of Europe. Portuguese immigrants in Western Europe had ceased sending funds back home—a devastating blow since a major portion of the gross national income was traditionally the result of remittances sent by the 1,200,000 workers in Europe and America. And this at a time when gold reserves were plunging, tourism had all but ceased, and help from foreign countries was negligible.

The summer of 1975 was the most exciting, menacing. and fascinating few months of the entire Portuguese experience. The MFA was badly split among various political ideologies with the vociferous and colourful Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho beginning to stand out as the left-wing's most vehement spokesman. TV, radio and newspaper reporting was now dominated by the far left. American films and video shows which had previously dominated the airwaves had given way to East European documentaries, many of them flagrantly propagandistic, while radio broadcasts and newscasts took on a strong leftist slant. Lisbon became the scene of seemingly endless rallies, marches, and demonstrations.

Portugal was now all but written off as a lost cause by the West. Of little military value itself, the country was considered important because of the air base at Lajes in the Azores where American aircraft had refueled on their way to Tel-Aviv during the Yom Kippur War. It was mainly thanks to the Portugal of Dr. Caetano that weapons and supplies had been quickly made available to Israel to offset the Soviet challenge—and Dr. Kissinger was aware of the fact that no longer could he count on a sympathetic government in Lisbon. The cold war in the Middle East with its threats of further oil cutoffs made the seemingly inevitable loss of such a base all the more galling.

The 25 April, 1975 elections for local representation in the Constituent Assembly were held on schedule with the participation of an incredible ninety-one per cent of the electorate, and resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Socialists who garnered 38 per cent of the vote. Together with the 26 per cent won by the Social Democrats, the centrist forces acquired a solid majority while the Communists, able to win less than 13 per cent, found their influence badly weakened. They immediately took up a more militant opposition and gave tacit approval to a series of violent acts perpetrated by labourers, peasants and others. The most celebrated event of the immediate post-election period stemmed from the communist attempt to institute a state-controlled press, stamping out all sources of opposition. On 11 May the offices and pressrooms of the Socialist journal *República* were occupied by the workers and on 11 July the Socialists walked out in protest. A few days later Socialist rallies brought together 300,000 people in Lisbon and 150,000 in Oporto most of whom had been forced patiently to allow para-military leftists to check their papers on the roads leading to town. These meetings were the largest anti-communist protests ever held in Portugal and mark the opening of a virtual state of

war between the Socialists and Communists. As the former announced: 'There can be neither democracy nor socialism in Portugal if one political party can unilaterally proclaim a state of siege on another complete with barricades, violent aggression, and Molotov cocktails . . . or when it can through terrorism decide who may and who may not exercise freedom.'[1]

With the two leading political parties boycotting the Assembly, the MFA and its 30-member Revolutionary Council drifted helplessly while the position of Gonçalves had become untenable and calls for his resignation were coming from every quarter except the extreme left. The situation reached a climax when a group of twenty officers within the upper echelons of the MFA directed a letter to the President of the Republic wherein they challenged the swift communisation of Portugal, rejected the 'people's republic' as a model for their country, demanded Gonçalves' replacement, and called for a return to the ideals which had led the people to rebel against the old regime. 'Day by day,' read the letter, 'a breach is widening between an extremely minor political group (mainly consisting of part of the Lisbon proletariat and a part of the Alentejo proletariat) who believe in a particular type of revolutionary project and the rest, for all purposes, of the country.' The writers insisted that although they rejected a totalitarian philosophy they continued to stand for a socialist society:

> We are fighting for a political solution of the left and the construction of a socialist society—that is a society without classes, where an end will be put to the exploitation of one man by another—to be achieved maintaining the speed and rhythm conforming to Portuguese social realities so that the transformation can be a gradual one without pertubations, and peacefully. Such a goal can only be achieved if the Leninist theory of a 'revolutionary vanguard' imposing its political dogmas in a sectarian and violent way is opposed by an alternative strategy, that of a wide and solid block of support of a national goal of transition towards socialism. This kind of socialism is inseparable from political democracy.[4]

The letter, a political challenge of the first order, was followed by a final effort on the part of the Socialist Party and its allies to overthrow Vasco Gonçalves—an effort crowned with success at the end of August with his demission and the installation of the Sixth Provisional Government

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NOTES

1 Victor Cunha Rego and Friedhelm Merz, eds., *Liberdade Para Portugal,* (Lisbon: Betrand, 1976), p. 108.
2 Ibid., p. 229.
3 Ibid., p. 252.
4 Ibid., p. 260.

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REVOLUTION IN INDIA

by A S. Raman

1977 was an important year for India. Even more important than 1947, when India became formally free. The so-called socialist policies pursued by Nehru and his successors have only made the rich richer and the poor poorer. The economic gains for the weaker sections of the society have been only marginal, because the basic problems remain unsolved. Radical land reforms announced many years ago have yet to be implemented. Ceiling on urban property is still only the pious wish of the Congress politicians who are now out of office. Resuscitation of farming with the help of a large dose of effective inputs is only a mere talking point for professional planners. Abolition of casteism, communalism and chauvinism is confined to the rhetoric of ideologues. Basic necessities of life such as food, water, housing, education and medical drugs and, what is most important, an atmosphere of good will, peace and harmony are not in sight for the common man. Socialist planning has no doubt provided a strong infrastructure for the heavy industry. But one cannot eat steel and coal. The consumer is still at the mercy of the retailer and the wholesaler who know no ethics in business practices. Priorities, targets of production, specifications, formulations, processing techniques and marketing strategies continue to be determined by the few manufacturing families at the top and the giant multinationals who have the country's economy firmly in their grip. Statistics can be lies; but facts are facts. One of the facts of the Indian situation is that today more people die of hunger, sleep on pavements and are ready to fly at one another's throats in defence of a language, a caste symbol, a dogma or a small stretch of land than ever before. Another fact is that there are more Indians today than in any previous decade: in other words, —more cannon fodder for politicians and communal leaders.

This was the picture that India presented to the outsider before the non-Congress government started functioning in New Delhi. The picture is still the same, even today. But the further deterioration has been halted by all accounts. The name of the party that rules India today is Janata, which means just People. It is a conglomerate of interests and ideologies representing the extreme Right and the extreme Left. What unites the Janata leaders is not only their justified contempt for the Nehru family but their loyalty to that saintly Gandhian socialist, Jayaprakash Narayan, who brought them all together under one flag, gave them one ideal, one programme and one slogan—'The people are the real bosses!'—and organised them into one cohesive, dedicated team of self-respecting equals, committed to the welfare of the common man. The clock will not be set back, because the Janata leaders are all dyed-in-the-wool Indira Gandhi baiters and the Janata image is firmly enshrined in the affection of the people. To quote George Fernandes, an internationally renowned trade unionist and Minister for Industry in the Janata Cabinet:

> Mr. Nehru was a hypocrite for the most part. He talked of the poor and planned

> for the rich. His commitment to democracy was also a sham. He worked hard to see that his daughter succeeded him. It is my conviction that if he had had to face the situation in 1975, he would have acted no differently than she. Mrs. Gandhi is a small and petty woman. In her own words, she neither forgives nor forgets. She had no qualification whatsoever to become the Prime Minister of our country.

Fernandes was the leader of a conspiracy, hatched underground during the Emergency, with a view to overthrowing the Indira Gandhi government by spreading lawlessness throughout the country by acts of violence. In fact, the hard core of the Janata leadership consists of all the anti-Nehru forces, of which Dr. Rammanohar Lohia, now no more, was the most formidable spokesman, even when Nehru was alive. What the hallowed names of Gandhi and Nehru are to the rank and file of the Congress, Dr. Lohia and Jayaprakash Narayan are to the Janata party cadres. Even in the halcyon days of the Congress, there was a strong anti-Nehru bloc within the organisation and its leaders were Dr. Lohia and Jayaprakah Narayan who had no respect for Nehru's woolly, Fabian type of leftism, rooted in elitist theories and attitudes. But under Mahatma Gandhi's leadership they all agreed to differ and fought their common enemy: the imperial Britain.

In the earlier half of 1977, for the first time in the 30 years of its career as the ruling party, the 90-year-old Congress (Indian National Congress) was voted out of office at the Centre and in most of the northern states. The political drama took such a sharp turn that even the principal characters, the voters, did not realise what had happened. The scenario was true to form. It conformed to the norms of classical theatre, the good triumphing over the evil. The personal charisma of just one individual, Indira Gandhi, was overshadowed by the mystique of the masses. Mrs. Gandhi's reign of terror during the 19 month long Emergency had been such a nightmare that the people even began to praise openly the colonial British administration at its harshest. Raj Narain, the Minister for Health in the Janata cabinet, says:

> A review of the progress made during the 150 years of British rule and the 30 years under the Congress party, in many respects, would bring out the fact beyond an iota of doubt that the rate of progress during Congress rule was slower as compared to British rule. The rate of progress in respect of the opening of textile mills and sugar factories, construction of roads, railway bridges and culverts, tubewells, canals and big dams during the Congress regime was on an average lower than that during British rule.

No Indian naturally would like to have the British back in his country. But I suspect there is in every one of us a secret desire to see some of the pre-independence values and norms restored. Predictably, the British with an empire to protect followed double standards. They practised democracy at home and destroyed it abroad. However, in India, as in the other parts of the empire, there were certain traditions and precedents to go by and the British did not defile them. There was no freedom, but there was discipline. Not the sort of discipline Mrs. Gandhi enforced on the whole nation, except herself, her family and those close to her, during the Emergency. It was discipline, not for its own sake, but geared to a lofty ideal: rather, a com-

bination of noble objectives such as unity, integrity, efficiency and phased progress. It was performance-orientated. But for this, life in India would not have been the many-splendoured thing it was: the quality it acquired remains unsurpassed even after 30 years of independence. No wonder that the Indians in the pre-independence years could achieve so much in every field of human endeavour. It was the British who made it possible for the Tagores, the Ramans, the Ramanujams, the Amrita Sher-Gils, the Radhakrishnans, the Nehrus and even the Gandhis and the Jayaprakash Narayans to leave their footprints on history. The base and infrastructure of a new Indian society, despite the inevitable constraints that foreign rule imposed on the people, were clearly seen to emerge. Among the colonial powers, the British, judged by their record in India, were doubtless the most civilised.

Since independence, the emphasis has shifted from quality to quantity, from discipline to repression, from performance to rhetoric, from genuine creativity to mere exhibitionism, from substance to shadow, and from the sublime to the ridiculous. Careerism and commercialism at their crudest surround us. There is vulgarity everywhere. Not only vulgarity but vice and violence against which Mahatma Gandhi raised his voice of protest. As V. S. Naipaul perceptively observes:

> The observer, the failed reformer, is of course Mahatma Gandhi, great-souled, father of the nation, deified, his name given to streets and parks and squares, honoured everywhere by statues and mandaps (temple pavilions) and in Delhi by Rajghat, which the visitor must approach barefooted over scorching sand, his portrait garlanded in every pan-shop, hung in hundreds of offices, bare-chested, bespectacled, radiating light and goodness, his likeness so familiar that simplified to caricature and picked out in electric light, it is now an accepted part of the decorations of a wedding-house, he is nevertheless the least Indian of Indian leaders. He looked at India as no Indian was able to; his vision was direct, and this directness was, and is, revolutionary. He sees exactly what the visitor sees; he does not ignore the obvious. He sees the beggars and the shameless pundits and the filth of Benares; he sees the atrocious sanitary habits of doctors, lawyers and journalists. He sees the Indian callousness, the Indian refusal to see. No Indian attitude escapes him, no Indian problem. He looks down to the roots of the static, decayed society. And the picture of India which comes out of his writings and exhortations over more than thirty years still holds; this is the measure of his failure.

If we care to look critically at the socio-psychological facets of the problems that confront us today, we must honestly admit that the new India, which the Congress party tried to build during the 30 years of its uninterrupted rule, is the negation of everything that Mahatma Gandhi wanted us to persevere to achieve when we became free. The hypocritical attitude of the Indians towards the socially and economically weaker minorities—not only the oppressed Harijans (outcastes) and other neglected sections of the society but several others—points sharply to the hiatus that exists between pious Gandhian platitudes and sordid un-Gandhian practices. There is no dearth of edifying ideals: but face to face with the inconvenient realities of life the Indians have a tendency to run away from them. The phrase, brotherhood of man, is music to their ears, but a nightmare in real life!

So sooner or later the rot had to be checked. In 1972 Jayaprakash Narayan, who earlier in sheer disgust had retreated into political wilderness, found himself leading a genuinely democratic movement, which swept across the country with the impact of a total and irreversible revolution. Total in the sense that it was not only political, social and economic in its overtones but also fiercely moral and spiritual in spirit. Jayaprakash, now in his middle 70s, is an enigma, but he is not an irrelevance. He is one of the few legitimate inheritors of the Gandhian legacy. At the same time, he believes firmly in Marxism. He is a product of the academic discipline of the West; yet a worshipper of Indian gods and godmen. This is what he says about himself:

> Outwardly my career seems to be a puzzle, but inwardly I have been pursuing the same goal which I had set before me when I was young, and that is, (a) achievement of our country's freedom, and (b) establishment of a socialist society. Socialism differs from country to country. Socialism has something to do with life, how one lives one's life. And that means leading a simple life, leading one's own life, not exploiting others, not taking advantage of others. I don't think socialism can be brought about merely by legislation, by nationalisation and that kind of thing.

His critics think that Jayaprakash is confused and he is not capable of action. Of course they are wrong. Beneath his placid and unflappable exterior lies a volcano. During the freedom struggle, he escaped from the Hazaribagh jail and went underground. He secretly directed the anti-British operations with amazing success. And now he brings democracy to India by providing her with an effective two-party system. But for his dynamism and far-sightedness, Indira Gandhi and her hated caucus would have remained in power, unchallenged, for years.

Before independence and since, Jayaprakash had always been a critic of Nehru, who he thought was basically out of tune with the Indian masses because of his aristocratic background: Harrow and Cambridge sophisticated elan, woolly Fabian leftism and Marxist rhetoric with little Gandhian impact on his thinking or style of functioning. Jayaprakash and Nehru had always been in opposite camps. But, for many years after independence, JP, as the popular Gandhian socialist leader is known to his millions of admirers, decided to lie low with no intention of embarrassing the Nehru government which he felt must be given a chance to implement its socialist policies through normal democratic processes. What, then, induced JP to reactivate popular resistance to authority in 1972? His own shock at the continuing misdeeds of the Congress under the leadership of Prime Minister Indira Gandhi who, JP realised, inherited all her father's failings but few of his virtues. By 1972 her one-party rule had begun to acquire claws. It was slowly drifting into naked tyranny. With a massive majority in Parliament, the Congress government acquired unprecedented power which it utilised for self-aggrandisement. It now had a halo which gave it a touch of permanence. It went about destroying merrily all democratic traditions, norms and values. JP clearly saw that a major surgical operation was urgently needed. In 1972, immediate provocation came in the form of

unrestrained police terror in Bihar, involving many students who were either killed or seriously injured. With his selfless devotion to the cause of the consolidation of independence, JP thought that, though a sick, old man with one foot in the grave, he could still save India from further disgrace and humiliation. His democratic conscience deeply hurt, he could not remain a passive spectator any longer.

Immediately, he decided to act. He unleashed a whole generation of under-twenties—students, workers, teachers, clerks and others—and, giving them a distinctive identity, roused their righteous indignation against the excesses of the Congress governments at the Centre and in the states—governments which, though democratically elected, had lost their democratic fire and fibre. The popular revolt led by JP, which began in Bihar, soon spread to the other northern states and became a source of annoyance and embarrassment to the Indira Gandhi government. He had no intention at all of causing humiliation or harassment to her. He was only concerned to restore credibility and respectability to democracy. Meanwhile, in 1974, came the Allahabad High Court judgment pronouncing Mrs. Gandhi guilty of technical irregularities and corrupt practices during the campaign preceding the 1972 General Election in her own parliamentary constituency, Rae Bareilly, where she defeated the Socialist Party's candidate, Raj Narain, the present Minister for Health and Family Welfare, the inveterate enemy of the Nehru family. The Allahabad High Court also debarred Mrs. Gandhi from holding any elective post for a period of five years. A year later came the Emergency: on June 26, 1975. This was her reply to the Allahabad High Court. She at once put behind bars nearly 200,000 political detainees, who were in jail without trial during the Emergency which came to an end in 1977, just before the March parliamentary poll.

In a sense, India became only partially free in 1947. What actually happened then was the transfer of power from one set of bosses to another: from Britain's ruling class to India's political elite. The Indian masses did not feel liberated. For them it was a matter of a mere change of masters: the whites replaced by the browns.

Freedom would have become a reality to the common man, if the Indian National Congress, having achieved its objective of liberating the country from foreign domination, had voluntarily liquidated itself and re-emerged as a wholly service-orientated organisation, dedicated to the vital task of strengthening the roots of democracy by improving the quality of life at the base, i.e.—the village. This was Mahatma Gandhi's suggestion, but no one would listen to him after August 15, 1947. He firmly believed that the Congress was an anachronism in independent India. The Indian people had to wait for 30 years to see democratic values firmly and irreversibly established under the inspiration of a true Gandhian, JP, who has never sought office of any kind. What happened in 1977 was not the defeat of a political party at the polls, but the emergence of a milieu congenial to the flowering of democratic institutions in a healthy atmosphere. Here are a few quotes from Gandhi's writings which have an unnerving relevance to the post-

independence performance of the Congress under whose flag millions were ready to lay down their lives no long ago.

'Flower into a Lok Sevak Sangh (People's Service Organisation)' was Gandhi's advice to the Congress just two days before his assassination. The future members of the Indian National Congress, to be renamed the Lok Sevak Sangh, were expected to devote themselves 'to the elementary service and education of the villagers, particularly with a view to attaining local and regional self-sufficiency in respect of their primary needs, with an emphasis on the non-violent aspect of it', and to guide them 'in the proper and intelligent use of their voting rights'.

Gandhi said:

> 'Let it (the Congress) now proclaim to itself and to the world that it is only God's servant—nothing more, nothing less. If it engages in the ungainly skirmish over power, it will find one morning that it is no more. . . . '
>
> 'Let us forget about politics until our service is needed and the people cannot do without it. We cannot represent the millions until we have reduced ourselves to a cipher, effaced the self in us completely. . . . '
>
> 'The objective of the constructive work organisation is to generate political power, not to capture it. . . . '
>
> 'If the united constructive workers' organisation tries to go into power politics, it will be its ruin. Only by abjuring power and devoting ourselves to the pure selfless service of the voters can we guide and influence them. . . . '
>
> 'Take care of the root. Make purity the sole test. Even a handful imbued with this spirit will be able to transform the atmosphere. Purify yourselves of all dross, banish the very idea of capture of power and keep it on the right path. Therein lies the salvation of the masses. There is no other way.'

Gandhi's advice to senior Congress workers involved in the implementation of constructive programmes fell on deaf ears and the Congress reduced itself not to 'a cipher', but to a caucus, preoccupied all the time with power politics of the most sinister kind.

The basic material is good: that is, the people. They are honest, astute and generous. They are only waiting to be initiated into the sophisticated art of democratic functioning, and this will be possible only when the level of literacy rises and the standard of living goes up. Also, the political climate of the country must improve. It is the politicians who create problems. The two-party system is JP's greatest achievement. But will the Congress give it a chance? Having tasted power for 30 years, this thoroughly discredited party is reluctant to function responsibly in the unglamorous role of opposition. It is, however, clear that democracy, whatever the hurdles, will march in India: Mrs. Gandhi is no longer a threat to it. At any rate, the people are now aware that the power to destroy autocracy, however firmly entrenched, is in their own hands and no one can take it away.

[A. S. Raman, a former editor of the Illustrated Weekly of India, will shortly be contributing an article on the current political situation in India.]

POEMS

SUMMER STORM

The thundercloud, a maverick,
Moves athwart the prevailing wind.
We haver at the electric freak,
Hoping our acres keep unlined
By ribs of hail, a skeleton
Rattling through the haunted earth,
A fractured landscape, white with bone
And scattered vertebrae of growth.

Yet, storm or not, the drift will go,
The Maystream blossom, this year's draft
Demobilized to dullness. O
Stay, just for once, the season's theft,
Some hand arrest the sequence when
The flower rusts down to squalid fall,
Death's inchmeal, far more damping than
This babel-toned torrential.

CONTEMPORARIES

Schubert and Keats never one moment left
Composing, knowing how quickly death would come,
Their days on fire with life's Promethean theft.

Nussdorferstrasse and the Hampstead home,
Birthplace and dwelling, became a modern shrine.
We learn the legends of their equal doom,

Think of them both, drinking the same red wine,
Quite unaware how close their works were kin.

ROBERT GITTINGS

WINTER NEAR FEHMARNER STRASSE

The local trees have now
relinquished all their fingers and
display the networks of each hand
the chilly wind blows through.
Brown-feathered birds of summer have
gone out of sight, and I
see seagulls swooping by
to find what food canals and cities give.

Hunched on a railing, they
peruse the steel-grey waters where
barges have come to render their
heaped coal up for this city,
then as a huge alsatian bounds
towards them carelessly,
they extend wings and fly
across the waves to weeds, bent cans and rinds.

Even in my thick coat
of artificial fur, I feel
the wind come knifing for my soul
and whirling at my throat.
But unlike gulls I have a home
to stroll to when I wish,
ignoring the cold wash
of waves too small and choppy to make foam.

PHIL STANWAY

THE ARCHDUKE LOUIS SALVATOR IN MAJORCA

by Robert Rubens

EVEN to the average Spaniard, the island of Majorca has been shrouded for years in a haze of misinformation with a popular image shifting from the *isle oubliée* of George Sand's period to the 'fortunate isle' of the 1920s and finally to our current ideas of Majorcan packaged holidays in gleaming white hotels on swarming beaches.

But if you drive northwest from Palma along the road leading to Deyá and Sollér you soon discover an expanse of wooded, mountainous countryside with mellow stone villas and villages which are by no means forgotten and yet have not been spoiled by the onslaught of tourism. After the straight flat road from Palma, the traveller arrives at the foot of Majorca's mountain range and then drives through a steep gorge and into the pine woods, fragrant with gorse and rosemary. Although not an overpowering landscape, the gently sloping mountains and winding roads embellished with mounds of cascading red-velvet flowers have a cool and tranquil beauty of their own—not exactly Mediterranean and yet there is none of the glacially daunting atmosphere one can experience in such places as the Pyrenees or the Swiss Alps.

Gradually you ascend to the village of Valldemosa, perched on a high fold amongst the hills. With its cypress trees, Carthusian monastery and its domed baroque church tower glistening with turquoise-coloured tiles, this tiny hamlet sits there, perfectly intact, inscrutably dream-like and unscathed by the abuse which Madame Sand hurled upon it and its inhabitants in her overwrought and prejudiced account of her visit there with Chopin in 1838, *Un Hiver à Majorque.*

After circling Valldemosa there are just a few turns in the road before the first glimpse of the sea through a valley sheathed in carrobs, almond trees, olives and pines. Within a few minutes we come upon a stone farm house with a modest tower set in a scarp of the hillside just below the main road. Commanding one of the most dramatic views on the island, this house which is called Son Marroig was one of the several Majorcan homes of the Archduke Louis Salvator of Austria.

But before describing the house as it is today, it is important to know some of the background which helped to create the unique atmosphere of Son Marroig. His Imperial and Royal Highness, the Archduke of Austria, Louis Salvator of Hapsburg Lorraine and Bourbon was born in the Pitti Palace in Florence on August 4th, 1847 and died in his own castle, Brandeis in Bavaria, on October 12th, 1915. The Archduke first visited Majorca when it was still considered by many people to be exceedingly remote and more than a little uncivilised. That was in the 1870s when Louis Salvator was in his thirties; handsome, thick-set, erudite and clearly an unconventional younger member of the Austrian royal family. He had already spent years exploring the Mediterranean on his yacht, Nixe, and when he first

went to Majorca he used the pseudonym of the Count of Neudorf and travelled round the island incognito in a horse-drawn carriage until he discovered Valldemosa and its surrounding area.

Some time later he returned to the island, revealed his identity and bought the seventeenth century villa, Miramar (now a private residence but still owned by the Archduke's estate) and several other properties near Valldemosa including Son Marroig. Both of these houses have wonderful views, not only of the coastline, but of the strange little peninsula called La Foradada which curves out into the ocean and ends with a large and unaccountable hole pierced through its rocks and described by the poet Unamuno as '. . . the timid eye of a beaten dragon fleeing to bury itself in the sea.'

It is a well known fact in the area that La Foradada held an endless fascination for Louis Salvator and when a local peasant expressed surprise at the high price he had paid for his property, the Archduke replied, 'The value of the rock of La Foradada alone makes the price insignificant—I feel that I have been given a present.' Indeed in one of his early books about Majorca, *Summer Dreams by the Sea*, he described not only the orographic structure of the coast, but put special emphasis on the haunting, almost mystical quality of La Foradada.

Once Louis Salvator had settled permanently in Majorca he built a number of *miradors* (look-out points) on his vast estate, reconstructed the partially ruined Son Marroig (it had been pillaged by Berber pirates many years before) according to its original plans and he built a tiny chapel in memory of the thirteenth century Majorcan mystic and missionary, Ramon Lull.

By this time the Archduke had begun to study the legends and culture of his adopted island and for the rest of his life he devoted his scholarly gifts to the task of 'making the beauties of Majorca widely known.' He wrote many books on the subject including *Castles in the Rocks*, *What I Know of Miramar*, *The City of Palma* and his seven volume richly illustrated work, *The Balearics* which is still considered the most comprehensive and definitive study of the islands and deals with everything from their stormy histories to minute details of their food, games, songs and domestic implements such as the curious Majorcan bread baskets which are suspended from kitchen ceilings with a metal guard half way up their cords in order to ward off any greedy or hungry mice.

It is difficult to form a perfectly clear picture of the character of the Archduke, for we must first sift through the muzzy mixture of legend and gossip that has grown up around him over the years. But one fact that does emerge is that he was kind and generous and much admired by the local people. There is no doubt that he was devoted to his Majorcan mistress, Catalina Homar, who died at an early age and for whose family the Archduke provided with great generosity.

Louis Salvator was a dedicated patron of the arts and he encouraged many talented Spanish painters such as Anglada, Mir and Antonio Ribas

and Ribas's son. The works of these artists are still hanging in the main salon of Son Marroig and their landscapes—mainly of Majorca, faintly impressionist, yet distictly Catalan in feeling—seem now like mirror reflections of the Archduke's vistas of headlands jutting down into the sea.

Aside from contemporary paintings, Louis Salvator collected Pompeian, Phoenician and Roman pottery, some of which he excavated in villages throughout Majorca. He was also interested in the local *faience* which is a form of heavy majolica decorated in simple patterns of rich blues, yellows and copper-coloured lustre originating from the Moorish occupation of the island. His collection of early Majorcan pottery is still displayed on the walls of Son Marroig.

But it was not just the art, culture and physical beauties of Majorca of which the Archduke was so fond. He felt an affinity and affection for the islanders which he expressed when he said:

> The Majorcans are gentle, cheerful, open-hearted, companionable and charitable to the poor; faithful in friendship . . . extremely attached to their wives and children; very hospitable like all the Balearic peoples—this applies to rich and poor alike who all heap kindness and goodness upon the stranger and entertain him with their best.

Louis Salvator was never a coolly detached aesthete in Majorca. He was always intensely involved in the island and in its people and all his writing was enriched by the humanist warmth of his character.

In contrast to the studied perfection one sees in luxurious villas in such expatriate havens as Capri and the South of France, Son Marroig immediately strikes the visitor with its simplicity and natural charm. Having learned the islanders' custom of never overfurnishing their houses, Louis Salvator used traditional Majorcan furniture—simple pine-topped tables placed in the centre of the room, a few string-seated rocking chairs near the windows and some carved olivewood chests. His salon is large and lofty, but unintimidating. And although it includes much of his distinguished collection, there is nothing museum-like about it. Priceless objects and paintings are mingled with sepia snapshots of the Archduke and his friends smiling on his yacht and his first rough sketches of Miramar and La Foradada.

Although Louis Salvator was an internationally known scholar of the highest calibre, the unique quality in his work—the deeper dimension—remains inextricably connected with his love of Majorca. Much of the beauty of the island is essentially due to the hard work and foresight of its inhabitants. Layers and layers of stone terraces were built more than eight hundred years ago (before the Spanish conquest) to preserve the rows of olive trees which were planted at an even earlier date. The preservation of the forests, vineyards and almond groves has been the work of Majorcans for thousands of years and it would appear that this inter-relationship between man and the soil was one of the basic reasons for the Archduke's particular attraction to the island.

While other writers such as D. H. Lawrence, Robert Graves and, as already mentioned, George Sand praised the lush beauty of the island, they seemed to underplay the close link between the farmers and the natural elements. But it was the Archduke Louis Salvator who recognised this unity and did everything within his power not only to study and describe it, but to preserve it for posterity.

The anthropologist, Paolo Motegazza, in the dedication of his book, *I Caratteri Umani* (The Human Soul) described Louis Salvator as, ' . . . one of those rare men who have achieved the ideal in life: an ardent absorption in the beauties of the earth and the sky and with a profound goodness of soul'. And knowing what we do of the Archduke, it is not surprising that he was an avid pacifist. Thus the outbreak of the First World War came as a particular blow to him and it was an unfortunate irony that he happened to have been in Trieste at the time and was unable to sail back to the Balearics. It was a great sadness that Louis Salvator did not live to see the world at peace again or to return to Majorca.

In her excellent book, *With a Camera in Majorca,* Margaret D'Este describes the warm hospitality that the Archduke offered free to all travellers in his roadside *hospederia* and she explains how much he was missed by the Majorcans in 1908 when he had already returned to Austria. It is a tribute to this remarkable man that his taste and influence can still be seen and felt today, not only in Son Marroig, but along many miles of the exquisite coast which he helped to preserve.

The October issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The New Portugal* (Part Two), *The Way Ahead* by Charles R. Lefcourt, *Requiem for New York* by James Avery Joyce, *Marriage, the Church and Divorce* by Cecil Northcott and *Religion, Science and Philip Henry Gosse* by James Hepburn. *The Quarterly Film Review* has been held over and will be published in a later issue.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE DEATH AND LIFE OF THE EMPIRE

Farewell The Trumpets. An Imperial Retreat. James Morris. Faber & Faber Ltd. £9.50.

Evelyn Baring. The Last Proconsul. Charles Douglas-Home. Collins. £7.50.

Faith and the Flag. The Opening of Africa. Jeremy Murray-Brown. Geo. Allen & Unwin. £6.95.

The Great Mutiny. India 1857. Christopher Hibbert. Allen Lane. £7.95.

All four of these books concerning the Empire are of high quality. That of James Morris I would select as my Book of the Year (so far). *Farewell the Trumpets* and *Evelyn Baring* can be considered together quite easily, relating as they do to the twentieth century. The other two go back to the nineteenth. James Morris dates the decline of the Empire from the end of the Boer War, with its disillusioning British victory. Evelyn Baring was born in the following year (1903), son of the illustrious Cromer, founder of modern Egypt.

After an early period in the Indian Civil Service, he occupied lofty posts in Africa, from 1942 to 1959, finishing as Governor of Kenya. For nearly twelve years afterwards he was Chairman of the Colonial Development Corporation. He does not rate a mention in James Morris's book, though James Morris has reviewed the present first-class biography without enthusiasm. In Morris's terms we must see Baring as fighting a rearguard action, heroically no doubt, against the forces which throughout the present century have brought the Empire, peacefully and not so peacefully, to a close.

Baring was a member of the House of Lords for a good many years and a very charming one. But he played little part there, as Douglas-Home points out. My own clearest recollection of him goes back to my Conservative days at Oxford. The leading Conservatives at that time were giants. I am over six foot myself, but I was dwarfed by the quartet of Evelyn Baring, his great friend Roger Makins (now Lord Sheffield), Alan Lennox-Boyd (now Lord Boyd) and Scrymgeour Wedderburn (now Lord Dundee). When we trod The Pilgrims' Way to John Buchan's house at Elsfield, I felt like Dreyfus marching between four enormous gendarmes. (Hence my later conversion to Socialism?) An endless topic at the Canning Club was whether good government was better than self-government. I am sure that all my Conservative mentors considered that it was.

Evelyn Baring, more than any man I know in public affairs, achieved a true fulfilment. Trevor Huddleston, indomitable Christian Socialist, preached at his memorial service and would appear to regard him not only as a great and good man, but the best friend the Africans ever had. Yet it is obvious that he would have been violently unhappy if he had been asked to carry through the movement to self-government of Kenya that followed his departure and might have refused to do so. Douglas-Home calls him 'a man of Empire'. I am not suggesting that he was against self-government in due course, but I see him always in the spirit of the Canning Club of the 1920s as a good government rather than a self-government man.

Douglas-Home does not conceal the more obvious blemishes, the expulsion of Seretse Khama, the attempted cover-up of the Hola Camp atrocities, the secret and mysterious gift of £20,000 to the judge who found Kenyatta guilty. But he does not question, and nor do I, that these unattractive steps were taken

from the high motive of doing what seemed at the time to Baring to be in the best interests of the Africans.

I cannot begin to do justice here to James Morris's marvellous flow of vivid sketches. He is usually good on incidents and persons. (Milner and Curzon are masterpieces, so is Cairo, both during the war and at the time of Suez.) On his interpretation the Empire took a long time dying. By 1905 'the Boer War had cracked the British mirror. The Empire had grown too big for itself. It had seemed to most of its citizens invulnerable because of its very size, but now it seemed that it was size that made it vulnerable.' 'The fact is', said Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Prime Minister from 1905, 'we cannot provide for a fighting Empire and nothing can give us that power.' We had lost by then, or were fast losing, the acquisitive, or what James Morris would call the aggressive instinct. Nevertheless, our patriotism persisted as powerfully as ever. We still believed with Queen Victoria that it would be folly to abandon anything we owned. We fought to the death in two world wars and on paper emerged much stronger after the first and rather stronger after the second. Even after the 'loss' of India in 1947, we were breeding a race of colonial administrators with a new progressive approach to the welfare of the natives. Baring, for all his conservatism, fitted well into this era. But it was all at bottom illusory. Morris is less aware than I have been of the impact of the ideas of equality associated with the Labour Party in this country, and not with them alone.

Morris seeks to tell his tremendous story with the introduction of as few value judgments as possible. Perhaps one should say rather that he passes many such judgments, but leaves us to balance them one against another. He makes us conscious from the beginning that the fundamental question is whether it is ever morally right that one people should rule another. At the end we are left with the impression that it has long since become totally inappropriate. But nothing in his fine book is better than the way in which he insists that on the 'professional level of Empire the idea of service really was paramount'! There were other ideas much less elevating, but taken all round he enables us to understand how the imperial inspiration produced such vast exertions.

Jeremy Murray-Brown has selected five missionary explorers who figured largely in the opening-up of Africa in the nineteenth century,—Robert Moffat, Cardinal Lavigerie (of France), J. Ludwig Krapf (a German pastor), Livingstone and Stanley, to whom he adds General Gordon. What made them unique, he says, was their inner religious life. 'Which is not to say that they were every one of them saints, or even very likeable people.'

He brilliantly communicates his own sense of their spiritual legacy during his travels in their footsteps. Inevitably Livingstone, Stanley and Gordon dominate the picture. I confess that I had not realised the extent of Stanley's piety. Murray-Brown tells us that he found a confirmation in Livingstone that 'with religious conviction we can make real and substantial progress. Without it, progress is empty and impermanent.' Nothing is more poignant in the account of Gordon than the conflict between the experienced soldier, desperately in need of help, and the man who trusted God. Gordon always thought of death as being a release; living in the world, he said, was like being at school, and leaving it like going home for the holidays. 'Death is the glorious gate of eternity.' But from a professional standpoint, his defence of Khartoum was immaculate.

All Jeremy-Brown's main characters were linked by what he calls the enigmatic figure of David Livingstone. 'What', he asks, 'was Livingstone's work?' The world's answer was, and of course still is, to find the source of the Nile. If

this were really so, asks Murray-Brown, what more pitiful, what more absurd figure could be imagined? Livingstone's real work, as he himself once put it, was adventure for Christ.

Murray-Brown boldly concludes that 'the ultimate message of the missionary church was freedom, the freedom of Christ's empty tomb.' He argues that 'the missionary gospel carried with it a challenge to the very assumptions of the colonial state', and therefore paved the way for self-government. In other words these great evangelists promoted in the short run the materialist Empire for which they had little liking, but in the long run led on to its transcendence.

Any book by Christopher Hibbert is bound to be well worth reading. He retells the familiar story of the Indian mutiny with immense verve and exceptional fairness. It is a tale in which courage and cruelty are seldom separated, except among the women, whose courage can hardly be faulted. When we compare the atrocities of the Indian mutineers and the retaliation of the British, we can try to persuade ourselves that such things could not happen today. In Murray-Brown's narrative, Christian belief is joined to Christian conduct, but the British officers who repressed the mutiny possessed a strange idea of the gospels. Colonel Neill, for example, was 'a God-fearing man', but declared his belief that 'the word of God gives no authority to the modern tenderness for human life'. His methods and those of many of his colleagues can only be described as revolting. But the mutineers had set an appalling example.

Deliberately, no doubt, Christopher Hibbert allows a certain air of mystery to linger over the origins of the mutiny. In his conclusions he recounts various rival explanations. But in his final verdict 'the mutiny was not so much a national revolt as the culmination of a period of unrest, a last passionate protest against the relentless penetration of the West.'

For myself I cannot believe that horrors on this scale could have been perpetrated without the insistence of one people on ruling another and without a deep sense of racial conflict. The first has been mercifully disposed of, the second is still with us, though many have laboured during the present century to diminish it. In this sense I would hope that all four authors would agree that the British Commonwealth embodies a nobler aspiration than any to be found in the old Empire.

FRANK LONGFORD

THE MENSTRUAL PROCESS

The Wise Wound. Penelope Shuttle and Peter Redgrove. Victor Gollancz. £7.95.

This book was written because in 1971 Penelope Shuttle was suffering from premenstrual tension and Peter Redgrove, poet and self-styled psychologist, persuaded her to relate her dreams to her menstrual cycle. The style of writing is lucid and engaging. A major aim of the book, namely to free menstruation from its taboos and to open up the whole subject for wider discussion, is commendable. However, the text is so flawed in terms of scientific information and so packed with untenable hypotheses that it would be difficult to recommend it to the serious reader.

The first chapter claims to lay the 'scientific basis' of the book. A few quotations from it set the scene. The navel is compared to a 'round goblet' not big enough for wine. Every woman knows that she has 'two kinds of flow which come from her vagina—the River of Life and the River of Death'. Two types of 'love juice' are postulated—'the red and the white, the childless and the child giving'. Comprehension of the process of fertilisation is obviously lacking, 'the

Bodymind' of the woman being cited as a factor responsible in the selection of the fertilising sperm. Medicine is castigated for 'not understanding' the female menstrual cycle, although advances in this area in the past two decades have been striking. Fatuity and sheer irresponsibility reach their apogee when attempts are made to argue that the ovarian and uterine cycles are different, that women are mere 'hormonal robots', that the voluminous and carefully documented world literature about the length of the menstrual cycle is inaccurate and even that a woman's child can resemble her lover and not its real father.

In a chapter entitled 'The Menstrual Epidemic', the style becomes even more colourful. In the premenstruum, the woman is likened to a 'primed bomb'; she is treated by her family like 'a walking sickness that turns milk sour'; she has an 'evil eye'; she becomes a virtual pariah.

Dysmenorrhoea (painful menstruation) is a miserable complaint causing great suffering. But the authors grossly exaggerate its incidence, and the recent advances in its management—by more powerful analgesic drugs, by mixtures of female hormones, by prostaglandin inhibitors—are studiously played down. There is a lengthy and repetitious section about the respenctive roles of psychological and organic factors in the causation of dysmenorrhoea and premenstrual tension. Individual views, often bizarre and incapable of confirmation, are exhaustively aired: no new data are presented.

The remaining chapters are grounded in mysticism and metaphysics. The moon and tides are implicated; folklore is reviewed; witchcraft and witchhunts graphically described. Horror films are also considered and towards the end of the book the plot of *The Exorcist* is described with lurid detail.

Shuttle and Redgrove have missed a magnificent opportunity. Menstruation remains a subject which is still shrouded in mystery, prejudice and male chauvinism and which, above all, requires dedicated and professional research. Had their presentation been more objective and their approach less naïve and sensationalist, the book could well have constituted a classic in this particular field.

JOHN A. LORAINE

INDIAN ART AND THE WEST

Much Maligned Monsters. Partha Mitter. Oxford University Press. £12.50.

It was high time that a work of serious criticism was produced on the subject of European reactions to Indian art. It is a topic which has fascinated writers on art, religion, philosophy and anthropology in the West from the days of Odoric and Mandeville in the fourteenth century onwards. Whereas Western thinkers came to live with Islamic civilisation, however, from close acquaintanceship, on terms of much fuller understanding, the relationship with Hindu thinking and therefore Hindu art remained a much more complicated one. It was not until the nineteenth century and Hegel that any attempt was made to integrate Indian art into a pattern of a unilateral kind and it is only comparatively recently that Indian scholars have begun to study the subject of occidental analyses of oriental art on anything like a systematic basis.

Dr. Mitter's book is an excellent introduction to this particular field. It tends perhaps to make an assumption of a closer knowledge with Indian religion than most readers could readily claim and an appendix setting out the background to the various cultures and sub-cultures revealed to western eyes during the course of centuries of contact with the sub-continent would not have come amiss.

Certain aspects of *Much Maligned Monsters* (though not the rather trendy title) reveal a close link with its origins as a work of university research and it is overloaded with footnotes and unprovided with a glossary for the ordinary reader. Once one accepts that Dr. Mitter's book is going to be hard going in the first place it is certainly fascinating and illuminating reading for anyone who takes the trouble to get into it.

As I wrote this phrase, I realised that there could be a risk that it could deter even the intelligent, enquiring reader from getting to grips with what to most of us is a comparatively unfamiliar subject. I hope it won't. Dr. Mitter's book *is* hard work but it is also extremely rewarding. It is clear from the author's introduction that he has been considerably influenced by the work of Sir Ernst Gombrich and it is in the admirably pragmatic and broad-based method of interpretation of the Gombrich school that his study of the particular subject has been written.

The reception of Indian art in Europe presents, as Dr. Mitter rightly claims, a striking case study of the cultural reactions of a particular society to an alien one. He might almost have added 'a particularly embedded' society. Western aesthetic standards from the middle ages to the present century have developed as a close amalgam of the classical, particularly Greek tradition and Christian religion principles, which resulted at its most eccentric in Gladstone's attempts to co-ordinate the *Iliad* as a sort of pre-cursor of the Bible. The very strength of Christian influence on the arts in western and eastern Europe generally, joined with an assimilation of classical achievement as its immediate predecessor, made for a difficult situation when it came to a logical reaction to an indigenous civilisation as strong as the Hindu culture with which the Europeans were confronted as a result of the intervention, at first commercial and later on an increasing political level in India. As Dr. Mitter reasonably points out, Mughal art presented no such problems. As Colnaghi's recent admirable exhibition of the painting of this tradition showed this 'reflected a taste which could be understood in the West.' Hindu art was different. Elephanta, Ellora, Mamallapuram stood as vast challenges to those who came upon them. They represented a wholly alien culture, based on its own form of mysticism, closely involved with a totally different basis of artistic representation and highly tinged with eroticism.

The initial reaction of Western observers was to try desperately to align this civilisation with what they already knew. They looked for links with Alexander and Greek influence in India, they sought comparisons between the *linga* and the Greco-Roman phallic cults. They even attempted to write off the basis of Indian civilisation as a barbarian because a 'pagan' culture. As late as Hegel, Indian art appeared the ultimate expression of dreaming irrationality to the ostensibly well co-ordinated western mind.

There were, it is true, honourable exceptions to this. The Dutch missionary Abraham Rogerius, who spent a decade on the Coromandel coast in the first half of the seventeenth, showed far more intuitive sympathy than his contemporaries and many of his successors with the fundamentals of Indian art and his *The Open Door,* published at Leyden in 1651 is a work of remarkable perception. In the eighteenth century scholars like Maréchal, d'Hauconville, Richard Payne Knight and Charles Dupuis attempted to re-assess Indian sculpture, in particular in the light of a broader and more humanistic approach. But it was not until the development of a proper understanding of the Indian aesthetic texts through the work of indigenous scholars like Rám Ráz in the nineteenth

century that Hindu art came to be accepted in western eyes as something *sui generis* and not an exotic and one-off manifestation.

The shrinking of cultural boundaries has been the hallmark of art historical scholarship in the present century. We are now much more acutely conscious that we are part of a world which has contained many and differing civilisations which can by no means be judged on a basis of comparative standards and which must be accepted as having very different standards of the beautiful and the sublime. Once this fundamental truth is realised it becomes equally important in developing the comparatively new study of art historiography that we should come to understand how this relatively slow process has come about. *Much Maligned Monsters* is an important, if pioneering, attempt to approach a field which tells us as much about our own civilisation as it does about the rediscovery of Indian art.

ERNLE MONEY

LOUISA MAY ALCOTT

Louisa May: A Modern Biography of Louisa May Alcott. Martha Saxton. Andre Deutsch. £7.50.

There will be those who will staunchly resist the psychological interpretations of this rather fine biography by an appropriately-named American woman writer. This will be a pity, since on Martha Saxton's one central analytical nexus, all the ramifications of the book devolve. At every turn, moreover, those interpretations are corroborated by the revealing journals of Louisa May Alcott and her mother, Abigail May.

Mrs. Saxton's style, a powerful and vigorous version of the alternative English which yearly grows in strength, may alienate those who would otherwise appreciate its felicities, such as, '*Little Women's* great appeal is this tidy justice. Every good action is etched in gold leaf and hung in the museum of God's memory.' Furthermore, it is at the very threshold of her book that Mrs. Saxton audaciously risks the loss of a proportion of her readers by a bold and imaginative shaping device by which the first chapter, without biographical antecedent, analyses the major work, *Little Women,* and immediately relates it to Louisa May Alcott's circumstances, revealing a paradoxical life-situation which frankly amazes. Such is the power of the central irony of the tension between Alcott's writing and life that only the most diehard will desert Mrs. Saxton. One is not surprised to read in the author's notes that this first chapter is the product of more than two years' thinking.

The rigidly dualistic upbringing (which is therefore comforting to the reader) of the four March sisters, the 'little women', for whom 'Every sorrow and act of abnegation brings an unexpected reward in love and self-esteem', turns out not to be based on a family life of Alcott's that was sweet and inspiring. Perhaps one should have guessed. *Little Women* is rather an Emersonian idealisation, a model of what should have been, a re-creation of herself in terms that would please a father who was awful indeed, for whom little womanhood was a kind of diminution, a quenching of flames. Louisa, of course, is the tempestuous tomboy Jo. Bronson Alcott, who was a self-proclaimed saint, a misunderstood educationalist and a mediocre Transcendentalist, was adept at reducing the self-esteem of his wife and daughters, and at confusing their concept of their sexual roles. He was a dastardly and unrepentant non-provider for his family, so that Louisa had to abandon the passive, feminine mode for which he praised her and to which she was, anyway, not suited, and to save the family literally

from starvation by her writing. As 'little man' of the family she was never free to marry.

A more orthodox chronological biography to soothe the aforesaid diehard flows from and through this rich and disturbing material. It is a full and absorbing contribution to modern nineteenth-century biography.

MOLLY TIBBS

AN IMPORTANT STUDY OF NINETEENTH CENTURY BRITAIN

Britain in the Early Nineteenth Century. A. D. Harvey. B. T. Batsford Ltd. £13.50.

In the past thirty years, historians have written a great deal about the history of the eighteenth century particularly the reign of George III. Spurred by the pioneering work of Sir Lewis Namier, they have argued over the endless question of the nature of the Constitution and of politics. Debates have been waged in journals and in books—debates to which the Atlantic has proved no barrier —over the role of George III and the effects of the American and French Revolutions.

Other historians have been busy, perhaps even busier, in debates about the Victorian period. What was the effect of the Reform Act of 1832 or the repeal of the Corn Laws? Was Chartism a realistic threat to the stability of Victorian England? How did religion or Ireland or the Empire affect Victorian Britain? All of these and many other topics have unleashed scores of articles, theses, monographs, and all the other paraphernalia of modern scholarship.

Yet between these battlegrounds of historians, as on most battlefields, there exists a no-man's land. The period of the first decade of the nineteenth century has been almost totally ignored by academic historians. True, Sir Arthur Bryant has retold in characteristic vigorous and colourful terms the heroism of the national struggle against Napoleon. Yet the precise glare of detailed scholarship has not fallen on this era. Thus it is welcome to have this splendid study by Dr. Harvey. His scholarship and his ability as a writer are known to readers of this journal. He has written what must long remain a standard account of the crucial decade in which Britain stood virtually alone in the battle against France.

The book is divided into three parts. In the first, Dr. Harvey sets forth the basic factors which influenced the political life of the period. He discusses the role and life of the aristocracy who so dominated the era. It is, of course, crucial to see the importance of family and social life in the politics of the time. He also shows how the working classes lived and how they were influenced by the French Revolution.

He shows how each faction in the different groups produced their own propaganda. Those who are more used to the type of polemic waged by E. P. Thompson in *The Making of the English Working Class* will be amazed at the calm tone in which Dr. Harvey discusses similar topics. This is not to say that he does not take issue, and indeed most persuasively, with some historians who have allowed political dogma to replace historical scholarship.

The second part of the book contains the central work which is a study of the different administrations of the period. He begins with the fall of the first Pitt Government in 1801 and the administration of Henry Addington. He examines each of the governments until the assassination of the Prime Minister, Spencer Percival, led to the beginning of the long government (and most excellent government) of Lord Liverpool.

One of the great strengths of this section is Dr. Harvey's familiarity, based on his doctoral work, with the family politics of the Grenville connexion. This small "party" was composed of various members of the Grenville family and their allies. The main politician was William Wyndham Grenville, later Lord Grenville, who had been Foreign Secretary under his cousin, Pitt, and eventually became Prime Minister. The head of the family was his elder brother, the Marquess of Buckingham. Dr. Harvey shows how this small group played an important part throughout the period.

He maintains that the central issue of the period was still the question of the royal prerogative. It was after all the question that drove Pitt from office in 1801 when the King refused to make further concessions to Irish Catholics. It was also to bring Grenville's "Ministry of All the Talents" to a similar end. Some may think that Dr. Harvey, at times, over-emphasises the importance of this one issue but it is very welcome to show that the monarchy still had considerable power and the skill to use it.

The final section of the book examines the policies that the different governments followed regarding the war and the economy. While this part may be of less use to some general readers, it is very well done. Again we can see the large role that the Grenville "party" played for they disagreed with Pitt about the purpose of the war against France. Where Pitt saw it as another of the long series of rivalries between England and France, the Grenvilles (much influenced by Burke) saw it as a war against the "armed doctrine" of Jacobin revolution.

This is indeed a very important book. It will set both the end of the eighteenth century and the beginning of the nineteenth in better perspective.

RICHARD MULLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Writers' Favourite Recipes. Corgi Books. £1.00. In her selection of a large number of varied recipes, some supremely simple, others alarmingly complicated, Gillian Vincent has done the cook and the ordinary reader a valuable service. Dedicated attention to culinary excellence will be rewarded by attempting some of the more exotic dishes, while for anyone determined to keep out of the kitchen, the various comments and quotes provide an entertaining 'read'. The illustrations are apt and humorous and offer further diversions. *Writers' Favourite Recipes* has been published on behalf of the National Book League as part of a drive to increase membership.

The Technique of Screen Play Writing. Souvenir Press. £2.50. In this extensively re-edited and enlarged version of an earlier publication, Eugene Vale offers a comprehensive guide to the difficult task of writing and presenting film scripts. In *The Technique of Screen Play Writing*, sections on *The Form, Dramatic Construction* and *The Story* cover most aspects of the preparation of the screen play and provide much valuable and interesting information for film-goers as well as professional writers.

CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

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Charles R. Lefcourt

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Lord Banks, C.B.E.

REQUIEM ON NEW YORK
James Avery Joyce

RELIGION, SCIENCE AND PHILIP HENRY GOSSE
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THE NEW PORTUGAL

Part Two: The Way Ahead

by Charles R. Lefcourt

THE fall of the Gonçalves government in the summer of 1975 brought to an end the period of left-wing domination in Portugal. Under Pinheiro de Azevedo, the new Prime Minister, the Socialists were successful in channelling internal politics towards a reasonable evolution and away from the previous rush to state and worker control. The far left, however, replied to the new turn of events with strikes, anti-governmental agitation, and in some cases physical violence. While this transition period was certainly precarious, it was also exhilarating: 'Lisbon today is probably the freest and politically most vibrant city in the world', reported Bert Cochran in *The Nation*. 'Free speech, free press and free assembly are practiced with a zeal and dedication that one will not find duplicated in the United States or elsewhere in Western Europe'.

The period was climaxed by a dangerous series of manifestations. During one protest, the Salazar Bridge south of Lisbon was blockaded by wounded war veterans, some of them in wheelchairs, all of them left-wing sympathisers. On another more ominous occasion the entire Constituent Assembly meeting in the Government Palace was held prisoner by a force of thousands of strikers and workers who attempted to bring down the administration through pure intimidation. Azevedo, however, proved master of the occasion and the left realised that if it were to move it would have to do so quickly.

The excuse for action was Azevedo's dismissal of Saraiva de Carvalho from the leadership of COPCON, the military police force of the MFA, after he had given a series of anti-governmental speeches. The left now had the cause it believed popular—save Otelo!—and acted precipitously. The move came on November 25 in the early morning hours when units of the parachute training unit at Tancos occupied several air bases and captured their commanders. By one in the morning the call had gone out to all underground units within the Portuguese armed forces. At the same time the headquarters of the air force in Lisbon was seized. At 4.30 Costa Gomes declared martial law. During the afternoon the rebels managed to occupy several important points in and around Lisbon including radio and TV

stations without, however, touching off a general revolt of the army or the proletariat.

Major left-wing leaders, notably Cunhal, hesitated to throw their support to a movement so ambiguous in its goals; thus, a split developed between extreme radicals and the Communist Party. The former were not slow in issuing bitter recriminations accusing the Communists of betraying the people. The affair was actually a poorly-organised uprising of lower echelon soldiers rather than a mass movement. It came as a result of the decreased discipline and mounting insubordination throughout the Portuguese armed forces (leftist soldiers had begun publishing their own newspapers and distributing them within the barracks, while cases of commanders being relieved by their subordinates and put into confinement were becoming common) rather than as a spontaneous people's movement.

By 11.30 p.m. the situation was under control, the lines of communications reopened, and Costa Gomes was able to appear on national TV with his cabinet in an appeal to the remaining rebels to surrender. During the following twenty-four hours the attempted coup collapsed. For the first time, the radical left was isolated; in the following weeks and months its leaders either fled, were jailed, or simply disappeared. Radical students retreated back into the classrooms, while the young foreigners who had come to lend their hand in the establishment of a workers' state found they were no longer welcome. With this major crisis behind it, Portugal was at long last sure of its route and of its ability to control its own fate.

During the winter and early spring the electoral campaign for the April 1976 elections picked up impetus, but although the country was in dire need of peace and quiet, acts of violence, especially in the northern provinces, continued unabated. During the month of January, for example, there were over sixty reported incidents in the North—most of them directed against the Communists. A continuing series of bombings and arson demonstrated that the reactionaries, too, possessed their quota of fanatics. In addition, small landowners, many of whose holdings had been expropriated by government decree, had formed their own association and were angrily demanding immediate return of their property. Caught in a runaway inflation and incensed by the bungling inefficiency of the collectivisation attempt, these now began increasing pressure on the government.

While the political stability of Portugal was now recognised, the economic situation remained worrying. With gold reserves dwindling, foreign investors loath to risk capital, featherbedding endemic, the wine and cork industries having a bad year, the tourist trade still bad, and the economy strained by the flood of refugees from the East African provinces, Portugal finally began receiving some aid from the West. The Azevedo government stemmed the nationalisation process and reversed the land reform movement even to the point of ejecting illegal squatters from some of the land they had seized.

On April 25, 1976, two years after the Revolution, Portuguese went to the polls to elect representatives to the Assembly of the Republic under a

new constitution guaranteeing freedoms they had not had in fifty years. Fifteen political parties were involved, but as usual only four were of importance. The Socialists ended up garnering 35% of the seats and the Communists 14%. Of six and a half million registered voters in and out of Portugal, 86% voted—down slightly from the previous year but still spectacularly high by Western European voting standards. The Communists were strongest in the agricultural and backward Alentejo Province where they won between 40 and 50% of the vote, and weakest in the North and central industrial Catholic areas. The Social Democrats were also successful in the centre and North (Beira Alta and Minho Provinces) while the cities of Oporto, Coimbra, Portalegre and Faro were strong adherents of the Socialists.

On June 27, elections took place to elect a new president. General Ramalho Eanes, who had gained popularity for his energetic leadership during the November rebellion and was one of the signers of the Letter of the Twenty, rose from relative obscurity to win with the backing of the three most powerful parties, gaining almost 3,000,000 of 4,881,000 votes cast. The hero of the radical left, Otelo Saraiva de Carvalho, who had been held for interrogation after the November incident, pulled many votes away from the Communists and ended up with a surprising 16%, mostly from Lisbon, Alentejo and the city of Setúbal. The strength of the left was approximately 24% of the voting population.

The Thermidorian period of the Portuguese Revolution began with the two elections in the spring of 1976. The ideological and philosophical basis for the nation became stabilised in a democratic-socialistic state combining the principles of freedom of thought and liberty of action with a rejection of totalitarianism. Government control of large sections of the economy is balanced by important enterprises such as tourism (hotels taken over by the government during the early days were returned almost without exception to private owners). Eanes stands for order and discipline, while at the same time seeks to alleviate the conditions of the oppressed lower classes. Forty-one years old when elected, he had previously been army chief of staff during which time his principal aim was to raise the prestige of the armed forces which had sadly declined with political troubles. It was he who said, 'The Portuguese people shall have their democracy and shall be proof against any attempt at a dictatorship'.[1] A career soldier filled with the sense of tradition so dear to the Portuguese, he carried with him on his overseas assignments a copy of Camoes' Luciades, the national epic celebrating the glorious days of exploration and discovery.

Shortly after his election, Eanes appointed Mário Soares prime minister. Until December 1977 when he was forced to resign as the result of a no-confidence vote, Soares consistently (many say stubbornly) refused to form a coalition. Those who believed his refusal to do so was based on mere political considerations were obliged to re-evaluate him during his year and a half in office. In the electoral campaign of spring 1976 he made the following statement to which he has attempted to adhere ever since: 'Our party resolved in yesterday's meeting to present itself alone at the elections

and to make no type of alliance. It will not ally itself with the Communists for reasons that are well known. The Communist Party has not given us sufficient signs that it has accustomed itself to a democratic state, but neither will we ally ourselves with the right—specifically not with the Popular Democrats'.[2] Soares thus relegated his government to a minority status due to his fear that the Popular Democrats, then under the leadership of Sá Carneiro, was slowly but purposefully adopting a policy contradicting the ideals of democratic socialism; in short, Soares continued to play his opponents off against one another, relying on their fears of an eventual relapse into a resuscitated dictatorship to prevent their organising an effective opposition against him. On numerous occasions he dangled before the Popular Democrats (and even the Communists) the possibility of a coalition if and when they demonstrated their adherence to a political-economic theory more in keeping with the tenets of the Socialists.

In October 1977, during a series of local speeches held in various Portuguese cities, he reiterated his reluctance to form party alliances although he appeared to keep the door open by hinting strongly that what was needed to bring the economy to its feet was a 'national consensus' with a 'platform of orientation which would serve as a basis for the development of Portuguese society'. In late 1977, Freitas do Amaral, leader of the Social Democratic Centre, a middle-of-the-road party with ties to the Christian Democratic parties of western European countries, called for new elections in 1978, presumably hoping that dissatisfaction with the speed of the recovery would lead to a loss of ground on the part of the Socialists. In the preceding summer he and Sá Carneiro had formed a so-called 'democratic convergence' in an attempt to pool their votes and put an end to Soares' divisive tactics. Together the two parties controlled eight more votes in the parliament than the Socialists.

The fall of Soares was the result of the opposition of these two parties coupled with the Communists. Soares' inspired political jockeying—playing off one side against the other and pragmatically shifting allies as the situation warranted—could last only as long as the opposition considered this less dangerous than a direct challenge to the Socialists. In December 1977 this moment came and the Soares government collapsed. The ministerial crisis which followed, ended late in January 1978 with the formation of the Second Constitutional Government. Mário Soares was again prime minister, this time, however, presiding over a coalition with the Social Democratic Centre—a marriage of convenience whose chances of success appeared tenuous, although both Soares and Freitas do Amaral were certainly united in their passionate support of democratic government and their determination to pull Portugal out of the economic doldrums. Soares declared that the construction of a Socialistic state was now an objective and that the economic recovery of the country would have to take precedence; this seemed an initial consequence of the more conservative attitude of his new political partner. Between them the coalition held a clear majority of twenty-three votes in the National Assembly.

The threat of the 'democratic convergence', i.e. the linkage of the CDS

with the PSD (Sá Carneiro has stepped down from the leadership of the latter but could move back swiftly if the situation warranted) remains alive and will undoubtedly grow if the new coalition fails in its efforts to streamline administrative policies, change the tax structure, create Portugal's first national health and welfare services, reduce inflation to manageable proportions (as of April 1978 according to the Portuguese Bureau of Statistics it was running at a rate of over 20% per year) and most particularly, regain the people's confidence in the future.

Immediate progress of the Portuguese economy will be the result of on-going negotiations with the International Monetary Fund, the success the government has in procuring foreign loans, and its ability to convince the workers and farmers to adopt the long view rather than insisting on dramatic wage increases. The income tax will have to be radically altered to assure that the wealthy pay their just share. Scandals within the Socialist Party have led to the proposed formation of a new judicial body empowered to investigate and take action against corruption within the government. It would appear that the ex-Prime Minister was correct in observing recently that what the people long for is 'a government that will rule with authority and firmness though not with authoritarianism'.[3]

Portugal today shows signs of a very languid recovery coupled with dangerous weaknesses in several important areas: gold reserves continue to dwindle, balance of payments remain negative, the escudo, despite several devaluations, is weak, agricultural reforms have ground to a halt, and an intense malaise reigns in the industrial sector. On the other hand, political freedom has become a commonplace, and the country can now be considered a staunch ally of the West as well as a trustworthy NATO participant. There appears little fear of the old regime's regaining power in the foreseeable future. Already many of the pre-1974 leaders are back, and even ex-President Américo Tomás, perhaps the most detested representative of the old days, was allowed to return this summer to spend his declining years on his native soil.

Portuguese living outside the mother country have increased their remittances so that by late summer of 1977 the amount sent home had already surpassed that of the entire preceding year. Final figures for the year show an increase from 26,655,000,000 escudos in 1976 to 43,312,000,000 in 1977. An influx of Dutch, Spanish and Belgian tourists raised the number of foreigners entering Portugal during 1977 to over three million compared with 2,180,000 the preceding year. As the escudo continues to drop, Portugal is rapidly becoming one of the cheapest as well as one of the loveliest vacation spots in the world. Although intermittent strikes among city workers as well as a serious challenge of the government's land reform policies in the Alentejo are problems requiring immediate solutions (chronic shortages of food staples such as beef, milk, and codfish can be traced at least in part to the inefficiency of land use since the Revolution), without the debilitating burden of colonial wars to weaken it, Portugal could be ready to recover from its earlier economic excesses and emerge, if not a rich and powerful country, at least one which could offer its people new hope,

new security, and a more equitable sharing of wealth: without doubt, the resources exist, but whether that aspiration can be realised depends very largely on surmounting the crisis following the dismissal by President Eanes of Dr. Soares and the election of little-known, 55-year-old Alfredo Nobre da Costa as Prime Minister in his place. Not by any means universally welcomed in his new appointment, Senhor Nobre da Costa, despite his business and industrial experience, faced a truly daunting task during his brief term of office and a question-mark still hangs over the ultimate composition of a new government.

NOTES

[1] 'The New President of Portugal', *Anglo-Portuguese News* (Monte Estoril), July 30, 1976, p.1.

[2] Victor Cunha Rego and Friedhelm Merz, eds., *Liberdade Para Portugal* (Lisbon: Bertrand, 1976), p.279.

[3] *Anglo-Portuguese News*, February 10, 1978.

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A DECISIVE ROLE FOR THE LIBERAL PARTY

by Lord Banks, C.B.E.

A GENERAL Election is just around the corner. It will not now be in October. It must be before the end of 1979. The most striking fact about a British General Election is that it is a lottery. A political party may increase its votes and lose seats. It may poll less than half the votes and end up with more than half the seats. It may poll millions of votes and get scarcely any representation.

If all those who voted for defeated candidates in a British General Election, and they are often more than half those voting, had stayed at home and not voted at all, the result would have been just the same. They do not help to secure any representation for the political party of their choice.

There are in the present House of Commons 119 M.P.s who would not be there if the seats at the October 1974 General Election had been allocated to parties in proportion to the votes cast.

Liberals believe that it makes a mockery of democracy to go to all the trouble and expense of a General Election, while using a voting system which grossly distorts the voting strengths of the political parties and heavily penalises substantial minorities. The 'first-past-the-post' system now in use bolsters the confrontation, swing-of-the-pendulum political system which has been so damaging in these post-war years.

This so-called 'two-party' system, with two political parties, one representing capital and management and the other representing labour, facing each other across a great divide and opposing very often for the sake of opposing, is not conducive to national unity and sense of purpose. One party in office undoes the work of its predecessor. Policies lurch from one extreme to another and as the pressure of events proves too strong for ideological considerations, U-turns abound.

When the Labour Government lost its overall majority in the Commons in March 1977, the Liberals suddenly found themselves in the position of holding the balance of power. They saw that they could get away from confrontation style politics of the kind outlined above. They saw the opportunity to prevent further socialism, to promote some specifically Liberal policies and to save the country from a right-wing Government under Mrs. Thatcher. They seized that opportunity and, as a result of talks between the Prime Minister and David Steel, Leader of the Liberal Party, the Lib-Lab Pact was born.

As a result of the Pact, the Liberal Party exercised both a negative and a positive influence. Negatively it prevented the Labour Government from embarking on any more socialist measures. The change in the character of the Labour Government after March 1977 was most marked. Before that date the Liberals in Parliament were opposing socialist plans. After that date there was no socialism to oppose. The Government was prevented from introducing legislation on the lines of the Bullock Committee majority report which would have made the Trade Unions the sole channel for the

election of employee directors. Liberals stood firm in support of all the employees, whether union members or not, taking part in the elections. Similarly, the Liberals prevented the Trade Unions being made the sole channel for the election of 50% of the Trustees of Occupational Pension Schemes.

Positively, the Liberals secured by the Pact the inclusion in the Government programme of a number of items of Liberal policy. A reduction of the tax on petrol in the interests of rural areas, consumer representation on the new Post Office Board, reduced National Insurance contributions for the self-employed, tax incentives for profit sharing in industry, income tax reductions and help for small businesses were among the measures so included. Improvements were secured in the devolution plans for Scotland and Wales. The Government accepted the need for a strong policy on competition as a protection for the consumer.

One object of the Lib-Lab Pact from the Liberal Point of view was to bolster the Labour Government's determination to maintain an incomes policy. The Labour left wing as well as Mrs. Thatcher and the Tories were against it, yet in the event it has been successful in considerably reducing the rate of inflation.

That record shows what can be done when political parties, in spite of very real differences, co-operate together. But the present voting system militates against such co-operation. A system of proportional representation would allow political parties to co-operate without loss of identity or fear of spoiling each other's chances.

The ultimate aim of the Liberal Party is to form a Liberal Government, but we recognise that on the way to that goal it may well be necessary to share power again with one of the other two parties, either with another arrangement like the one with the Labour Party or by participating in a Coalition Government. But the introduction of proportional representation must be an essential condition. It was the failure of the Labour Party in the Commons to accept proportional representation for direct elections to the European Parliament which led to the termination of the Lib-Lab Pact.

May I conclude by underlining three areas of policy where Liberals will have a special contribution to make in the next Parliament, whether or not they do so in co-operation with others.

Firstly, there is a need for a new constitutional settlement in this country. Constitutional changes are taking place, but they are being dealt with in a piecemeal fashion. Local government was reformed before regional government was considered. Devolution for Scotland and Wales was tackled without any decision about devolution for the regions of England. Local government re-organisation was settled before any decisions were taken about the future of local government finance.

The Government have provided for the direct election of members of the European Parliament without determining what their relationship to the Westminster Parliament should be. They talk about abolishing or reforming the House of Lords but have given no thought to the part that House might play in linking both regional government and the European Parliament to

Westminster. Electoral reform and the reform of Commons procedure should be seen as further items in the overall package of political reform.

We Liberals advocate a federal system for the United Kingdom with a Bill of Rights and a written constitution which would link all these elements together.

Secondly, Liberals want to reform the welfare system. Liberals laid the foundations of that system when they introduced old age pensions, unemployment insurance and health insurance. We have fought for its extension and improvement ever since. We resist the attacks that are made upon it. We believe that the benefits are essential and often inadequate. But the system has become hideously complicated. We believe it can be simplified and improved through the gradual introduction of a tax credit system.

Once the tax credit system was fully in operation, all income tax personal allowances and all social security and national insurance benefits, except a residual supplementary benefit for the few who would fall through the net, would be turned into tax credits.

All income from the first pound would be liable to tax. Where the tax liability exceeded the credits, there would be a payment in. Where the credits exceeded the tax liability, there would be a payment out. Child credits, as with Child Benefit today, would be paid to the mother. Other credits would be added—a student credit to replace student grants, a housing credit to replace all current reliefs on housing, age credits and a disablement credit.

Thirdly, Liberals are essentially internationalist. While we recognise that there is much to be done at home to put our economic house in order, we are very conscious of the fact that we cannot conquer unemployment and inflation on a purely national basis. The EEC is the largest trading entity in the world. We must pool our resources within the Community and tackle our problems together. In the wider world the Community must uphold in every way the multi-lateral free-trading system and resist protectionist pressures which, if unrestrained, must lead to decline and disaster.

We believe that if inflation and unemployment are to be successfully attacked, balance of payments problems must be eliminated. That is one reason why we urge economic and monetary union in the EEC. Our one fear about the Bremen proposals is that they may not go far enough and may be too restricted and too tentative to succeed.

If the Liberal influence on these lines is to be effective, and if some degree of co-operation and give-and-take between parties is to be established, then electoral reform must be the priority. And if electoral reform is to be achieved, the largest possible Liberal vote at the General Election will be required.

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MARRIAGE, DIVORCE AND THE CHURCH

by Cecil Northcott

BY the small majority of seven, the Church of England General Synod at its July 1978 session, at the University of York, rejected a proposal by its Marriage Commission to permit 'a divorced person with the bishop's permission to be married in church during the lifetime of a former spouse.' A breakdown of the voting is an indication of how evenly balanced the Church of England is on this contentious issue. The bishops voted in favour by 25 to 13, the Laity 89 to 88, with the Clergy saying 'No' by 112 to 92.

The debate in the Synod was based on a report presented to it by the Marriage Commission set up by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York in October 1975 'to examine afresh the Christian doctrine of marriage and the marriage discipline of the Church of England . . . and to report on the courses of action open to the Church in seeking to promote in contemporary society the Christian ideal of marriage as a life-long union between husband and wife.'

The Christian Church in all its varied traditions gives great prominence to its teaching and practice about marriage, and in England 77 per cent of first marriages are solemnised in church, with 51 per cent in Anglican churches, and 26 per cent in Roman Catholic and Free Churches. These were the figures of 1965. Ten years later in 1975 the figures had dropped to 68 per cent overall, with 49 per cent Anglican and 19 per cent 'other' churches.

Various reasons are offered by the Marriage Commission, under the chairmanship of the Bishop of Lichfield, the Rt. Rev. Kenneth Skelton, for the decline in church weddings and the increase in register office weddings:

> It may in part be explicable in terms of a decline in religious belief and practice. It may relate to a desire for simplicity and low costs, since a 'church wedding' is still thought of as a major social occasion of a traditional kind. It may relate to the increased attractiveness of register offices, where music and flowers are now often introduced to enhance the dignity of what was formerly often a very perfunctory occasion. All that can be said with certainty is that register office weddings have become marginally more popular with couples marrying for the first time, but that over two-thirds still seek a Christian marriage ceremony, and half seek an Anglican ceremony.

Marriage as an institution is therefore still popular and the church is still the most favoured place for the wedding ceremony with its solemn vows and life-long undertakings. In 1972 there was a peak figure for marriages reaching 426,000, but with the falling birthrate the 1975 total was 381,000.

But looming over these figures is the fact of divorce and the leap upwards of the divorce figures which in 1961 totalled 25,000. By 1975 they had reached 121,000 divorces made absolute, and 140,000 fresh petitions filed. The coming into force of the 1969 Divorce Act has no doubt been the chief stimulant in the rise of the divorce rate. Adultery is no longer required to

achieve divorce. A simple separation of two years is enough to dissolve the compact as a proof that the marriage has irretrievably broken down.

The church has had to face this situation in a new and realistic manner, recognising that the 'state of holy matrimony' is a high calling that large numbers of people enter into with sincerity and truth. Yet even these 'ideal' marriages break down, and often become long drawn out years of bitterness and wedded misery. It was these reasons, and similar ones, that led the Church of England to support the 1969 Divorce Act, believing that a new era of pastoral work could open up in the field of marriage guidance and marriage counselling.

The Marriage Commission says:

> However cautious our approach to the statistics, we are left facing some harsh facts. Many marriages do break down. Many children have the experience of a broken home. Marriage after divorce is increasing rapidly and is usually a secular ceremony. The problems have grown substantially more acute in recent years. We need to ask how the understanding of marriage has changed, what conditions militate against fidelity in marriage and stability in family life, and whether marriage, despite all the evidence of failure, is still a central institution in our society.

While the 'ghastly divorce statistics' (as the Bishop of Lichfield called them) are a depressing sign of modern life, there is another side to the marriage-divorce problem which suggests that people today have a higher expectation of marriage. 'It is', Bishop Skelton said to the Anglican General Synod, 'a conception which emphasises "mutuality" and "sharing" and a belief that "in marriage each partner can become more fully himself or herself while contributing to the growth of the other".'

In the Bishop's opinion, the vast human problem which is opening up as the result of the study of the divorce statistics is a challenge to the church. The New Testament teaching on divorce and chastity is 'stern' and cannot be watered down. 'Our Lord was asked a question about divorce. It was asked in the context of current controversy on the subject and he gave an answer which appears to be uncompromising. And Christians today, as in all ages, have come to terms with his words. Most interpreters believe that St. Matthew's account shows the church beginning this process of interpretation.'

This interpretation is going on at the present time as the church wrestles with the New Testament, as in St. Matthew's Gospel (Chapter 19) where Christ boldly states that he who 'divorces his wife commits adultery'. In the Commission's opinion 'Christ was calling his hearers to get their basic idea of marriage straight. He intended his words to be taken with the utmost seriousness. Marriage is for life. Husband and wife form a new kind of unity. Divorce is as destructive of this unity as adultery.'

The Commission commented further on the teaching of Christ that it

> establishes the character and moral norm of marriage. From this point of view divorce is as unthinkable as adultery. So too is the whole idea of marriage breakdown. Nevertheless, the unthinkable can happen. Marriages can and do break down. The church has to proceed from doctrine to discipline. It has to

> obey the stern ruling of Christ and the church, but at the same time seek to repair the damage done by repairing a broken situation consistent with the mind of Christ.

In trying to establish a doctrine of marriage fit for people in the twentieth century to believe in and practice, the Commission said:

> Marriage is an order of natural love which reflects, and, at its deepest, participates in the order of divine love. God's love is creative, self-giving and utterly faithful. Married love can be the same. It is open to grace. Our sexual and erotic natures may be seen as a providential opportunity given to us by God for learning more and more of the life of love in all its heights and depths. Marriage will be purified and deepened when it is undertaken 'in Christ'. The love of husband and wife for each other will at the same time be a love for God in and through each other and a love for each other in God.

What, then, is the church to do when these high ideals of marriage are tarnished by the breaking of the marriage vows, and a disregard of the counsel and pastoral care available through the ministers of the church?

> In spite of the fall in the number of marriages in church, the Church of England in particular, as the national church, continues to reach a remarkably high proportion of couples with all that this affords in terms of pastoral responsibility (says the Commission). This responsibility, extending far beyond those who are regular church-goers, is one of the primary means by which the church promotes in contemporary society the Christian ideal of marriage.

The church has a responsibility towards the Christian doctrine of marriage, as contained in the Scriptures, and Christian dogma, and it must also be aware of married people themselves as they set out on the perilous journey of the married state. If as many as every other marriage breaks down, it is all the more important that marriage itself should be well defined and the procedures of help and advice known and understood.

If, as it is said, divorce has lost its stigma and is no longer regarded as a social sin, then the divorced need the pastoral care of the church all the more. Adultery is no longer 'the unspeakable' as it is no longer used so frequently to obtain a divorce as it was before the 1969 Divorce Act. It is also generally believed that a 'third person' is not involved in most divorce proceedings which now proceed in a civilised, orderly manner between two people who each want to be free to start a new life.

All this provides for the church and in particular the parish priest a field of pastoral service which is potentially more fruitful than in previous generations. But can the church also provide the ultimate gift of allowing a divorced couple to be married in church after it has been proved beyond human doubt that they wish to begin married life again with the blessing of the church?

It is this proposal that so far the Church of England has felt unable to provide for very understandable reasons. How can it preserve the integrity of marriage in a world of easy divorce if it throws wide its altars to those who have failed to keep the most sacred of vows? But having said this, the church knows that the mind of Christ would be compassionate and loving towards the couple concerned and give them the full support of the church and its sacraments.

The Roman Catholic Church has the system of *nullity* whereby the marriage is declared non-existent, and the Free Churches approach the issue by giving the minister the right to decide on his action. Even in the Church of England, it must be remembered, every parish priest has the authority to marry a divorced person in church, and many do so. But the majority hesitate because the traditions of their church are against such a marriage. It was this situation that led the Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Mervyn Stockwood, to issue a statement, earlier this year, giving his full blessing and support to those priests who felt they should conduct such re-marriages.

So the Church of England remains divided and somewhat distraught while the 'hungry sheep' look up and are not fed with the full rations of the Gospel. The Marriage Commission itself was divided but it did come up with the decision, by a majority, 'that the marriage of divorced persons in church should be solemnised by the use of one or other of the existing permitted orders for the solemnisation of marriage, with the addition of an appropriate invariable preface'. By only seven votes at the July 1978 General Synod in York this recommendation failed to secure general approval, an indication of the division within the church. The fact that 38 of the 43 diocesan bishops also voted in favour of marriage in church is a deeper indication of the episcopal attitude, and of their readiness to consider each case on its merits.

There is a growing group within the Church of England that would like to see an Anglican counterpart of the Roman Tribunals that deal with divorce problems but this is an un-Anglican procedure which is not likely to be adopted. Divorce and how to get married again, with some aid from the church, will remain a pastoral problem for the bishop, the priest and the applicant. Meanwhile, the Register Office and the Service of Blessing hold the field, and indeed even won acclamation from the Bishop of Durham. Speaking in the July 1978 Synod, Dr. Habgood described, with some enthusiasm, his own method of dealing with applicants, of which he got about 200 a year. He called it the 'Four Star' treatment, based on the civil marriage in the Register Office followed by a Service of Blessing in church. This is the Anglican compromise in which the Law is respected and the Church remains unsullied by asking for vows to be repeated that have already once been broken. It may be 'Four Star' but can it ever be 'Five Star' without the full marriage service for those who wish to begin married life again? This is the Anglican dilemma which the Archbishop of Canterbury told the Synod still causes him agony of mind and spirit.

[Dr. Cecil Northcott is Religious Affairs correspondent for the *Daily Telegraph*.]

THE WHITE FEATHER

by Terry Tucker

MY bedroom was so full of sunshine when I awoke this morning that even the colour of the turquoise eiderdown shimmered faintly back from the ceiling, giving the illusion of a secondary heaven. As I threw the pillows back into place and shook the eiderdown, a feather detached itself, to float languorously to the floor and lie, like a streak of white paint, on the green wall-to-wall carpeting. An ordinary and frequent happening—and yet—I find myself gazing at it as if mesmerised; and suddenly I am sitting on the floor holding the tiny white feather between trembling fingers while a scene unrolls itself before my mental vision as vividly as it ever flashed upon my consciousness sixty-four long years ago. And who would not wish to have been alive, and less than twenty years of age, at a time when the very atmosphere seemed to vibrate with the promise of the world progressing to its highest pinnacle of perfection? The spring-tide of our hopes surged within us.

But now it is August of 1914. . . . A slim young man and I are crossing sunlit St. Thomas's Square in Ryde, at the top of Union Street where it merges into the High. As we reach the opposite pavement and he protectively slips to my right on the curb, I try to subdue my exuberance and walk sedately as a young lady should rather than the tomboy I still truly am. The Solent now lies behind us; I long to turn for a last glimpse—but no! even that would be a breach of good manners. At least I can look up at the loved face beside me; not often do I have Kingsley to myself. Usually his brother Tarik accompanies him.

They are both just down from Cambridge. One early evening I had walked between the two tall brothers along the sands below the seawall. The air was warm, caressing, the Solent so calm that only the faint susurrous of its frilly edges on the beach broke the peaceful stillness. They talked to each other across my head though somehow happily including me. Unbelievably, it was a game of chess they vocally played—one of the series Kingsley had been chosen to play some months earlier for his University against the House of Lords.

'Your choice.'

'White. My first move. Pawn to king's 4.' And so it went till suddenly, at his fifth move, Tarik cried, 'Check,' smiting Kingsley between the shoulder-blades. Bemused, I listened to their voices and their laughter, and watched the waves along the beach.

But today I have him to myself. Our relationship is, to outsiders, a most ludicrous one. I am a little in awe of his brains and scholarship, his status as Senior Wrangler, and his five years' seniority to me. But actually he is my nephew. That absurd relationship—which of course seems entirely normal to us though astounding to outsiders—stems from the fact that my revered father had ten offspring by his first wife before marrying my mother

—who was younger than any of her step-children—and starting a second family. The word 'aunt' was taboo with us since it had little similarity to its accepted use.

Somehow the air is electric with excitement, this lovely mid-August day of 1914. A great surge of patriotism and dedication swept our very beings. I glance westward as we cross the Square, to the old Theatre building and, beyond it, in the depth of trees, to Lind Street with its squat church and smart Town Hall. The clock in the latter starts chiming the hour as I search my mind for suitable small-talk. Across St. Thomas's Square, a giant pointing finger, presumably that of Lord Kitchener, now Secretary of State for War, dominates a poster with the flaring slogan: 'Your King and Country need you.' Suddenly I shiver. Is Kingsley sad—apprehensive—joyful—I am wondering distractedly as the full realisation hits me that this is a last time —that tomorrow he will leave to take up his commission and soon be off to France where, we have been told, any young subaltern's life expectancy in leading his men over the top is reckoned at less than three weeks. We never own to having heard this. He is one of the privileged—and privileges are ungrudgingly paid for in unstinted service.

He glances down at me, his face softening. 'We've had some nice walks, kid', he comments briskly, his gaze crossing mine and alighting on Mears' pastryshop window. 'What d'you say to our buying up some of those rock buns and taking them home for tea?'

At this moment, a smart young woman interposes herself between Kingsley and the shop door. She says something I can't catch and he, stopping dead, removes his hat and holds it courteously to his breast. At that, she holds her hand out to him, palm upward, saying very distinctly: 'This is for you, I think.' Stunned with surprise, I see that she is presenting a small white feather.

He looks her very directly in the eye. Stooping, he takes the feather from her hand. 'Thank you. I shall keep that', he says, and, while she stares at him before passing self-righteously on, places it carefully within his wallet. Taking my arm for the first time he ushers me up the shop steps and, lightheartedly, we choose our cakes for tea.

Inwardly I am seething. What right has a woman to *demand* that men fight to protect her? What does she know, in any case, as to what the men she prejudges are committed? But one glance at something stirring behind Kingsley's usually untroubled eyes, makes me keep my mouth shut.

I am becoming a little alarmed at the possibilities inherent in this final outing. I want it to mean something special and yet—how shall I behave if Kingsley, abjuring his usual inhibitions and reticences, talks of 'last times' —of the chances of non-survival—or even of his mother who had died at his brother's birth? But the decisive putting away of the white feather in his wallet seems to have released his sense of the absurd. He even laughs aloud and, taking my arm again—a most uncharacteristic gesture—expresses the pious hope that the man we had distantly noticed in the sea off Ryde pier had been rescued in time by the nearby rowboat.

'Yes, they seemed a bit slow pulling him out,' I said, 'and what did the boatman call out as they pushed off?'

'Didn't you hear? "Give him a scare that he may drown", he shouted. "Who knows? It might even be Lloyd George!" That joke's a bit stale by now I'd have thought—but you know how some people are on Old Age Pensions and National Insurance!' Light-heartedly we walk on home.

A bird starts suddenly in the thick creeper above the porch, scuffles noisily for a moment, then falls silent. Abruptly I am aware of the still-warm scent of the garden flowers. The early evening wind has dropped and the still-pellucid sky seems to stretch to all infinity. Merely to be alive is—yes—very heaven.

'Perhaps we weren't meant to be happy', he says, not looking in my direction and fumbling with the door-handle as we stand on the steps, 'we were born at the wrong time'. I stare up at his averted face and draw a deep breath. 'You mean—you mean—your children—when you marry—will—maybe—have a better chance of happiness?' But does each generation only build toward a desperate hope for a better time to come for the next? I wonder frantically.

He turns his head completely away and seems to be gazing at the now-darkening sky. 'Happiness? Well, I suppose I'm not really speaking of anything so fugitive.' His voice is unexpectedly urgent: 'I wanted to pass on everything I've felt and thought about the magnificence of merely being alive. Happiness is only an accidental by-product of everything worth-while. . . . Perhaps now I'll never get the chance.' Suddenly he turns, I feel the weight of his arm upon my shoulders. 'Well, kid,—I'm counting on you to pass some standards on if I don't. So don't you let any of us down.'

'No—never,' I stammer; but am relieved to hear him laugh and call, 'Sorry we're late. We've got some cakes,' in his usual carefree voice, freed of the bitterness and urgency. Yet with piercing joy I realise that for once we were attempting to speak truth to each other—even though no-one can remain for long on such a level of communication.

* * *

Two of the khaki-clad young subalterns who got shot down like rabbits when leading their men over the top—killed within a few days of each other as it happened—were Kingsley and his even younger brother. I was in my bedroom when my mother told me; looking apprehensively at my face, her mouth contorted with woe, her voice breaking, she said: 'I know, darling, he was always like a brother to you.' She was frightened, too, for her own young sons, my brothers, already heavily involved.

But I surprised myself. My first feeling was almost one of exultation—certainly of pride. I pitied my mother that she should mind. Donning my Red Cross apron I was thinking, without much sense of sorrow—if such as we could make no sacrifice, mankind as a whole would breathe a harsher air. I suppose I was in a state of shock.

It must have been a couple of days afterward that (just as has happened

today, so many years later) a white feather detached itself from a pillow and floated to the floor. And suddenly I found mself seated on the boards, head against the mattress, my whole body racked with terrible sobs.

No, I am not a Women's Lib. woman. The white feather incident rankled too much—especially when I am reminded, as today, of this old pain that now is just a story. But it is a story whose truth is evidenced in Lincoln Cathedral's stained glass window in memory of those two young men who gladly laid down their lives more than half a century ago.

[Terry Tucker, artist, novelist and historian, is a regular contributor to *Contemporary Review*.]

The November issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *The Theatre's Revolving Mirror*, a survey of the British Repertory Theatre Movement by J. C. Trewin, stage historian and drama critic for *The Illustrated London News; Iran: A Culture Challenged* by Peter Avery, specialist in Iranian politics and literature: *New Dimensions of Security in North East Asia* by Richard Sim, Researcher at the Institute for the Study of Conflict, discussing the changing constellation of power in the area with particular regard to the growth of Soviet influence, the forthcoming Sino/Japanese Peace Treaty and the recent changes in Korean relations; and *Soft Zlotys and Quangos*. In this, the first of his new bi-monthly series of articles, John Elsom, the author and broadcaster, describes his recent visit to Poland and his conversation with four officials from the Department of Finance. These discussions, so learned as to be virtually incomprehensible even to those taking part, illustrate how liberals and communists can be at cross-purposes, even when both are determined not to cross swords. *Editor.*

REQUIEM ON NEW YORK

by James Avery Joyce

THE U.N.'s Special Session on Disarmament in New York (May 23-June 28) from which I recently returned, was notable for two opposite and distinct reasons: on the one hand, it did precious little to bring the major war-blocs closer together; on the other hand, it provided a common platform for the small and middle powers—particularly the African—to consolidate a programme of what is called nowadays 'detente'; and it also proved to be what Americans call a *bonanza* for a wide variety of non-governmental organisations (NGOs).

This latter phase was summarised in a few sentences by Leopold Senghor, President of Senegal, when he said his country wanted co-operation with all peoples, whatever their ideology. It considered that peace was the *sine qua non* of development. All of Africa, including South Africa, should become non-nuclear. A new specialised agency should be created to monitor, by satellite and other means, the manufacture of all nuclear weapons. He called for a tax on armaments to be levied on all States, amounting to 5 per cent of the arms budget and using the proceeds for development assistance.

This positive and creative approach was in sharp contrast to the generally negative and evasive arguments advanced by the alleged super-powers. In fact, the chill from growing tensions between the Soviet Union and the United States—the two central contributors to the world arms race—seeped into the Special Session, which coincided with a build-up of rhetorical tension between the United States and the Soviet Union over suspected Soviet/Cuban military involvement in Africa.

It also coincided—deliberately, it was assumed—with the NATO summit in Washington that focused on ways to bolster European defences against the 'Soviet threat'. President Carter delivered a speech in Washington—*not* in New York—that expressed great hope for the SALT talks underway between the two countries; but then he firmly reiterated his recent criticism of the Soviet's 'disruptive behaviour', and warned that the resulting tensions could 'complicate the quest' for solid arms agreements. These outside political developments had a depressing effect on the mood of the Session and on its chances for achieving real progress toward world disarmament.

However, the reaction from delegates varied greatly. 'I think there is a very bad atmosphere here, and it is not favourable for the Session', commented one Soviet observer. He was particularly upset by Mondale's speech, in which the Vice-President attacked the Soviet military build-up. Yet 'I don't think it's having any effect at all', countered an American observer. 'What is having an effect is the number of other negotiations going on simultaneously; this distracts from the Session'. So a number of delegates stressed the importance of keeping the Session work 'entirely separate' from outside developments, and brushed off concerns about the aggressive

political content of a number of speeches made before the Session.

While some African delegates said that they were 'preoccupied' with the development of events in Zaire, where the Carter Administration had accused the Soviets of backing Cuban military support to Angolan rebels, others said that they 'weren't paying attention' but were concentrating on the task at hand. 'Of course everyone is talking about it. All the surrounding countries can't help but be affected', said one delegate from north-west Africa. 'Africa has always been a pawn for the superpowers, and it still is, only now the game is much more dangerous'.

'Let them say what they want', retorted another delegate from Northern Africa. 'People don't understand Africa. The superpowers don't speak for us. We only want to be left alone to work out our own future'. But since the U.N. never closes its windows and doors to the world of political reality, the major nuclear powers (including China) used their speeches to indulge in mutual rhetorical mudslinging. The Cuban Vice-President specifically challenged as 'lies' the Carter Administration's accusations of Cuban involvement in the Zairian conflict. 'It's the only thing people are talking about in the corridors', commented one U.N. observer. 'The timing was all wrong for this Session, and it can't help but have an effect on its outcome'. He was right.

That was the way the Session opened. And the sense of hopelessness that anything significant would be done towards *disarmament* grew when it became clear that both President Carter and Leonid Brezhnev were boycotting the Conference. Yet, as the Session gathered speed (as Doctor Johnson would have said) 'cheerfulness' kept breaking through. A good deal of this cheerfulness—and some radical proposals—came from three distinct groups of participants: United Nations experts and officials, delegates from small and medium countries, and the ubiquitous non-governmental organisations (NGOs) who were given a special place on the agenda.

This is how Bradford Morse, Administrator, United Nations Development Programme (UNDP) expressed the main objectives of SSD: 'What we are really talking about is how to make it more difficult for human beings to destroy one another, to acquire the means to do so, and how we might divert a part of the resources now devoted to potential destruction into building a world where everyone can live in decency and dignity.'

The UNDP Administrator went on to assert that it seemed strange that we must cite evidence today that ploughshares were far less costly, far less hazardous and far more productive than swords. The effort to have *both* guns and butter is a self-defeating one. It is clear that development progress depends on a healthily growing global economy. This means an economy capable of generating an adequate volume of goods and services at affordable prices. Yet the large-scale production of arms and the widespread commerce in weapons are demonstrably detrimental to the achievement of such an economy.

The basic reason for this is that armaments production draws heavily on available natural resources—particularly energy reserves and raw materials

in short supply. It also puts severe strain on technological resources, absorbing 50% of the world's outlays for research and 50% of the world's scientific and technological manpower. Military expenditures are, moreover, perhaps the most inflationary element in the global economic mix. Military production diminishes rather than adds to the supply of things needed for everyday living, while at the same time expanding purchasing power. The diversion of tax revenues from socially useful production—compelling the average citizen to turn over the equivalent of four years of his lifetime income to military use—exacerbates the problem.

Contrary to popular belief, the top U.N. Administrator pointed out, military spending is *not* an efficient device for employment. Every billion dollars spent on education creates about thirty thousand more jobs than the same amount spent on defence; and similar ratios apply to spending for housing, health care, mass transit and other key public needs. Yet, in spite of these facts, massive arsenals do not augment security: they imperil it. They create an atmosphere of anxiety, suspicion and competitiveness as nations feel themselves increasingly threatened by the military might of other nations, 'trapping the world community into a dangerous see-saw game of catch-up'. And, so far as deterrence is concerned, it should be enough to recall that the Nobel Peace Prize is named for a man who preached that his invention of dynamite would make war too frightful to contemplate.

It is not feasible to summarise the major positions taken by the 146 national delegations. The SSD was not a 'negotiating' conference, so a good deal of flexibility was shown in the discussions, though the adamant inflexibility of the big powers reminded me of Senor de Madariaga's comment on the First World Disarmament Conference in Geneva in 1932 (when, incidentally, this observer was present): 'They all came to Geneva to disarm —each other!'

Among the plethora of documents issued under the agenda items were those concerned with the review and appraisal of the present international situation in view 'of the passing need to achieve substantial progress in the field of disarmament and the close interrelationship between disarmament with peace, security and economic development.' Their focus was the adoption of a Programme of Action, including in particular the convening of a world disarmament conference, which would have plenipotentiary powers.

Viktor L. Issraelyan of the Soviet Union pressed for a World Disarmament Conference as the best forum to examine disarmament problems and make recommendations. The non-aligned countries favoured the idea, he remarked. Partial disarmament measures, such as nuclear disarmament, reduction of conventional armaments and renunciation of the use of science and technology to make more sophisticated weapons, were needed now. But 'genuinely binding decisions' could be taken only at a World Disarmament Conference: 'We have to move from words to deeds.'

An interesting *note verbale* from the United States contained a proposal

for the establishment of 'a United Nations Peace-keeping Reserve, to be made up of national contingents trained in United Nations peace-keeping methods and earmarked by their Governments for United Nations duty.' This *note verbale* urged that 'confidence-building and stabilising measures in various regions, including notification of manoeuvres and United Nations machinery to promote such measures, should be encouraged.' Similarly, Uruguay proposed a U.N. 'follow-up' study of the possibility of a 'polemological agency' (from the Greek *polemos* meaning 'war') to do research on peace, 'aggressivity' and conflict control.

The Secretariat also received a memorandum from 14 countries on 'Strengthening of the security role of the United Nations in the peaceful settlement of disputes and peace-keeping.' Belgium, Canada, Denmark, the Federal Republic of Germany, Ireland, Italy, Japan, Luxembourg, the Netherlands, New Zealand, Norway, Sweden, the United Kingdom and the United States called for action in three major areas: crisis anticipation, peaceful settlement of disputes and peace-keeping. United Nations organs, particularly the Security Council, should *anticipate* threats to peace and so facilitate the ability of the Secretary-General to mount effective peace-keeping operations at short notice.

All this was to the good. And France proposed the establishment of an 'International Disarmament Fund for Development.' Contributors would be those States which were 'both most heavily armed and most developed', its beneficiaries would be those which were 'poorest and least well-armed'. The Fund would rely on the services of U.N. agencies to consider programmes submitted to it and to administer such loans and grants.

In a similar field, six States—Austria, Egypt, India, Mexico, Norway and the United Kingdom—proposed that an advisory board of eminent persons be appointed by the Secretary-General to assist in execution of international disarmament studies. This board would have the mandate of proposing a comprehensive programme of studies for two to three years ahead.

In the more substantial matter of nuclear weapons, the Permanent Representative of the United States, Andrew Young, reproduced a declaration by President Jimmy Carter that: 'The United States will not use nuclear weapons against any non-nuclear-weapon State party to the Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons or any comparable internationally-binding commitment not to acquire nuclear explosive devices, except in the case of an attack on the United States . . . by a State allied to a nuclear-weapon State . . . '

But that is as far as either the United States—or the Soviet Union—got in meeting the almost universal cry from small and medium powers for the reduction or abolition of nuclear weapons or, at least, an immediate test ban! The decisions which mattered most were put off to the Greek Kalends —that is to say, to the SALT talks and the still-to-be-decided World Disarmament Conference.

Yet the SSD sparkled with new approaches and fresh insights. We have space for only one such example. Ambassador Tueni of Lebanon said that

the best programme of action which should be adopted by the Session was the creation of a new instrument of disarmament negotiations, with the necessary infrastructure of a new world disarmament authority with executive power and the formation of a permanent international peace-keeping force.

The price Lebanon was paying was made a greater burden by the fact that a 'Lebanese question' had been born out of the Palestinians' plight and the Arab-Israeli wars, and that its solution had become closely linked to a comprehensive settlement of the whole Middle East question. Yet recent events in Lebanon had inspired greater confidence in the ability of the Organisation to carry the burden of new responsibilities. The time had come to envisage a new effective, executive role for the United Nations which would transform it into an operational instrument of a practical peace.

Nuclear disarmament would never prevent local wars. Mr. Tueni suggested that, firstly, delegates should consider the idea of 'international neutrality.' So far, neutrality had been a privilege of developed nations, such as Switzerland, Sweden or Austria, able to assert and often defend their neutrality. The new concept of neutrality would be applicable to countries where external wars had projected into internal divisions, as well as civil wars. Such a neutrality could only be guaranteed by the United Nations. Secondly, *defence would have to be assumed by international peace-keeping forces.* 'Hence, national security will cease being a national obsession.' Thirdly, because of the presence of international forces, a new pattern of democratic Government would emerge, he said. 'Many of us often forget that the military are only an instrument of defence, but their protective vocation sometimes develops into a strange new form of militarism and to their own election as lords and masters of our societies.' National armies should remain only as tools of local security, but they would also play a capital role in social integration. The 5 June War, eleven years ago,' he said, 'was a clear case of regional confrontation, where the super-Powers had, through armaments, taken the local parties as hostages, subjecting national aspirations to the imperatives of one international game.'

Yet the sharpest attacks on the arms race came from the NGOs who—thanks to the initiative of Ambassador Sir Derrick Ashe, United Kingdom—were given a whole day to address the official delegates. Disarming is not enough, the NGOs told the delegates. 'The world community must be equipped for peace. Peace is not going to fall like a gentle rain because we destroy some, or even all, of our arms,' stated Donald Keys of the World Association of World Federalists. 'The maintenance of international peace and security depends on the evolution of effective international institutions in peace-making and peace-keeping,' he continued: 'In the absence of such means, nations cannot be expected to disarm.'

Mr. Keys was one of twenty-five NGO representatives who pleaded to halt the race toward nuclear destruction. 'Disarmament is everyone's business,' declared Mrs. Elizabeth Lovatt-Dolan, of the World Union of

Catholic Women's Organisations. 'No arms control jargon must be allowed to conceal life-denying decisions of Governments,' said Nikkyo Niwano from Japan, of the World Conference on Religion and Peace.

Then, it was hard to imagine the charming Valentina Nikolayeva Tereshkova in a bubble helmet and pressurised fibreglass suit as she sat, poised and smiling, in a trim black suit and white blouse. But 15 years ago Tereshkova became the first and—so far—only woman to enter space when she orbited the earth as part of the Soviet Union's *Vostok* space programme. Since then, the former textile worker, now married to another cosmonaut, has travelled widely as a representative of the Women's International Democratic Federation.

Finally, in a message to all NGOs observing the Special Session, Nobel Peace Laureate Philip Noel-Baker, who had been appointed an adviser to the U.K. official delegation, said:

> I hope the NGOs will send many deputations to every national delegate to urge support for the Secretary-General's proposal that they should be given one-tenth of one per cent of annual world armament expenditures to strengthen the Secretariat's work for disarmament and development. They should urge that no rational human being, and certainly no civilised government, should hesitate to give one-thousandth of what is spent on promoting insecurity by inflated armaments to the promotion of true world security instead.

CONTEMPORARY FILMS

by James Morton

'WAS it any good?' asked the girl in the queue as I came out of *Pretty Baby*. 'Well,' I replied, 'I liked the music.' And that is absolutely right. Bob Greene brings a delicate touch to the piano rags and blues of Jelly Roll Morton that totally escaped Joshua Rifkin when he did the same for Scott Joplin. On reflection I wondered if I had been a bit hard on Brooke Shields in this very slight story of a 12-year-old brought up in a brothel in New Orleans at the end of the first German war. After sleeping on it, I have come to the conclusion that it is a nothing sort of film—a very pretty nothing—but still a nothing. You don't terribly care about the characters—Keith Carradine is a very wishy-washy man who comes to take photographs of the young ladies. He looks a bit like an elongated Lautrec, which gives the excuse to set up the images in various post-impressionist poses. In fact the character is based on the encephalic photographer E. J. Bellocq, who worked in New Orleans at that time and whose photographs of New Storyville prostitutes are now on exhibition touring England. He falls in love—very slightly with Miss Shields' mother who reciprocates—very slightly. She wants to leave the brothel where any fun in the film seems to occur and make herself into a respectable woman.

By this time little Miss Shields has already been auctioned off for some four hundred dollars and is enjoying her life of prostitution. She goes for a short time to live with Keith Carradine but this doesn't last. How could an illiterate 12-year-old with no knowledge of anything but a whore house adjust to the outside world? Eventually a revivalist urge shuts down Storeyville and Carradine marries the child. They seem to be very happy this time when her mother and step-father come to drag her into respectability. The last shots of her are not looking like something out of Renoir but something out of Daddy Long Legs.

Why if it is a nothing film have I devoted so many words to it? The answer is twofold. Firstly its director Louis Malle used to command everyone's critical respect and this is his first American film. Unfortunately he follows a longish line of French directors who never really came to terms with Hollywood—or Hollywood with them. Duvivier, Ophuls, Renoir all spring to mind. He somehow doesn't seem to understand the speech rhythms of the English. As a result most of his bit part players speak their one line repartees in a disembodied way. The dialogue hangs in the air spoken either a second too soon or a split second too late. It is also another in his series of children growing up. *Souffle au Coeur* and *Lacombe Lucien* were earlier examples of young men on the threshold of life acting in very different circumstances. In both cases their lives were extremely interesting. Miss Shields' is really nothing. It would have been much more interesting to show her rebelling—as she certainly would—against the efforts which will be made to drag her into respectability.

Secondly the film, which has yet to be shown in England, comes at a

time when there is a great outcry against the use of children in pornography. There is little doubt that Miss Shields who was, I understand, eleven when the film was made, has been exploited. There can be no way in which she did not understand what she was doing and what was left unshown particularly in the scene of her initiation after her auction. I accept that there is no actual scene of seduction or intercourse but it is the thin edge of the wedge. If this film is approved then the next will go a little further, again in impeccable taste, until in two or three years' time we shall be watching the equivalent of the films which are now peddled for high prices in Soho. Albeit they will be made by directors of international repute and filmed with camera shots worthy of Lucien Ballard.

The Turning Point is the film about the old baseball star whose son hits the winning homer in the last game of the World Series. Well, actually it's dressed up rather more tartly than that and concerns the ballet but its origins are still surface close. Shirley Maclaine opted for marriage and out of the ballet leaving the still stunning looking Anne Bancroft as principal ballerina. Twenty years after Shirl's daughter is clearly the greatest young dancer since Merle Park and younger brother isn't a slouch either. Meanwhile poor old Anne, if not unsteady on her points, isn't going to be playing Giselle for too much longer. The former chums meet up whilst the ballet is on tour and Anne invites Shirl's daughter to come to New York. Shirl comes along too and this enables the elder women to have meaningful (and long) discussions on the menopause and career v. marriage and Shirl's daughter who is on the pill. Shirl's husband was also a ballet dancer and he may have married her to avoid suggestions that he was gay although when he married her the word was faggy.

Anne promotes Shirl's daughter who progresses into principal ballerina in the course of one piece of chorus work and two short soli. Shirl is jealous and she and Anne have a row. But Shirl's daughter is so good that next season she will dance with Baryishnikov in either *Swan Lake* or *Romeo and Juliet* or something and everyone will pay for higher priced tickets and so the Ballet Company, which I forgot to mention was in grave financial difficulties, will be saved. (You see where the old baseball story comes in). The dancing, principally by Baryishnikov, is quite stunning and well worth the price of admission but nothing can conceal that this film (produced and directed by Herbert Ross) is anything but high class souped up 'feminine' claptrap. You might well just go along for the last half hour for the Gala Ballet.

Peter Weir is an Australian director whose work has been highly acclaimed in this country. His first film was an entertaining allegory, *The Cars That Ate Paris*. Paris was a bush town in the outback (and not the capital of France) in which the inhabitants rebelled against the weekly rape of the countryside by vacationers in the automobiles. His second film shown in England is *Picnic at Hanging Rock* based on an Australian novel of the same name. The local girls school goes on an expedition for St Valentine's Day during which their watches stop, they all (or most of them) fall into a torpor and the four who don't disappear into the eponymous cliff, accom-

panied by the sort of music the cinema had when Ronald Colman was on his way to the guillotine in a *Tale of Two Cities*.

The film is beautifully photographed and well acted particularly by Rachel Roberts (who is looking increasingly like Shelley Winters as she ages) as the headmistress whose school fails as news of the tragedy leaks out. The trouble is that *Elvira Madigan* must have turned up in Alice Springs just before Weir made his film because the latter half of the film is almost shot for shot a reenactment of the happier times of that tightrope dancer. The girl looks like Elvira Madigan, there is the same dreamy quality of the camera work, there is the same final freeze frame and worse there is if not the same piece of Mozart another of the interchangeable slow movements from one of his piano concertos.

I don't think *Lola Montes* ever walked a tightrope but she certainly worked in a circus. She certainly walked a tightrope throughout her tempestuous life from her start as plain Rosanna James. Max Ophul's film made in 1955 has been revived at the enterprising Camden Plaza in London. This is particularly pleasurable because Ophuls is having a homage at the Edinburgh Festival and a season of his films this autumn is being shown at the National Film Theatre.

Lola Montes was Ophul's last film and in many ways his greatest. He died in the midst of bitter quarrels over its cutting. Originally 140 minutes in length it was shorn to 90, with the circus scenes which are an integral part of the film, if not the keys to it, removed. The Camden Plaza version is partly restored to 110 minutes. The film was made as a vehicle for the wooden but then extremely popular Martine Carole and was one of the great commercial disasters of the 50's. Looking at it now the reason is simple. It was cinematic years ahead of its time. Now the film wears well, Miss Carole has more charm than I remember although I liked her enormously as the young girl in *Voyage Surprise*, Peter Ustinov is masterly as the ringmaster, and Oscar Werner suitably fresh as the student, a forerunner to Truffaut's *Jules et Jim*. One of the great masterpieces of the cinema, let alone the French cinema. If you see only one film this autumn this should be the one.

There are a number of entertaining films on at the moment. *House Calls* is another in the series started off by George Segal and Glenda Jackson in *A Touch of Class*. It is not as good as its original which in its turn is only an adult version of those old Rock Hudson and Doris Day comedies or if you care to look even further back Clark Gable and Jean Harlow in *Red Dust*. A bonus is that it has the admirable Art Carney in its credits. Henry Winkler is *The One and Only* about a man whose knowledge of his own superiority and his self love carries him through his career as a television wrestler. Kim Darby who was so good as the young girl in *True Grit* is his wife. But she had aged a bit too much and it looks something of a May-November wedding. It is hysterically funny.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, AND PHILIP HENRY GOSSE

by James Hepburn

THE crisis of faith of Victorian England was one of the great crises of that age, and it is recorded nowhere more poignantly than in Edmund Gosse's *Father and Son,* written just after the age had closed. Therein is told the tale of a pious household of Plymouth Brethren at mid-century, and the falling away toward disbelief of the carefully nurtured son. Remarkably enough, the passage from Philip Henry's zealous faith to Edmund's loosely held piety was not lighted by either the higher criticism or the discoveries of Lyell, Darwin, and others. By the time young Edmund (who died on May 16, 1928) got round to mentioning the higher criticism to his father, the quarrel between them was all but settled. Rather it appears that Edmund had a fatal lack of religious susceptibility from birth, and in his heart he could not have been saved had he lived two hundred years earlier. He describes the difference in the way his father prayed and the way he as a child prayed.

> My father prayed in private in what I may almost call a spirit of violence. He entreated for spiritual guidance with nothing less than importunity. It might be said that he stormed the citadels of God's grace, refusing to be baffled. . . . The poverty of my prayers had . . . long been a source of distress to me, but I could not discover how to enrich them. . . . Then it was that my deadness made itself felt, in the mechanical address I put up, the emptiness of my language, the absence of all real unction. I never could contrive to ask God for spiritual gifts in the same voice and spirit in which I could ask a human being for objects. . . .

If it seems that too much of seriousness ought not to be expected of a child, compare Edmund's practice with the riches of his mother's childish piety, described by her in some private notes.

> I cannot recollect the time when I did not love religion. . . . If I must date my conversion from my first wish and trial to be holy, I may go back to infancy. . . .

Emily Gosse herself grew up in a household that was indifferent to religion, and her piety came as naturally to her as Edmund's slackness of faith came to him.

It was otherwise with Philip Henry. His family background was pious nonconformity, and in every way he seemed to exhibit the influence of parents upon child, and he met the troubles of his maturity with profound faith. His special interest to a later age is that he opposed the claims of the new science and the old religion, and that he was trapped by the claims of both. He had no use for the scientifically conceived world in which there was no place for God or a purely perfunctory place, and yet he was a skilled scientist and followed and acquiesced to the sort of reasoning of the geologists. He had no use for institutionalised religion, and spoke to God informally and alone, and yet he subscribed to beliefs that were at one with those of the institution.

To see him with some justice it may be desirable first to discount the

portrait that Edmund paints in *Father and Son*. That portrait followed by 17 years his conventional *Life of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S.*, and in the *Life* a somewhat different person appears, a man not so morose and seclusive, often gay, inclined to enjoy the company of small groups of scientists and amateur naturalists, leading a contented homelife, and providing for his family rather more successfully than seems to be the case in *Father and Son*. The hazard of reading *Father and Son* alone is that the reader sees more strictly than in the other book from the son's perspective, and though Edmund makes disclaimers and qualifications, his perspective is made to look like the truth. But imagine the son as a weak, pathetic, and melancholy child who responded indifferently to much love and gaiety that surrounded him, and who nursed the grievances of childhood into adulthood, and it may be believed that in *Father and Son* he found occasion to cast his father into his own gloom. Such reservations about *Father and Son* were first expressed in an anonymous review of the book in the *Times Literary Supplement* in 1907. The reviewer seems to have been a family friend.

Philip Henry Gosse was born in Worcester in 1810. His father Thomas, born in 1765, was one of a dozen children of a well-to-do cloth manufacturer who fell upon hard times. Young Thomas wanted to be an artist, and his father encouraged him. He trained at the Royal Academy, but he seems to have had more craft than art, and in the course of his career he descended to being an itinerant painter of miniatures. He was also a prolific and unpublished author of tales, epics, and dialogues, the later ones in the manner of Scott and Byron. He was a solitary and grave man, and underwent some sort of religious conversion to Wesleyan Methodism when he was 25. He was walking in Fleet Street and suddenly saw 'Christ as risen and received into heaven as my accepted Righteousness'. After his marriage, and during Philip Henry's youth, he was travelling on business as much as 10 months of the year. He carried with him on his travels a Bible and a Theocritus. Of his wife, Hannah, much less is known. She was a yeoman's daughter, strong-willed and superstitious. She was about 19 years younger than Thomas, and their marriage in 1807 was more to his liking than hers.

Philip Henry's youth was mainly spent in and around Poole, Dorset, which in the second decade of the century had a population of six thousand. He seems to have lived the ordinary sensuous life of a country boy, with religion occupying his Sundays. He had one very close companion, and the two of them were amateur zoologists and botanists in the way that many youths are. He was a greater reader of Bunyan, Defoe, Byron, and other authors both edifying and frivolous. His habits were moral and serious.

The impression one gains from the *Life* and from other evidence is that his professional and religious destiny were not manifest from his youth. The influences of father and mother and the experiences of Poole provided an entrance, but only an entrance, to what he became. At the age of 15, after some irregular schooling, he entered a counting house in Poole, and after a couple of years there he acquiesced to going out to the firm's office

in Newfoundland to perform the same task. He was in Newfoundland for eight years, and then became a frontier farmer in southern Canada. He gave up farming after three years, though not before trying to persuade his family to come out and join him. He then travelled into the United States, and in the year 1838 he was school-teaching in Alabama. He returned to England and contemplated becoming an itinerant minister for the Wesleyan Methodists. He conducted a school in London from 1840 to 1843.

The one thing that is clear is that from youth onwards he was an amateur naturalist, in the line of Gilbert White of Selborne, a quotation from whom provides the epigraph for his first published book, *The Canadian Naturalist*, of 1840. He was a lover of the things of the earth, and an ardent, acute, and patient observer of them. This love became professional by accident, and its transformation is visible in his scientific articles and treatises, but it remained love too, and is observable in other books that had their beginning as early as the journal-record he kept on his first trip to Newfoundland.

It would not do to make unusual claims for the artistic expression of his delighted interest in nature, but there was a certain development. Here is a passage from a letter home in the year 1833, when he was 23 years old.

> Before six this morning, I was on the shore of Little Beaver Pond, where I stood for a few moments in mere admiration of the day and quiet beauty of the scene. The black calm pond was sleeping below me, reflecting from its unruffled surface every tree and bush of the towering hill above, as in a perfect mirror. Stretching away to the east were other ponds, embosomed in the mountains, while further on in the same direction, between two distant peaks, the ocean with the golden sun above it, flashed forth in dazzling splendour. The low, unvarying, somewhat mournful note of the snipes on the opposite hill, and, as one would occasionally fly across the water, the short quick flapping of his wings, seemed rather to increase than to diminish the general feeling of repose. The air seemed (perhaps from its extreme calmness) to have an extraordinary power of conveying sounds, for I could with perfect ease keep up a conversation with Sprague on the other side (not less than one-eighth of a mile off), without raising the voice above the pitch used in ordinary discourse.

This relative ease in letter-writing abandoned Philip Henry in *The Canadian Naturalist*. The book takes the reader through a Canadian year, month by month, and does so in the form of a dialogue between father and son. Here is the beginning of April.

> *Father.* Will you accompany me, Charles, on a walk? The late heavy rains have removed nearly all the snow, and the present fine weather is exhilarating to the spirits.
>
> *Charles.* Yes, it is indeed a beautiful morning, and the advances which all nature is making to a renewal of life and animation make it still more cheerful.
>
> *Father.* Let us lift our hearts to our beneficent Father in gratitude. . . .
>
> *Charles.* What trumpet-like note is that?
>
> *Father.* It is the honk of the Wild Goose. Yonder is the bird, standing on the frozen river.

Thirteen years later in *A Naturalist's Rambles on the Devonshire Coast* (1853), he found a less awkward public style. Here is the opening.

> 'You are seriously ill, Henry,' said my wife; 'you have been in the study a great

> deal too much lately; you must throw it all up, and take a trip into the country.'
>
> 'Oh no,' said I, 'not bad enough for that, I hope; a few days' inaction, with God's blessing, will set me right. I do not want to leave London.'
>
> But I got worse: sitting by the parlour fire, doing nothing, was dreary work, and it was not mended by traversing the gravel walks of the garden in my great coat.

And then another 12 years later, after the death of his first wife and his remarriage, he published *A Year at the Shore,* which has the same month-by-month form as *The Canadian Naturalist.* Here is the beginning of April again.

> Shall we explore the sands today? A bright sandy beach well exposed to the sea is no bad hunting ground for the naturalist, bare as it looks and proverbial as is its character for sterility. . . . So we make our way along the dusty high-road that leads from Torquay southward, skirting the shore, now and then getting peeps of the rocks and the retiring tide, over the massive sea-walls. . . . Wild hyacinths are peeping among the rank foliage of the arum and nettles, and harts-tongue ferns and primroses are everywhere, clustering in great masses or studding the green banks in single stars; the bright rose-campion smiles, and the ever lovely germander speedwell, brightest, sweetest of spring flowers, gladdens us here and there, like 'angels' eyes', as our rustics poetically call these pretty azure flowers. . . . We pause to wipe our foreheads. . . .

It was rather by chance that a cousin took an interest in the amateur's manuscript of *The Canadian Naturalist* and found a publisher for it, and then that two years later the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge wanted to publish a semi-technical book on zoology, and the same cousin and the publisher happened to be on the advisory board, and the publisher said why not Philip Henry? So Philip Henry undertook the more technical work, and this led to still more technical work.

The progress of his religious life is obscure. Up to the age of 22 he appears to have been rather more interested in reading and writing poetry than in serving God, and the poetry was sensuous, romantic. Nevertheless he was a moral young man, and he obeyed his mother's injunction to read his Bible daily when he went out to Newfoundland. His one close friend in Newfoundland was an irreverent and lighthearted young man, if not an entirely sceptical one. In 1832, Philip Henry learned that his sister Elizabeth was gravely ill, and he sailed home on leave. 'My prominent thought in this crisis was legal,' he says in some recollections many years later, 'I wanted the Almighty to be my friend. . . . I knew He required me to be holy. He had said, "My son, give me thy heart." I closed with Him, not hypocritically, but sincerely; intending henceforth to live a new, a holy life; to please and serve God.'

A few days later he said 'Damn' as had become his wont. He felt conscious of sin, and never said it again. When he went back to the new world he became friendly with a husband and wife who were serious Wesleyan Methodists, and he began to withdraw from friendships with people whose beliefs were radically different. However he seems after a time to have experienced some falling off of faith, for in 1838 when he was in Alabama he underwent a depression of spirits and following it a renewed religious feeling. He decided then that he must speak to people on the condition

of their souls. On his return to England some months later he preached informally to the crew, despite considerable unease at doing so.

Little if any of this experience distinguishes Philip Henry from many another Protestant hardening into religious scruple, self-righteousness, and a ministerial calling. It does not prepare us, and did not prepare him (except in retrospect), for a signal occasion in 1842. It came when he was a teacher.

> One day Mr Habershon [father of one of Philip Henry's students and a writer on religious subjects] sent for my acceptance his *Dissertation on the Prophetic Scriptures*. . . . It was in June . . . when the days were at the longest. I began to read it after my pupils were dismissed in the afternoon, and sat in the garden eagerly devouring the pages, and actually finished the work (of four hundred octavo pages) before darkness set in. When I closed the book, I knew not where I was: I had become so wholly absorbed in the great subjects, that some minutes elapsed before I could recall my surroundings. . . . Of the Restoration of the Jews, I had received some dim inkling already . . . ; but of the destruction of the Papacy, the end of Gentilism, the kingdom of God, the resurrection and rapture of the Church at the personal descent of the Lord, and the imminency of this—all came on me that evening like a flash of lightning. My heart drank it in with joy; I found no shrinking from the nearness of Jesus. It was indeed a revelation to a spirit prepared to accept it. I immediately began a practice, which I have pursued uninterruptedly for 46 years, of constantly praying that I may be one of the favoured saints who shall never taste of death, but be alive and remain until the coming of the Lord.

Perhaps there was some echo in the experience of his father's conversion, but it eventually led to a break with his father's creed, and more especially it had a character of exaltation and joy unrecorded in Philip Henry's previous years. This exaltation and joy remained with him, and even provided moments of despair, for he repeatedly calculated the day on which Christ would return to earth and the event repeatedly failed to occur. How personal his faith became is suggested by the fact that he presently took up with the Plymouth Brethren, a sect notable for its lack of ritual and formal leadership. Even within this group he seems largely to have gone his own way, having very little to do with other groups.

Philip Henry Gosse believed deeply, thoroughly, and privately, and on two occasions, both ending in the year 1857, his belief drove him into trouble. The first came when his first wife, Emily, developed cancer of the breast. Their doctor examined her and recommended immediate excision. But the Gosses heard of an American who professed to cure without operation. He possessed a secret medication that killed the diseased tissue, which was then sloughed off. Supposedly there was 80% chance of cure by this method, 20% chance of recurrence with an operation necessary. The Gosses prayed to God to tell them what to do, and God told them to rely upon the American.

During the next several months three ointments were applied to Emily Gosse's breast on successive days. One of the ointments was painful. There were no results. The American then decided to extract, and he accomplished the extraction over a period of three weeks by the following process. On the first day the diseased tissue was wetted with nitric acid,

on the next day a slight incision was made, on the third day nitric acid was applied again, on the fourth the incision was deepened, and so on. There was no anaesthesia, and the effect was painful in the extreme. For several hours after each treatment Emily Gosse could neither sit nor stand, but dragged herself around her room in agony. Two days after the operation was completed, there appeared to be new infection, and she underwent the same treatment for another three weeks. At the end of that time the American told her that the disease was in her blood, and he proposed to continue the procedure. The Gosses gave him up, but they both knew she was mortally ill. They found another doctor, and for the next several weeks until Emily's death she received drugs to ease her pain.

The account of the illness, in rather grimmer detail than given here, was written by Philip Henry himself, and published later in the year of her death. In this little book, enitled *A Memorial of the Last Days on Earth of Emily Gosse*, he also records the happiness of married life that the illness blighted. 'Many times she had said, "How happy we are. Surely this cannot last".' He records some of her words during her illness. 'I love you—better than on my wedding day, better than when I was taken ill' and 'My beloved Henry, gladly would I remain, if such were the Lord's will, and be your companion for the rest of your pilgrimage.' He also describes the spirit in which they chose the American, and how they felt afterwards.

> Be careful for nothing; but, in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. So we rolled the problem onto Him, the gracious Burdenbearer. We asked God that peace would keep our minds and hearts and that wisdom would be given us. And though the course we chose did, I think, increase my beloved's pain and hasten her death, I believe God did give us Wisdom. The treatment we chose was the one, in this particular case, that was best for us. God had his own end in view—the removal of his beloved child into His presence. God does not promise to give his children what *they* desire, but what *He* judges best for their real welfare. . . .
>
> It is not for the eternal bliss of God's children that their nest should be undisturbed. *He* pulls it to pieces and says: Set your affections on things above! Even so, Father!

The other crisis for Philip Henry came with the publication of his book *Omphalos* a few months after the *Memorial*. Philip Henry believed that the world was created six thousand years ago, as indicated by Biblical chronology, and he also believed it was created in six days—or six ages. But he was well aware of the growing body of geological evidence that the world was millions of years old, and he was also aware of the clash between religion and science that this evidence implied. He wrote his book as a scientist who was religious, in 'an attempt to untie the geological knot' and reconcile science with the word of God.

The book begins with a quotation from *Ivanhoe*: 'You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert,' said Locksley, 'or that had been a better shot.' The geologists have missed the mark because they have not allowed for the law of prochronism. The first hundred pages of the book, though, are devoted to the case for the geologists, and they are a notable effort to give the scientific argument its due. Then follows the counter argument, which

Philip Henry recognises to be based upon two assumptions: (1) the creation of matter out of nothing, and (2) the eternal fixity of species. It is also based upon the observation that the course of organic nature is a circle: the egg produces the chicken which produces the egg, the seed produces the flower which produces the seed. The argument is that at whatever point God creates, at whatever point He breaks into the circle of organic nature, the created object will bear an implied past form. If God creates an adult chicken, there is implied an earlier growth, even though there has been no growth. If He creates merely the egg, there is implied the chicken that laid the egg, even though no chicken laid it. If He creates the mature Adam, Adam will have his navel, his omphalos, even though he was not born of woman. Philip Henry takes note of Sir Thomas Browne's opinion that Adam did not have a navel, and dismisses it. This is the law of prochronism: the apparent but unreal temporal past visible in any created organic form the moment it is created. Suppose a botanist comes along and inspects a bamboo tree the moment after God has created it. Will not the botanist find evidence, fallacious evidence, that the tree has been in existence for some while? Now, says Philip Henry, if the law of prochronism operates in the organic world, may it not in the inorganic? May not all the fossil records be like Adam's navel? He concludes with the Bible: 'In six days Jehovah made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is.'

The book was a laughingstock, and not only among scientists. Charles Kingsley, a close friend, wrote to say that he could not 'give up the painful and slow conclusion of five and twenty years' study of geology, and believe that God has written on the rocks one enormous and superfluous lie.' The reviewer in the *Athenaeum* suggested that Philip Henry extend his theory of prochronism to include the Egyptian pyramids. Even in a religious journal such as the *London Quarterly* it was felt that he had some more thinking to do. 'During that grim season,' says Edmund, 'my Father was no lively companion.' But there was no recanting, just as there had been no regret over choosing the American doctor for Emily.

The description of Philip Henry Gosse that has stuck for many years is that of T. H. Huxley: 'the honest hodman of science'—the man with no imagination, no ability to see the woods as well as the trees, the man who could observe sea anemones and rotifera minutely and accurately and provide the sort of detail with which the great scientist like Darwin could make his inductive leaps. But Huxley himself was a hodman of science who could say that he sat down before fact as a little child and who regarded scientific investigation as 'the source of all human blessings and from which has sprung all human prosperity and progress'. For him every question assumed a scientific standpoint. He looked at the novelists and artists about him, and observed their struggle for existence, and proclaimed that they were the highest type of man and that one could see within the nineteenth century itself the struggle that was constantly raising their quality and the quality of life generally. He could look back to savage life and reflect upon the refinement of the species in the ensuing millennia; he

could look back to Parliament in the seventeenth century and reflect upon its improvement since then. On the subject of free will he faced ambiguities, but in the main he was content to believe that it is merely an illusion, for everything happens under scientific laws of cause and effect, and whatever we do is determined thereby. He went so far as to say that a sufficiently wise intelligence of the year one million B.C. could have predicted the exact state of British flora and fauna of the year 1865 (and by implication the exact state of British society), for it would only be a matter of knowing and tracing the causes.

For Philip Henry Gosse, 'every question assumes a divine standpoint' (in the words of his son). He lived in a moral, ordered world whose morality and order were God-made, and he saw that everything men think and do has relation to this fact, and that men are distinguished in this way from other animals. Insofar as anything conflicted with this fact—as the viewpoint of science began to—it must somehow be wrong. Philip Henry's mistake was to conduct his religious argument scientifically, to let his vision of God and the world be framed and thence trapped by logic and fact, but this was the understandable mistake of a man who was both religious and scientific. It will not serve him today to defend his vision scientifically, but it is worth observing that in the centennial year of the *Origin of Species* it was apparent to scientists that the missing link had never been found, that the theory of natural selection did not adequately account for the moral, spiritual, and aesthetic brain of man.

Philip Henry Gosse was a man of deep spirituality and other-worldliness, and at the same time he was a man with a great and simple pleasure in the sensuous world. He was not to be fundamentally deceived by the new science, even though he made a fool of himself and made pain for his wife in defending his wisdom.

[James Hepburn edited *Father and Son* for Oxford University Press in 1974. He is Chairman of the Department of English at Bates College, Lewiston, Maine.]

MEN OF THE FUTURE

by Alexander Kazantsev

SCIENCE and technology have made such gigantic strides in the past decades that they are practically stepping on the heels of science fiction, and what has recently been regarded as utterly fantastic has come true in reality. In our imagination we forge ahead, and it is the opportunity to take part in dreams that makes science fiction so popular.

In my opinion, however, science fiction loses much of its magnetic power when it is nothing more than fantastic; that is to say, when it severs all ties with reality. I, for one, am for realistic science fiction, though naturally I allow for the existence of other trends.

In my writings I try to forecast the development of science, technology and science and I want them to promote the best ideals of our day and in some measure to reflect reality. When my first fantasy novel, *The Burning Island*, appeared in 1941, fascism was rampant and the book sounded like the warning of the mortal danger that would arise if some superbomb fell into the hands of the fascist thugs. The novel is shortly to be reissued in a new edition. In our times of the unabated arms race and the neutron bomb, it is regrettable but true that it is as topical as ever.

In *The Arctic Bridge*, I wrote of the possibility of building a bridge, in the form of a tunnel suspended in mid-water, across the North Pole linking Europe and America. This novel, too, reflected reality, as well as the Soviet people's dream of living in peace with all nations. It is interesting that Japanese engineers to some extent used the idea when they built the 25 km. bridge between Honshu and Hokkaido.

Science fiction attracts the reader, above all, as a generator of new ideas; as literature foretelling the future. Yet much of such literature published abroad is full of dark forebodings. Not infrequently the end of the world is prophesied as being not far off. I feel that such ideas are born of distrust of mankind, of disbelief in progress and in the triumph of good.

Soviet science fiction writers' view of the future is, on the contrary, full of optimism, stemming from the objective laws of the development of human society. These specific features are strikingly illustrated in Ivan Yefremov's famous novel, *Nebula of Andromeda*, in which a bold picture of the future is given with its justice, humanism and flourishing of science and the arts.

I think of mankind of the future from the same standpoint. I am convinced that man will never turn into a cybernetic device or a 'brain with feelers', but will be an enhanced version of our best contemporaries. As I see it, man will match the masterpieces of the ancient sculptures in appearance, but his life will be considerably longer because, having rid himself of disease, he will acquire full-fledged longevity. The man of the future will go through all the normal stages of development—childhood, adolescence, maturity and old age—but old age will not be accompanied by senility. People will not gain immortality, of course, as that would be contrary to

the laws of nature. Immortality lies in the resuscitating change of generations, in constant rejuvenation.

In the society of the future, the different generations will blend in harmonious understanding and will take on the responsibility for the younger generation. I feel that the education of the young will become a decisive factor and the science of raising and educating children will come to the fore. It will be based, primarily, on genetics, the development of which will enable man to influence heredity in order to eliminate in infancy all signs of evil inclinations. Thus, the people of the future will be highly ethical.

In short, biologically, man will remain much the same as he is now, but he will use more fully the brain with which nature has endowed him and he will be much superior to contemporary man in the physical and spiritual sense, Moreover, I think that the best representatives of present-day human society could easily live in the society of the future. If that is so, is it not worth bringing that future closer, working for it, striving for the comprehensive burgeoning of the human personality, transferring into our reality all the features that we possibly can from that future?

That is what makes it worthwhile to write and read science fiction, to ponder over it, to search in it for what we can implement in our own actuality. Soviet science fiction also sees its mission in helping to make discoveries. We know instances when this literary genre has coped brilliantly with the task. Geologists, for instance, admit that Yefremov's story, *The Diamond Pipe,* helped them to discover diamonds in Yakutia, and the method of holography was to a considerable extent forecast by another of Yefremov's stories, *Shades of the Past.*

I support 'active' science fiction; fiction that helps to improve the world and not lead it into a blind alley.

[Alexander Kazantsev, a well-known Soviet science fiction writer, is author of *The Burning Island, The Arctic Bridge, The Moonlit Road* and *The Planet of Tempests* (available only in Russian).]

POEMS

TRAMP

He stands a bank; just there;
A fossil, a stain,
He stands like Geology.

No tearing through rock
To find some God or Devil's there:
His buttoned up flesh and raincoat,
Caps, all's gone of him;
Like a Ganges beggar, he's stared out
Blue and opal, (second time round)
And bricked in teeth,
Denies the layered smiles of children;
Some evidence apart he points to the moor,
Himalaya
Francis Bacon.

Canvassed,
Trespassed,
Used,
(no need for permission)
Tea time, at 'Betty's,'
I'll paint him.

A BLACK BIRD

A crow whiled,
Straddled and stayed
In esteemed understatement;
It sat beady on the estaminet roof,
Ailed a bit, (obviously piqued)
And then flew off,
Replete.

NEVILLE HODGSON

THE RE-EMERGENCE OF AUTONOMOUS PRESSURE GROUPS IN THE USSR

by Ian Chub

NO opposition movement can survive for long if it aims exclusively at the criticism of a status quo, or if through repression it fails to make contact with a social base and broaden its support. The efforts of the Soviet dissident movement over the past two decades suggests the legacy of fear and political inertia left by Stalin is showing signs of decay and the permeation of alternative political ideas is more widespread than we imagined.

Even the term 'dissident' is relatively new. It corresponds to the first signs of a peaceful struggle for civil rights, which began in the late 1950s. In the Stalin era, terror was directed at all sections of the population irrespective of 'guilt' as it is defined today. Millions were devoured without trace in the cause of Stalinist socialism. Indeed, towards the end of Stalin's life the Secret Police were vigorously competing with state planning authorities for replacement labour in their slave labour camps. The release of these prisoners and exiles during the Krushchev 'thaw' marks the first stage of the contemporary movement.

More than two decades later the 'democratic movement' has differentiated itself into several important intellectual currents. The movement for democratic and humanitarian socialism represents one strand of thought mentioned by the historian Roy Medvedev who sees change as possible from within the framework of Soviet institutions. Standing opposed to this 'loyal opposition' on the left, there is a more radical current of thought exemplified by Leonid Plyusch and Vadim Belorserkovsky who see change externally of official Soviet political institutions and more closely linked with the masses[1]. On the right we have the movement for a spiritual renovation of Russia on religious principles. Here Solzhenitsyn stands as the main figurehead. In the republics there are several growing nationalist movements broadly centred around specific demands for human and national rights. Drawing partially from this national experience the Soviet Union has witnessed a mushrooming of Helsinki monitoring groups employing the traditional dissident tactic of trying to force the Soviet authorities to fulfil international pledges signed before the world and their own peoples. The Helsinki monitoring groups form the most coherent and articulate grouping of alternative thought within the Soviet system, working as they do throughout the Union in five republics: Russia, Ukraine, Georgia, Armenia and Lithuania.

Obviously there are other groups championing the interests of other milieus such as the Baptists and Greek Orthodox Churches who are for democentralisation. In addition there are intermediate currents and interests such as 'Amnesty and the Committee for Human Rights' headed by Dr. Andrey Sakharov. More recently, we have witnessed the embryonic re-

emergence of a dissident workers' movement, challenging the State's monopoly of organising workers by organising their own Association of Free Trade Union Workers' and, via Amnesty International, have petitioned the International Labour Organisation for official recognition.

It is the relentless energies of these autonomous groups that have been at the heart of a mounting alternative political consciousness within the Soviet people. But without underestimating the internal dynamics of these groups themselves their rise reflects important structural changes within the sociology of the society itself.

When Stalin died 60 per cent of the Soviet population inhabited rural areas. A massive 48 per cent of the labour force worked on the land. Today only 38 per cent live in the countryside and only a quarter are employed in agriculture. The towns and cities of the Soviet Union are no longer workhouses for immigrant semi-literate peasants. The proportion of people with only an elementary education has fallen to less than a quarter. University and technical college graduates make up one in four of the labour force compared with one in ten during Stalin's time.

With this new Society have come rising material expectation and a sharper political consciousness. Since the end of the mass terror the regime has devoted a greater share of resources to the production of consumer goods and provided consistent and genuine yearly increases in living standards. Little, if any, of this has been achieved through strikes or through the politically subservient trade unions. The intelligentsia for its part has been given considerably more flexibility in its own scientific and technical work in order to service economic growth. The public fiascos produced by Stalinist meddling in scientific matters are carefully avoided (except of course, in specific fields such as psychiatry or histography where vested interests are at stake and where the economy and productive process is not affected by interfering with the scientific process). In a more technologically complex society the Party has wisely withdrawn from those functions not considered politically contentious.

The political bureaucracy's dilemma increasingly rests upon the contradiction between the political imperative to improve and increase production and the reality of a sociologically complex society where the production and reproduction of knowledge. though not necessarily its distribution, slips from its hands. The dissident, because of his privileged position and access to a wider cluster of informational channels, is essentially a person of alternative knowledge. He is the embryo of an alternative public opinion, an alternative value system. Those individuals who have employed their intellectual skills to probe Soviet political reality have found no shortage of rotten beams supporting a shining facade. The denial of free public debate has only added to the list of unanswered questions and unchecked falsifications. In his historical researches Roy Medvedev has used the testimonies of scores of Stalin's victims and his privileged access to party archives to affect a stunning redefinition of Stalin's 'cult of personality'. In much the same way Solzhenitsyn exposed the gruesome realities of the all too easily forgotten Gulag labour camps. Valentin

Moroz, a historian, and Ivan Dzyuba, a journalist, effected similar exposés of blantant discrimination and injustices in their government's nationalities policy. Important writers and scientists form the backbone of the five Helsinki groups. Andrey Sakharov, probably the most famous and dogged of all the human rights activists, maintains his freedom not through the buoyancy of internal political forces, but through the support of the international press and through his standing as a nuclear physicist and 'father' of the Russian H-bomb. As Yuri put it . . . 'If it were not for western press, dissidents would not exist.'

One price of scientific and economic progress, therefore, has been the Communist Party's loosened grip on the intelligentsia. Throughout his tenure of office the credibility of Brezhnev's administration has rested upon 'producing the goods'. Soviet workers are not impressed by idealised pictures of the future or by exhortations and brain-washing production drives. For the most part, the problems of everyday life in Soviet society are dreary and banal—poor quality goods, shortages, queues, lack of services. It is ostensibly towards the alleviation of these problems that the media directs itself. 'Letters to the editor' abound. The Moscow offices of *Pravda* receive half a million letters annually complaining about this or that instance of bad management, bottlenecks in production or petty bureaucratic bungling. But it is left to the Party to draw the relevant conclusions. Criticism should be 'practical' and directed at particular malfunctions in production or specific abuses in administration. Debate is thereby localised and apolitical. This is the essence of 'positive criticism', the beloved catchword of all Soviet journalists eager to prove how their media encourage criticism and political awareness.

In practice this 'higher phase' of democracy means that Soviet workers can agitate for the expansion of production but have little to say in the settling of priorities for personal consumption at an aggregate level. Whenever criticism transcends the banalities of 'positive criticism' and confronts government policies of a general or ideological nature the repressive institutions of the Soviet State move in. However, the physical elimination of specific dissidents is not, strictly speaking, a Stalinist practice, but a more rational approach to problem-solving than mass terror. It was after all the Krushchev regime that established the use of psychiatric imprisonment during the post Stalin 'thaw'. During the present Brezhnev administration the mechanism of reducing protest to the level of criminality and mental illness has reached perfection. What is most disturbing is that this form of State reaction to protest is often felt to be genuinely acceptable. In a recent BBC radio interview the 'distinguished Soviet constitutional lawyer' Raisa Halfina seriously considered anti-soviet views to be a symptom of the mind's disturbance. Amnesty International now considers Soviet abuse and manipulation of psychiatry for political purposes to be 'part of the very fabric of official response to difficulty from citizens'. One Helsinki monitoring group report estimates that a dozen people a day are removed from the reception rooms of the Praesidium of the Supreme Soviet and taken by police to psychiatric hospitals.

Where criminality is concerned it is Jews who are favourites for sins

of 'private enterprise', 'corruption', and 'bribery'. Otherwise 'hooliganism', 'currency speculation', 'theft of State property', 'arson' and 'homosexuality' and even 'rape' have been used to label and discredit the integrity of individual dissidents. The use of such tactics is well documented. Indeed, to varying degrees, most members of the Helsinki Monitoring Groups have been subjected to this form of intimidation. Where character is beyond reproach, as with Dr. Sakharov, the press has singled him out for attacks of 'pathological individualism'.

Unlike many other countries with ragged human rights records, Soviet authorities pander to a semblance of 'socialist legality' by ensuring that the labelling process is backed up by formal sentences under the legal code. 'Blanket laws' covering 'anti-soviet agitation and propaganda' or 'spreading anti-soviet fabrications' often make nonsence of internationally accepted norms of exercising the right of conscience. The investigation and prosecution procedure for each victim is only a small step ahead of the crude show trials and 'enemy of the people' conspiracy theories of earlier days. Indeed over the last few years, with the help of press manipulation, the KGB has tended to reduce the number of cases judged to be more obviously political.

A brief look at Russian and Ukrainian Monitoring groups demonstrates how this is done. During a Christmas Search carried out simultaneously in 1976 on the Kiev flats of Mykola Rudenko, Oles Berdnik and Oleksii Tykhyi—leading members of the Ukrainian group—the KGB uncovered 42 US dollar bills, pornographic literature and a rifle 'buried in the garden'. All were preliminaries to criminal labelling. Soon after, in 1977, the Moscow group was subjected to similar treatment. The flats of Yuri Orlov, its chairman, Alexander Ginsburg and Ludmila Alexeeva, who compiled most of the group's publications, were all searched. Predictably, the KGB found foreign currency—this time Deutschmarks in Ginsburg's flat. Then, in February, an article in *Literary Gazette* accused him of speculation. TASS News Agency backed up the smear campaign by accusing him of work-shirking and ikon-peddling. The following day, with the groundwork completed, he was arrested. Ludmila Alexeeva was given the choice of emigrating or of facing trial and certain imprisonment. The trial and sentencing of Yuri Orlov has already taken place. Anatoly Scharansky was charged with the more serious indictment, treason against the state.

The plight of the Helsinki monitoring groups formed in 1976 provides an indication of the scale of repression and intimidation. Out of roughly 50 active members 16 are now prisoners, four have left the country, two have spent several months in psychiatric institutions and most of the remainder have been subjected to some form of harassment and intimidation from the authorities. In Ukraine, where repression has been most serious, seven of its eleven members have been imprisoned or await trial. Two leading members, Mykola Rudenko and Oleksii Tykhyi, have been sent to long terms of imprisonment which, in view of their health and age virtually amount to death sentences.

The dogged survival of the monitoring groups along with the widespread use of *samizdat* (the unofficial 'self-published' dissident writing) among a variety of national and religious groups, suggests a remarkable resilience

and spiritual tenacity. Nevertheless pro-Soviet sympathisers have argued that the predominance of human rights' activists from the scientific and cultural intelligentsia serves to illustrate the bourgeois nature of the movement—a hare-brained bunch of intellectuals concerned with semi-abstract matters having little relationship to the everyday concern of creating a better future for hard pressed Soviet workers.

This 'brainless' analysis, among the others, has done much to damage the cause of democratic socialism in Eastern Europe as a whole. The lack of contact between the dissidents and Soviet workers is a symptom of the complete atomisation of workers and their inability to articulate political ideas outside the narrow spectrum of 'positive criticism'.

It takes only a little intelligence to realise that Soviet workers are at the bottom of the list when it comes to publishing and distributing information outside the party monopoly. It goes without saying that all references to the Human Rights movement are couched in negative terms. Bureaucratic control prevents the exchange of publishing materials. Printing is subject to State control and opening a printing establishment requires official approval.

Similar restrictions surround the acquisition, use or sale of printing or duplicating machinery. For the vast majority of Soviet people there is virtually no access to photocopying equipment. All publications must pass through the sieve of the State publishing monopoly where they are subject to censorship. Even new typewriters are now licensed and a record of their typeface kept.

Organisationally, the society is regimented. As Medvedev puts it 'the smallest organisation, even a club of dog lovers or cactus growers, is supervised by an appropriate body of the CPSU'.[2] The function of trade unions is broadly to uphold the ideological imperative, to maintain production targets and sustain 'positive criticism'; protecting workers is a secondary priority. The Soviet press itself has acknowledged that if safety rules were properly applied there is little doubt that the plan would be fulfilled.[3] Even political embarrassment about such shortcomings is avoided by treating statistics about the level of industrial accidents as a state secret.

Given this informational stranglehold, the emergence of a Soviet Trade Union dissident movement is of considerable significance. The story of its formation—because of the failure of official unions to investigate abuses of health and safety standards and dangerously long overtime—is repeated the world over, whenever conflict between safety and production is resolved in favour of the latter. Since the formation of the union their miners' leader, Vladimir Klebarov, has been arrested. When last heard of he was in strict isolation in a psychiatric hospital in Donetsk. On the other hand, there have been encouraging signs from our own labour movement and from the left of the British Labour party that their appeal has not fallen on deaf ears.

The sudden proliferation of human rights groups backed by a sympathetic western press and public opinion not merely interested in crude anti-socialist propaganda has caught the Soviet bureaucracy off guard. While the clampdown on the Helsinki monitoring groups and *Samizdat* continues,

new members emerge to take their place. The Soviet government has failed to relegate the human rights debate to the backrooms of the Belgrade conference and were considerably embarrassed by the expressions of distaste for Soviet psychiatric malpractices from the World Psychiatric Associates and World Federation of Mental Health in Honolulu in August 1977. More recently, a group of Soviet psychiatrists have rebelled against state demands to incarcerate some dissidents in their hospitals. Two have already been imprisoned for their efforts.

In Eastern Europe signs of organised public opposition are embarrasingly obvious. In Czechoslovakia, the October 77 human rights manifesto quickly stimulated debate between working people and intellectuals. In Poland the convergence between workers and intellectuals has been most prominent. Polish workers, backed by the intellectuals of the Workers Defence Committee, won an important victory in 1977 when they secured the release of most of those jailed for their part in the food price strikes of 1976. The dramatic rise of opposition in these two countries stimulated similar efforts in the most brow-beaten of East European peoples. In Rumania Paul Goma launched an open dissident movement modelled on the Charter 77. In the Summer and Autumn the miners of the Jui Valley struck in defence of their living standards, denouncing President Ceauscscu as a 'proletarian bourgeois' when he endeavoured to negotiate with them.

On balance, it seems the impact of detente has far exceeded the calculations of the Soviet leadership. Internally it has sensitised the population to the existence of international norms of political behaviour. Externally the Soviet leadership has had the unusual experience of having to contend with a vigorous scrutiny of its own political 'integrity'. Detente remains a cornerstone of Brezhnev's economic strategy as well as the source of constant political embarrassement. It has underlined the Soviet system's basic dilemma of political economy and the real price of Brezhnev's conservative rule—steadily slackening growth rates.

Some slowdown was expected after Stalin's breakneck industrialisation drive but Soviet planners maintained that this would be compensated by the growth of a more efficient, educated labour force. The prediction has failed to materialise as industrial growth rates have shown a constant tendency to decline, culminating in the latest reports on the failure to achieve even a revised version of the current five year plan.

On the contrary a stable, highly educated labour force has formed the sociological base for dissent. Increasing production is no longer a quantitative problem—ploughing up more virgin lands or constructing new plant. The complexity of demands placed upon the economy has increased as new targets have become qualitatively based. Meeting planning requirements does not depend upon scrupulous administration and hard work alone, but upon the fertility of ideas and the permeation of advanced international technology. Freedom of travel, access to information and internal democracy could be viewed as one method of solving this problem, at least partially. However, it would have the drawback of approximating a form of socialism attempted by Dubçek and would be unacceptable to the political bureaucracy. Their fear of losing patronage and political control

explains why there have never been any plans to decentralise or experiment with forms of workers' control.

The rapidly diminishing marginal returns from industry and agriculture in the face of considerable capital investments might suggest the possibility of extending capitalist forms of ownership into limited sectors of the economy, thereby releasing resources to the state. Such an alternative, though acceptable to middle management by increasing their powers to hire and fire workers, has faced similar political objections from the state and party bureaucracies. But there is also a fear that this would encourage workers to organise themselves, perhaps on the model of Vladimir Klebanov's Union.

On the reverse side of the equation, a more Stalinist regime leaning heavily upon internal resources of the economy to generate growth would be tremendously unpopular with the masses and extremely difficult to sell to the 'technocrats' or comparatively young leaders of the economy who want to modernise management and science along with a more tolerant internal policy.

The Soviet version of detente has sought the best of both worlds—a politically subservient civil society and a technologically advancing economy. It has not been an unqualified success. The cynical trials of Ginsburg, Scharansky and Filatov testify to the resilience and transparent incompetence of Stalinism. But ultimately, it is not simply the pressure of governments and changing administrations that affect change, but the rising level of consciousness within the masses itself. We are witnessing precisely this, the relentless struggle of politically advanced sections of the population to organise in their own way. Rather than undergoing the futile exercise of petitioning the authorities, Soviet activists are increasingly addressing themselves to their own people and to workers abroad. This surely represents a turning point for it is only the Soviet people themselves who will finally rid themselves of Stalinism.

Momentarily, the need to fuel a flagging economy has opened a tiny breathing-hole exposing to the west a public conscience struggling to survive. Indeed, a society does not live by bread alone, as the turbulent histories of our own democratic, professional and trade union organisations show us. As the effectiveness of international diplomacy fails to alleviate the plight of the Soviet democratic movement and the heavy hand of the cold war re-emerges, perhaps we should consider how we might move through our own institutions to show solidarity with a civil rights movement in its first violent growing pains.

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[1]SSSR: *Demokraticheskie Alternativy* (Adiberger Verlag, 1976).

[2]'On Socialist Democracy' R. Medvedev, 1975 p. xviii.

[3]'Trud' 1st April 1976.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

QUARTERLY FICTION REVIEW

by Rosalind Wade

To Room 19. Collected Stories (Volume One). Doris Lessing. Jonathan Cape. £5.50. *Laughable Loves.* Milan Kundera. Translated by Suzanne Rappaport. (Introduction by Philip Roth). John Murray. £4.95. *Collected Stories.* V. S. Pritchett. Chatto & Windus. £6.50. *The Sword and the Flame.* Catherine Christian. Macmillan. £5.50. *Lancelot.* Peter Vansittart. Peter Owen. £5.95. *The Book of Merlyn.* T. H. White. University of Texas Press and Collins. £5.25. *Autumn Manoeuvres.* Melvyn Bragg. Secker and Warburg. £4.50. *The Night Flower.* Sally Rena. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £4.95.

Without a doubt, it has been a successful season for the short story. The law of supply and demand suggests that publishers are finding hard-back collections of short stories a profitable investment while an increasing number of writers appear to be turning their attention to this exacting and neglected art form. The 'star' of these new publications would seem to be Doris Lessing, whose eighteen pieces in *To Room 19* emerge as startlingly uneven in quality. For instance, the first story in the collection, concerning the elderly George and his last-ditch marriage to vivacious 'Bobby', explores the very depths of spiritual loneliness without having any particular 'shape' to its narrative. This is not important, as compulsive interest draws the loose ends together. By contrast, the story of the book's title, *To Room 19,* relies on the authoritarian method to unfold a highly complicated and diversified study of mental instability. *To Room 19* is the story of an outwardly idyllic marriage with a canker at its core; the progressive mental depression which condemns the well endowed wife to pass her days secretly in a scruffy lodging house where, ultimately, she commits suicide. Compression is no virtue here, and the tragic story of psychological deterioration demands the elbow room of a full-length novel. *The Other Woman,* virtually a novella with a span of forty pages, carries the reader at an accelerated pace through the marital vacillations of a dour, emotionally crippled young woman reminiscent of a D. H. Lawrence heroine, though lacking the stoicism of a typical 'Lawrentian' wife and mother. It is not, by any stretch of the imagination, an exhilarating or compulsive tale. Perhaps the most successful item in the collection is one which adheres closely to the accepted form of the short story, *The Tunnel,* in which a boy on holiday with his devouring mother sets himself the perilous task of diving into an underwater cave to prove his independence and courage to her and to himself.

As has been pointed out recently, writers from East European countries prefer to be assessed solely on the quality of their work, untempered by compassion for the intolerable circumstances in which many of them live and work. This is a courageous and fair stipulation often working to their disadvantage: added to which they are obliged to suffer the rigours of translation as well as the transplantation of situations difficult for the Western mind to assimilate. A case in point is the Czech writer, Milan Kundera, famous in the free world for his novel, *The Joke.* Some of his short stories are now gathered together in *Laughable Loves.* Claude Roy, writing in *Le Monde* has described Kundera's

stories as 'experienced by Chekhov . . . X-rayed by Freud' and an excellent illustration is the first story in the book, 'The Hitchhiking Game'. Here an engaged couple, conventional and repressed, set off on a holiday which they decide to enliven by a game of make-believe in which the girl pretends to be a whore and he predatory male, prepared to regard her as such. They carry the fantasy to the ultimate conclusion: lewd men in the corridors of their hotel waylay the youthful fiancée with obscene suggestions and the young man prepares for the crowning act of coition with a ritual acquired from prostitutes. But in the end sanity and mundane circumstances prevail. The girl awakes from her exhausted slumbers sobbing 'I am *me*, I am *me*', and her partner ruefully acknowledges that for the remainder of the holiday he will be obliged to treat her as the person she really is. Less successful is the long 'Dr Havel' story running, in two separate sections, to some 80 pages. With its numerous subheadings, often for 'chapters' of only a few lines in length, this haphazard account of love-life in a provincial hospital scarcely rings true. Part II, 'Dr Havel after ten years', is more closely knit and convincing, yet regretfully it must be acknowledged that this assortment of 'tales' does little to advance Kundera's reputation.

V. S. Pritchett, on the other hand, wisely confines himself within the accepted limitations of the short story. In this *Collection* his stories are of an approximately uniform length and style and, without exception, they reveal his tolerant, though unsentimental approach to a variety of human beings and their individual foibles. He has, of course, an advantage in that the present collection was gleaned from a very large output, confirming his consistent regard for the short story as an important art form. Every reader is likely to have a particular favourite. 'When My Girl Comes Home' and 'Camberwell Beauty' will probably please most people although the first story in the book, 'The Diver', must certainly rank among the finest of V. S. Pritchett's work. This portrait of an unsophisticated youth, projected unceremoniously into his first sexual experience, has a beautiful directness as well as some memorable descriptions of an unfashionable area of Paris.

In an age dedicated to realism it is scarcely surprising that writers of fiction should seek to reduce even the most fanciful examples of romantic folklore to a bedrock of common sense; and it would be too much to expect that the legendary court of King Arthur should escape attention. The meagrely recorded period of decay following the Roman withdrawal is populated with characters ripe for psychiatrical investigation. The only real hurdle for the novelist is to determine which of the widely conflicting accounts is most likely to carry conviction. But perhaps, after all, documentation is not all important and it is the drama which really counts. This, at any rate, is the overall conclusion when considering *The Sword and the Flame,* a long, fanciful-cum-tough saga dedicated to equating the 'magic' of Merlyn with the inevitable crudities of day-to-day existence following the breakdown of civilised living. The author, Catherine Christian, seeks the best of both worlds with her rip-roaring romance — which may well engross younger readers — while attempting to keep the record straight historically.

The serious student of those uncertain times may well prefer Peter Vansittart's un-romantic *Lancelot,* in which he adroitly utilises the well-tried narrative device of unfolding the past through a stream of semi-conscious recollections. Firm emphasis is laid on the fact that Lancelot was a Roman and so set apart from the majority of his companions. He spent much time in Brittany and the practical account of his activities invests the chaotic happenings with a useful

vein of probability: although, with Guinevere portrayed as a 'whore' and Mordred a squalid go-getter, this version is even more remote from the web of fanciful tales which inspired Sir Thomas Malory.

The Book of Merlyn, on the other hand, has a totally different intention. It appears as an oddity, a curious sequel to T. H. White's *The Once and Future King.* Written as long ago as 1941, it was rejected by the publishers as the fourth section of the famous allegory; set aside and forgotten, now brought forth in impressive format with some grotesque though skillfully executed illustrations. The reader who searches for rationalisation will be disappointed. In Orwell-like dialogues between Merlyn and the ageing Arthur, about to go to his last battle, and a miscellany of creatures ranging from ants to badgers, T. H. White's own philosophy as it affects the contemporary world is expounded — the relevance of Might over Right and *vice versa.* It is a strange document, though revealing of a complex and idealistic writer; doubly worthwhile for the Prologue by Sylvia Townsend Warner.

Many authors have been attracted to politics as a theme for novels and plays, from Wilfred Fienberg's *No Love for Johnnie* to the recent TV serial, *Brand.* But few writers, with the possible exception of Anthony Trollope, have been successful in high-lighting the stresses and dramas of that place where, as someone once said, it is impossible either to rest or work. In his new novel about a General Election, *Autumn Manoeuvres,* Melvyn Bragg has chosen to bypass the House of Commons and concentrate on the imponderables of one M.P.'s campaign. The constituency in question is set in an area well known to Melvyn Bragg. His descriptions of Cumbrian villages and the landscape are among the most rewarding aspects of *Autumn Manoeuvres.* However, it would seem that the overall intention is to mirror against this regional background the broader aspects of life in Britain to-day as seen through the political spectrum. The chief character is Jimmy Johnson, a middle-aged, middle of the road M.P. seeking to maintain his marginal foothold. It is within his family entourage that the tension develops. An exasperatingly neurotic wife, Elaine, unaccountably described as 'beautiful' by those around her; a near-mistress who has formerly co-habited with his step-son, Gareth; that same step-son's common-law wife and illegitimate child; a close friend involved in shady property transactions — all these and more provide distraction of a kind calculated to deter the most single minded campaigner. The domestic unrest erupts when in an orgy of exhibitionism Elaine decides to reveal the cricumstances of a multiple rape which led to the detestable Gareth's conception. After this, the reader is conditioned for the ultimate tragedy in the chapter titled 'An Accidental Death' and Jimmy's narrow win makes little impact. The real problem about *Autumn Manoeuvres* is that it emerges as a novel split in two—a study of some very peculiar people on the one hand with the Lakeland background thrown in for good measure and a party-political battleground on the other. The two just do not seem to mix and the result is a disappointing piece of work from a usually capable and perceptive writer.

No such misgivings afflict the critical faculties when considering *The Night Flower,* Sally Rena's second novel in which she triumphantly fulfils the promise of *The Sea Road West* and indeed goes far beyond that promise with a truly glittering performance so firmly structured that there is barely a scene or a phrase which could be bettered. Set in Paris and the South of France, the plot is basically simple. Anna Leapman, mother of one small boy, is the possessor of a beautiful body and an enigmatic, reposeful stance which men find irresistible. Her husband, in the execution of his business duties, leaves her

alone for long periods with the result that she yields to a practised seducer with devastating results. These dramatic happenings, however, are of secondary importance. What matters are Sally Rena's remarkable powers of intuition together with a gift for imagery which must surely point to her future as a major novelist.

Also Received:

Rosalinda. Christopher Leach. Dent. £3.50.

Christopher Leach has already written several novels, praised for their poetic imagination and style. The recently published *Rosalinda* suffers from a rather restricted theme and does not provide full opportunity for his abilities. Told through the consciousness of seventeen-year-old Anne, it is the story of the gradual domination of her spirit by tragic Rosalinda, who died two centuries ago. The finale is predictable and although the build up is full of tension, the overall impression is one of inadequacy.

Judith. Brian Cleve. Cassell. £4.50.

Judith is the third in a series of historical novels, each concentrating on an unusual woman character. Judith of the title is an amiable girl, battling courageously with the problems which beset the impoverished gentry of the mid-seventeen hundreds. In an attempt to maintain her father's deteriorating finances she gives houseroom to smuggled goods and nearly ruins them both by her indifference to the laws of the land. When the action is transferred to the metropolis scenes of parallel squalor and wealth make sombre reading. Brian Cleeve's strongest asset is his ability to create an authentic period back-cloth and set against it credible, rather than cloak-and-dagger characters.

Said the Old Man to the Young Man. Arnold Wesker. Jonathan Cape. £3.95.

Anything written by Arnold Wesker is bound to be of interest, though it must be admitted that the three stories in the present volume add up to a rather disappointing whole. The first one, about relationships between father and son, is really too short to be effective — and the best — 'The Visit' — is virtually a novella. An English husband and wife spend several days in the country with a Danish couple who are old friends. The processes of time on the long standing association are subtly realised, as is the alternating tedium and joy of reunion. Not surprisingly, the author plans to convey far more than a mere human comedy of manners and some of the profound truths expressed and the queries raised by the quartet of intellectuals are worthy of close attention.

New Stories 3. Edited by Ronald Harwood and Francis King. Hutchinson. £4.95 (in association with the Arts Council of Great Britain and PEN).

Two distinguished Editors have made the selection for the third volume in the series of new short stories initiated by the Arts Council. This is a very welcome new venture, issued for the first time as a hard-back volume.

NON-FICTION REVIEWS

THE REPUBLICAN DILEMMA

The Prodigal South Returns to Power. Harry S. Dent. Wiley-Interscience. £9.25.

Such is the dominance of the Democratic Party in the American Congress today, and such the success of its image-making, that it is sometimes forgotten that the Republic Party came into being in the 1850's as the party of the emancipation of the Negro and was — until the New Deal — the natural home of most Blacks who voted. Franklin Roosevelt constructed a Democratic alliance of the deep South (until then largely populist and racialist), and an urban and cosmopolitan North, to which was added a strong dose of liberalism and of the 'welfare state' and Trade-Union oriented philosophy. He was more concerned with union problems, regional improvement and economic questions than with 'civil rights', as we now use the term. To this formidable federal base Lyndon Johnson added a civil rights programme, and this made the Democratic Party, with its superior voter registration and its pro-Black image, appear unbeatable. Ironically — as much in the U.S. as in Britain? — one of the features conservatives want to preserve most is the New Deal state. Despite the distaste there as here for bureaucracy, when in 1976 Gallup conducted for Potomac Associates a national opinion survey, they found that people wanted big government: 75 per cent wanted government promotion of greater self-sufficiency in energy, 67 per cent wanted more help for the elderly, 51 per cent more medical care and 51 per cent more assistance for college programmes for the young. Even more contentious areas (welfare for the poor, adequate housing, and black-assistance programmes) never got less than 40 per cent support from free-enterprise America. Discounting the loaded character of all such enquiries, it is nevertheless clear that rugged individualism there as here is out of fashion.

British as well as American conservatives would gain by reading Harry Dent's last chapter in this book, a plea for realism and a shrewd analysis of the voting strength of the Democrats in American elections. But the book is also valuable as an insider's view of the Nixon years as seen from a Dixie, even Dixiecrat, standpoint. Now a practising attorney in his native South Carolina, Harry Dent became active in Republican politics in the Goldwater campaign of 1964, serving as aide to Senator Strom Thurmond, then as state Chairman in South Carolina in Nixon's year of victory in 1968, and finally as special counsel in the White House in Nixon's first term. He was in fact Nixon's Southern strategist, or as *Time* magazine called him 'the Southern-fried Rasputin' in 'Uncle Strom's Cabin'.

Dent can properly take pride in his achievement — in 1972, in Nixon's landslide year, the Solid South voted solidly for the first time in its history for a Republican nominee for president, and by an average vote of 70 per cent. This was a dramatic change from the position in 1924. Then Senator Coleman Blease of South Carolina was alarmed to hear that Republican Calvin Coolidge had won 1,123 of the 50,131 votes cast in the presidential race in the state. 'I don't know where he got them,' he is said to have said. 'I was astonished to know they were cast, and shocked to know they were counted.'

The roots of the Republican revival lay in the emphasis on the point that two-party politics must revive in the South, or the Democratic Party *via* the seniority system would dominate Congress forever. That revival was due less to liberalism on desegregation — only Wallace's rebellion was based substantially on race — than to campaigns that emphasised concern over big govern-

ment, excessive spending and a feeble foreign policy, campaigns that moved many Southerners, and made it possible to see the South as no longer eccentric or peculiar.

> As Dent puts it — 'In the 1960's under the leadership of John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, it appeared to most conservatives that America had lost all its moorings. The streets were filled with radical dissenters, cities were literally burning down, crime seemed uncontrollable, and the vast social programmes of the Democrats were excessively expensive. And in the end, the only way Kennedy and Johnson could solve the problems of needy people was by putting them on the public payroll.
>
> If social and welfare programs continue for the next 20 years at the same pace as the last 20, half of the American population by the end of the century will be working to support the other half, according to former H.E.W. Secretary Casper Weinberger in August 1975. At that point hardly anyone will have any personal freedom left."

Dent gives a sharp and detailed description of the tactics behind the Nixon campaign in 1966-68, and assesses the achievements: on busing, on textile policy, on Supreme Court appointments, and on school integration, 'without violence and without troops'. Nixon emerges as highly professional, shrewd, ultra-realistic and sensing the views of mainstream America. 'His antennae never missed a single beat of common sense political rhythm until he became engulfed in Watergate' (p. 77).

The book is the work of an admirer, of one who stood in the front line for Nixon up to 1972. He admits to some criticisms: Nixon could be 'articulate at locker room talk', 'very bombastic privately', 'not nearly as tough as L.B.J.' Dent sees Nixon as innocent where Watergate was concerned, but ready to allow his henchmen, particularly Haldeman, Magruder and Colson, to 'rock 'em and sock 'em', to fight tough and to indulge in 'Mickey Mouse' and 'Horror antics'. His advance men were zealots, and erred from misplaced (but always encouraged) enthusiasm. Colson, now a religious convert, 'was then a walking political T.N.T. looking for a place to detonate. Advance the "Ole Man" at any price was his credo' (p. 237). And it seems clear to Harry Dent that had John Mitchell 'not had Martha Mitchell in his hair, there would have been no Watergate'. Nixon 'the most realistic person I have ever known, evidently lost all sense of reality in failing to face up to the facts of Watergate while trapped in his White House bunker under media and Democratic siege' (p. 300).

Once again we are reminded that Watergate was unnecessary: in 1972 Nixon had the biggest popular vote in history (47,169,841) and 302 electoral votes. He won, that is, the Solid South, most Catholics, most ethnic voters, more Jews than before, more blacks and browns than in 1968 — and the Teamsters Union. But even this formidable alliance could not withstand the impacts of Watergate, of Spiro Agnew's resignation, and of the collapse of 1973-74.

Or could it? Gerald Ford lost by only 1 per cent of the votes cast. He had integrity, and all but total acceptance on Capitol Hill. It is clear that the man Nixon wanted as his successor was John Connally of Texas, a recent convert from the Democratic Party, too recent perhaps to be acceptable, but in Nixon's eyes the only Republican personality with strength and charisma. Had he put Connally on the ticket in place of Agnew in 1972, as he would have liked to do, history might have had a very different story to tell in 1976.

Dent is most valuable in his frank assessment of Carter's strength in the South. Today's Democratic Party is an alliance of blue collar whites and black voters. ('Brother Billy keeps the blue-collar whites happy, and Young's strident pro-black statements satisfy the blacks', he writes, p. 287). He has no illusions

about the difficult task facing a Southern Republican revival. He might have indeed added that it was Carter's 'Black strategy' outside as well as inside the South that won him the election. He won 285,000 black votes in Ohio (25 electoral votes) where his over-all majority was only 7,568; his victory in Pennsylvania (27 electoral votes) was won by 123,372 votes, and here he won 298,000 black votes. Carter won 92 per cent of all black votes, and his victory depended on the South (he won every Southern state except Virginia) plus Ohio and Pennsylvania. If 5,000 Ohio voters had gone to the Republican Party, Mr. Ford would still be President.

And the lesson? It is one relevant to Britain, or rather one in which the British example is not seen as a model to emulate.

'An educational programme aimed at the youth and the working people is vital in the battle to keep our country from following the Mother Country in its steady descent to becoming 'Little' Britain, with minimal influence on world affairs and maximum attention to robotising its citizens, industries and institutions in the once most powerful empire of its day.

Republicans predominate in the business and professional life of America and likewise with material resources. Thus the means to cultivate these fertile and open young minds — also the masses of middle Americans — are available. Instead, the basic means of communications and education is tilted towards a more socialist approach to government. To this point, the forces bent on emphasising equality or security over freedom are in the ascendancy because they are in control of the vital areas of influence. The average American is more convinced today that big government is his Santa Claus rather than the absorber of his freedoms. He needs to better understand, as President Ford emphasised, that a government big enough to give you anything you want can take or control everything you have, including your freedom' (p. 301).

ESMOND WRIGHT

THE ROOTS OF DISSENT

The Dissenters from the Reformation to the French Revolution. Michael R. Watts. Clarendon Press, Oxford. £15.

The history of Dissent—Nonconformity—the Free Churches is to a large degree the history of modern England and through her of the Empire and America. In no other European state which retained its established Church after the Reformation in its basically Catholic mold has a dissenting religious community exercised such power and influence on all aspects of life. The Huguenots in France have proved a powerful influence on French history but never to the degree reached by English Nonconformists. Despite their steady decline in the last 75 years they remain an indispensible key to understanding these islands' history and they deserve, and have here received, the best in historical scholarship.

Not since Henry W. Clark produced his *History of English Nonconformity* (two volumes) in 1911/1913 have we had a proper general survey. Numerous studies have appeared and work in the seventeenth and nineteenth centuries has proceeded apace. But the need for a general survey remained unanswered. Clark was himself a Congregational Minister and produced a book with a decided bias and commitment designed on the whole for other Nonconformists. The need today, however, was for a scholarly study with a commitment only to scholarship.

Michael R. Watts is a lecturer in the University of Nottingham. Before that

he did his doctorate at Oxford in late nineteenth century nonconformist history, concentrating on the work of the famous radical Baptist minister, John Clifford.

Whilst his scholarly credentials are more than adequate there is in his writing a commitment, if not a bias towards the dissenting tradition. He defines the 'consistent thread' which, he claims, links twentieth century nonconformity with sixteenth century Anabaptism as 'a refusal to accept the dictates of the state in matters of conscience.' 'The refusal to render to Caesar the things that are God's' he claims, 'is of the very essence of Dissent.' This is all very grand, but it does beg quite a few questions. It implies the old saw that the Church of England was and remained a 'state' church. The relationship between an established Church and a Parliament believed to be properly equipped to legislate for that Church is a complicated one, but one nevertheless grounded in history and in traditional philosophy. That we today have come to accept, more or less, the nonconformist view of the separation of Church and State does not mean that in the past those who adhered to the 'State Church' did so because they were prepared to 'accept the dictates of the State in matters of conscience'. Dissenters are not and never have been the only Christians to have consciences although it is part of the dissenting tradition to act as if they were. Dr. Watts is loyal to that tradition.

Despite what might be termed a continuing loyalty to the Nonconformist view of Nonconformity—in itself neither bad nor good—the author has produced a scholarly work. He begins his history not with 1662 and the so-called 'Great Ejectment' of priests disloyal to their Church's professed teaching and Catholic tradition but in 1532, when a handful of Anabaptists were arrested in London for disseminating their beliefs. By doing this he grounds his treatment of Dissent on theological foundations, not on political. Dissent to Dr. Watts is the history of Englishmen who, from the early sixteenth century (and indeed the still earlier Lollards) held certain beliefs as Christians. They were not those who necesarily left the national Church either to hold those beliefs or because they held them. This of course, is somewhat at odds with the declaration in the Introduction concerning Dissent as a 'refusal to accept the dictates of the State. . . .' The refusal came when the State, acting for the Church, refused in its turn to adopt the views of the soon-to-become Dissenters.

The author traces the complicated stories through the turmoils of the sixteenth and the glorious defeats of the seventeenth centuries. In his chapters on the eighteenth century he traces the development of Methodism which to many, but never to all, emerged in time as part of Dissent. The 490 pages of text are supported by tables, charts, maps and a short bibliographical note. The dependence is mainly on printed sources which in no way detracts from the value of the survey. Dr. Watts has met a great need in English historical writing in a scholarly and responsible manner.

J. E. B. MUNSON.

THE ILLUSORY FREEDOM

The Illusory Freedom. Graham Heath. Wm. Heinemann Medical Books. £2.95.

This book is about the effects of the sexual revolution in Britain. The author states that an unusual coalition of sexual radicals, prestigious research workers and entrepreneurs have produced it and that their success has been phenomenal. Sexual guidelines and taboos have been swept away; monogamous marriage is frowned upon; the pair-bond has been ruptured; promiscuity is accepted as the norm and the orgasm as the quintessential emblem of success in sexual relationships. As a result, rates of illegitimacy, venereal disease and abortion in teen-

agers have soared whilst 'sadistic and masochistic pornography' reigns supreme.

The Illusory Freedom cannot be dismissed merely as the croakings of a quaint and petulant Cassandra yearning for the sexual straitjacket of Victorianism. It is a carefully researched and documented book written with sincerity and clarity. For these reasons it merit serious attention.

The early chapters are historical. Sexual habits in mammals and primitive societies are discussed, the contributions of Freud, Kinsey and other doyens to sexual research carefully appraised. The author is particularly critical of the work of the British sociologist Michael Schofield, the rigour of whose methodology he calls into question and whom he dubs a propagandist rather than an objective investigator. There follows a description of the New Man and the New Woman. The former has been the main beneficiary of the sexual revolution; he can now be thoroughly libidinous and irresponsible, treating women as mere 'depersonalised sex objects.' But according to Heath, the 'New Man' is in trouble. His 'intercourse frequency satisfaction ratio' is often far from optimal and impotence is said to be on the increase. The 'New Woman' has been persuaded that 'sex is fun,' that previous sexual experience is the main rubric for a successful marriage, and that life without frequent orgasms has little or no meaning.

Although one has a certain sympathy with some of the views promulgated by the author, one cannot deny the advantages which have flowed from the sexual revolution. The Pill, by its propensity to abolish haphazard pregnancy, has prevented an inordinate amount of suffering. Liberal abortion legislation represents one of the most compassionate and humane reforms of the last decade. Free discussion of sexual matters rather than the hypocrisy of silence imposed by previous generations is to be greatly welcomed.

The sexual revolution is here to stay. Minor modifications in attitude may well occur but the pendulum is unlikely to swing back to outright restrictionism. Those who imagine that such a change will take place are redolent of vain kings sitting by the sea and commanding the tide not to rise.

JOHN A. LORAINE

TRIBUTES TO EDMUND WILSON

An Edmund Wilson Celebration. Edited by John Wain. Phaidon, £6.95.

Avowed celebrations of the illustrious departed usually partake of the nature of wreaths of waxen flowers at a funeral. However, this sheaf of essays by a dozen different hands, considering Wilson the man, the artist and the critic, and described by the editor, John Wain, as 'an expression of our gratitude to Edmund Wilson: for existing, and for being Edmund Wilson', signally lacks the in-built flaws of the generality of such funeral—and funereal—obsequies. In life, Wilson was ever a staunch universalist, a despiser of the restrictive waistcoat of academic specialisation. Wearing the broadest of cloth, it was his custom to wander intrepidly into whatever fields the direction of his current curiosity led him—the study of the Iroquois, the French Symbolists, the American Civil War, the Dead Sea Scrolls, each of these in turn, and many more idiosyncratically selected segments of variant disciplines engaged his earnest and beneficial attention. Between times, he posed as 'The Man by the Fire', pronouncing learnedly from the hearthside on American literature: then, forgetting himself, abandoned his homespun role and ranged discriminatingly indiscriminately over the whole continent of European literature. And, not content with being, qua a critic, the master of 'the explanation that burns like a poem', he turned executant, artist, producing poems and novels of his own.

It would be extraordinarily difficult for any single critic significantly to evaluate the polymathic totality of the Wilson *oeuvres*, so that this series of essays by specialists, each considering Wilson's contribution to his or her specific field, is of great interest, putting Wilson's work into precise perspective. Thus, David Flusser, Professor of Comparative Religion at the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, writes of Wilson's 'beautiful and important book' about the Dead Sea Scrolls, which he describes as 'from many aspects, a turning-point in the research of the history of religions.' Helen Muchnic, Professor Emeritus of Russian Literature at Smith College, contributes a most enlightening essay on Wilson's Russian involvement. Peter Sharratt, a lecturer in French at Edinburgh University, examines Wilson and the French connection, in particular *Axel's Castle* and *To the Finland Station*. Andrew Harvey and Clive James evaluate Wilson the Poet: not, perhaps, his most outstanding role. Angus Wilson and John Updike discuss from a more subjective standpoint the impact of Wilson's personality and work upon them. Particularly touching is the tribute paid by Bette Crouse Mele, an enrolled member of the Senecca Nation, to Wilson's brave endeavours on behalf of the Iroquois. Larzer Ziff takes as his theme the Wilsonian analysis of American literature, while Edith Oliver remembers the unbuttoned Wilson, working journalist in the offices of *The New Yorker*. The general essays by Professor Alfred Kazin—'The Great Anachronism: A View from the Sixties'—and John Wain—'The Daughters of Earth and the Sons of Heaven: Edmund Wilson and the Word'—provide the vital twine that binds these dozen critical blooms into no wreath but a living bouquet.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN.

A BEGUILING HISTORY OF LONDON

A History of London. Robert Gray. Hutchinson. £5.50.

"The literature of London's history is vast,' Mr. Gray admits, citing in his bibliography a mere 36 authors to whom he is indebted. His aim in adding to the pile is to give a concise panorama from Roman times, plus discursive detail nearer our own that illuminates events and the social life of the people.

One is reminded, for instance, that if architect John Nash had not married, in 1798, a hardup coal merchant's ravishing daughter, Mary Ann Bradley, we might never have had his imposing Regent Street and the Regent's Park terraces. She was associated with the Prince Regent; and although Nash never acknowledged any of her five children as his own, he did secure 'a working relationship with the Prince that was responsible for the greatest scheme of town planning in London's history.' Incidentally, we learn that those fine terraces we now cherish were regarded by some Victorians as "a meretricious and tawdry imposture' and within sight of them a homeless little boy once spent a winter in a Park roller.

Such asides enliven a factual but seldom formal narrative that records much about London's poor, its gin shops and street crime. Conditions were such that in the second half of the 18th century three-fourths of London children died before their fifth birthday. A missionary visiting St. Giles slum rookery off Soho had his clothes ripped off, his mouth stuffed with pepper, and ended up in a water butt. When the Houses of Parliament burned down in 1832 joyful crowds watched the blaze, yelling 'A judgment on the Poor Law Bill . . . . There go their *hacts* (acts).' Even in the heart of Victorian Mayfair a Hanover Square parish ward housed 1,465 families in 3,174 rooms with only 2,610 beds.

When the railways were built they went mainly through slum areas where property was cheaper, swallowing the homes of 100,000 Londoners, mostly poor, over five per cent of the total built-up area.

Mr. Gray traces the growth of the urban sprawl from the 16th century onwards through private enterprise, notably that of the Grosvenor, Bedford, Southampton and St. Albans estates that leased land for unified building development and gave us our handsome squares. Estate ownership was not without its family dramas. Sir Thomas Grosvenor, a Cheshire baronet, who married twelve-year-old Mary Davies in 1677, was shocked by her behaviour later in life when she turned Catholic, became mentally unstable, and tended to shut up her servants in cupboards. In 1700, when he died, she accompanied a priest, Father Fenwick, to Rome, and it was claimed that in Paris, on the return, he had married her to his brother Edward, though she disavowed any knowledge of it, "for I never saw book, or heard marriage words, nor said any.' Lawsuits, and Fenwick's temporary imprisonment in Paris on a coercion charge, ended with the 'marriage' being declared invalid.

Mr. Gray may sometimes overstrain his sources for maximum effect, as when he says of this affair 'the Catholic mafia struck.' But Londoners and visitors may be agreeably enlightened by his skilful marshalling of facts, anecdotes, period maps, diagrams, tables, photos and prints.

TREVOR ALLEN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Herod: Reflections on Political Violence (Hutchinson. £6.50). The essays and plays that Conor Cruise O'Brien puts together in *Herod: Reflections on Political Violence* are drawn from many sources, including book reviews from the *T.L.S.* and the *Irish Times* and his speeches in the Irish Senate. Inevitably, therefore, they have an episodic and occasional flavour, and even more inevitably a strongly Northern Irish preoccupation. Again and again it is to this theme that he returns; his concern is with political violence in a domestic rather than an international setting, and we get here surprisingly little on those African questions on which the author has every right to speak. Nor, in a book preoccupied with the legitimation of violence, is enough attention paid to the reasons why violence should occur at all in societies (Britain, West Germany and the U.S.) marked out by economic prosperity, democratic institutions and—on the whole—habits of tolerance. Or is the cause in ourselves, in frustration and a loss of a sense of order and even of (political and religious) discipline? This aspect is explored engagingly and at times profoundly in the three plays built around the role of Herod. These —only two of them thus far performed—are the best pieces of writing in the collection, evidence of a versatile mind, emerging as the Swift (or is it the Burke?) of our present discontents.

Liberty and Property: political ideology in eighteenth-century Britain (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £15). In many respects, H. T. Dickinson's study is a follow-up to his studies of Bolingbroke and of Walpole. It serves as corrective to Sir Lewis Namier's emphasis that the majority of members of parliament were motivated primarily by self-interest and by the pursuit of power, and represents a return to that interest in ideology that began with the analyses of Sir Herbert Butterfield. Human beings have been the carriers of ideas, he contends, as

well as the repositories of vested interests. The book is based on solid research and well documented. In its emphasis on the emergence of a radical ideology in the 1760s, and in attributing this to the impact of American ideas it puts forward some views that are open to challenge; but this is a useful study to set alongside the more straightforward political texts.

The Empire of Reason. How Europe Imagined and America Realised the Enlightenment. (Weidenfeld & Nicolson. 1978. £12.50). The doyen of American historians presents here a volume on which he has been at work for well over a decade, and it is buttressed by a masterly 70-page bibliographical essay, one of the most valuable of its kind. Dr. Commager makes clear how common were the ideas and attitudes of the philosophers in Europe and the men of the Jefferson and Franklin circles in the United States: the belief in the laws of Nature and of Nature's God, faith in reason as the tool by which the laws would be understood, and commitment to what Jefferson called 'the illimitable freedom of the human mind.' Dr. Commager who, despite his years, still has the energy and optimism of youth, proposes to follow up this volume with a study of the substance of the Enlightenment: religious freedom, freedom of the press, education, and not least that paradox for all American liberals, then as now, freedom and slavery. (E.W.)

Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939. Vol. XVI Second Series. This new volume of Foreign Office documents deals with the *Rhineland Crisis and the Ending of Sanctions, March-July 1936.* In his short Introduction, the Editor of this volume, Professor W. N. Medlicott summarises the general effect of the 540 documents quoted and four appendices. On the 7th March 1936 Hitler re-militarised the Rhineland, ostensibly on the basis that the Franco-Russian Agreement had nullified the Locarno Treaty. This unilateral action deeply divided the British and French governments whose relations at that time were in any event not harmonious. Professor Medlicott publishes Anthony Eden's memorandum to the Cabinet dated the 8th March in which he deplores the method of remilitarisation rather the result. Unlike France, the British Government were determined not to take any drastic violent action against the Reich; it was fully accepted that Hitler would repudiate in future inconvenient treaties whenever she felt strong enough. Nonetheless Eden argued that it was 'in our interest to conclude with her as far reaching and enduring a settlement as possible whilst Herr Hitler is still in the mood to do so'. This appears to have been governed by two main factors. Public opinion was not decisively against the German action and was anti-French. Prof. Medlicott points out that there was no comprehensive Foreign Office survey of public opinion, though the position was reasonably clear. It is obvious, of course, that these documents cannot give a complete assessment of the overall situation. Apart from public opinion there was the mood of Parliament to bear in mind; and this requires study of the debates. The second factor was the need for time for British re-armament to be carried out. Another large section of these documents deal with the consequences of the Italian victory in Ethiopia, including the humiliation of calling off sanctions and the reconciliation with the Fascist government. This volume also includes documents dealing with negotiations at the July Montreux Conference for the revision of the Straits Convention of 1923 at the request of the Turkish Government. (HMSO. £22.)

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NEW DIMENSIONS OF SECURITY IN NORTH EAST ASIA

by Richard Sim

THE delicate balance of forces which has maintained the stability of north east Asia in the quarter century since the Korean War is now being challenged by a series of forces. International relations in the area have long been complicated and awkward. The division of Korea has imposed mutually exclusive recognition policies on the other countries; Japan and the USSR still await a World War II peace treaty; and the Sino-Soviet rift affects alignments throughout the region. Now new factors are obtruding. In particular the China-Japan treaty; the US commitment to withdraw ground forces from South Korea; and the spectacular growth of Soviet forces in the region are transforming security arrangements in the region.

The grimmest confrontation remains on the Korean peninsula where there exists the most intensive concentration of weaponry anywhere in the world. Here mutual ignorance and the North's unremitting belligerence continue to hold out the possibility of a new Korean War. The tension is understandable and has not been helped by President Carter's expressed intention to withdraw ground forces from the peninsula. It was a decision which united South Korean and Japanese opinion against it; and was bitterly contested by the weight of informed opinion convinced that such a move could lead to a renewed North Korean offensive. Most notable among the objectors was the Chief of Staff of US forces in Korea, Major-General John Singlaub, who stated that US withdrawal would result in war. He received a public rebuke for his statement, but the anxiety was only partly assuaged by the subsequent American decision not to fix a date for the completion of the withdrawal.

The basis for the anxiety is considerable: incidents and provocations occur intermittently across the Demilitarised Zone. In 1975, North Korean passageways were discovered tunnelled under the border. Similar discoveries have occurred from time to time since then. Analysts believe that the tunnels were to be used by the North Koreans to move forces, dressed in South Korean uniforms, south of the border in preparation for simulated 'mutinies' in the South. This in turn would provide a pretext for a 'war of liberation'. Other incidents have provided further evidence of North Korean

calumny. On 15 August, 1974, a North Korean agent attempted to murder President Park, killing his wife instead. Two years later at Panmunjon two US officers were axed to death by North Korean guards.

It is difficult to over-estimate the dangers underlying such incidents for the possibilities of rapid escalation in any renewed Korean conflict are enormous. China and the Soviet Union both have treaty obligations to support North Korea in the event of war; the United States to support South Korea. Moreover, although South Korea is a signatory to the nuclear non-proliferation treaty, it is still preparing for the possibility of nuclear development. Indeed, there are already two atomic reactors in Seoul. At present South Korea's attempts to acquire a plutonium reprocessing plant remain thwarted by US pressure.[1] However, over $100 million are currently earmarked for nuclear development and an agreement on joint uranium exploration has been concluded with Gabon. North Korea's General Kim Ik-Hyun has also implied that the North has not ruled out an introduction of nuclear weapons: 'Particularly, it is not too difficult to imagine what grave consequences would ensue if each side . . . were to try to introduce nuclear weapons, which are nobody's monopoly, into the country'.[2]

Unfortunately it is at present impossible to foresee any meaningful resumption of the North-South Korean dialogue while the present leadership still controls Pyongyang. North Korea's current notion of a peaceful solution to the Korean question is a successful revolution in the South leading to the creation of a Communist government. This is hardly a propitious attitude for peace. North Korea's current call for an all-Korean consultative conference, apparently a peace gesture, is consistent with its revolutionary intentions. By securing such a conference, North Korea would be provided with direct access to a larger section of South Korean opinion, providing a platform for agitation and subversion in the South. In sum there is no reason to believe that North Korea's attitude has changed substantially from the reunification strategy enunciated by Kim Il-Sung on 28 February, 1968: 'Only when we use force of arms can we gain power. We cannot gain power simply by holding elections. The most decisive and positive of all forms of struggle is the struggle with arms for the liberation of our people'.[3] Clearly, only if Kim Il-Sung is replaced or a power struggle for succession leads to a radically changed form of government in the North, is there likely to emerge any basis for a real dialogue between the two.

South Korean proposals for a peaceful settlement of the dispute are threefold: a non-aggression pact between North and South; a North-South dialogue opening the way for many-sided exchanges; and the holding of free supervised general elections throughout Korea, to be held in direct proportion to population (South Korea's population is twice that of the North). As there is clearly no chance of this policy being seriously entertained by the present North Korean leadership, the likely practical effects can only be to further institutionalise and differentiate the two regimes. This process offers a degree of legitimisation to the two systems and in-

creases the pressure on the North to adopt a less aggressive posture. This trend shall be enhanced if Seoul is successful in developing commercial links with the rest of the Communist world.

A striking feature of recent developments has been the growing support, albeit tacit and for varying motives, for the South Korean initiatives. Japan, an expanding trading partner of the Communist states, has indicated that it will only recognise North Korea in return for Soviet and Chinese recognition of the South. The establishment of tentative but perceptibly growing links between Communist states and South Korea has been a feature of recent years. It is now nearly eight years since the USSR described North Korea as 'the sole legitimate sovereign state of the Korean nation'. Low key cultural links between the Soviet Union and South Korea were set up in 1974 and it seems likely that some form of trading relationship was established the following year through an intermediary country.[4] The Soviet Union, Pyongyang's principal armourer, has also declined to supply the North with its most advanced aeroplanes, either MiG 23s or MiG 25s. China, too, has initiated some moves towards the South: in September 1974 a mail service was established between the two countries and in July 1975 this link was extended to include telegraphic wires.

The principal new factor in this changing configuration in the area's power relations has been the impact of the Sino-Soviet dispute. China would not now like to become embroiled in a new Korean war. Such a conflict could open a Pandora's box of problems: it would impair China's improved relations with the US, leading to a further delay in the settlement of the Taiwan problem; and would probably, by damaging yet further Japan's sense of security, lead to a deterioration of relations with Tokyo. Only Moscow possesses the capability fully to meet Pyongyang's need for sophisticated military technology. At present, the Soviets seem reluctant to help the North Koreans either with advanced technology or with further loans (North Korea still has an outstanding debt of $700,000,000 to the Soviet Union). The explanation for this lies in the fact of the Soviet Union's confrontation with China across the longest border in the world. For the present, then, the massive deployment of forces on the Sino-Soviet frontier is a factor contributing to the stability of north-east Asia. Neither the USSR nor China would wish to become engaged in a conflict on the peripheries of their main zone of confrontation. This is especially true at a time when the economic strength of South Korea has led to the beginnings of contact, already noted, between the South and the Communist world. So long as Moscow and Peking remain frozen in postures of total hostility, war in the Korean peninsula now looks less likely.

There is, nonetheless, a sense in which the Sino-Soviet conflict could potentially upset the delicate equilibrium of the area. Both China and Russia are competing for position, the first by attempting to involve Japan in an anti-Soviet alliance and the second by a massive build-up in the fighting capacity of its Pacific Fleet, Moscow's chosen instrument of influence in Asia.

The China-Japan treaty of 12 August, 1978 was no merely symbolic act but potentially an alliance of historic proportions. After the catastrophe of 1945, Japan endeavoured to maintain a low key approach to international affairs, but since the 1973 oil crisis has found this an increasingly difficult position to maintain. It is significant that after years of doubt and delay, Japan finally accepted the controversial 'anti-hegemony' clause, with its clear anti-Soviet implications, in the new treaty. Despite the subsequent statement of Mr. Sunao Sonoda, the Japanese foreign minister, on the need for an understanding between Tokyo and Moscow, it seems clear that economic and defence ties between China and Japan will be extended.

Sino-Japanese trade has been expanding significantly in recent years, at the expense of Japanese development of the Soviet far east, notably the Baikal-Amur railway, and is likely to grow much faster now. Co-operation in defence can not now be discounted either. In mid-September, a 12-man delegation of arms manufacturers led by Eitaro Murai, President of the Society of Japanese Aerospace Companies, became the first such group from Japan ever to visit Communist China. China first made approaches to Japan for weapons imports in 1975. It was refused at the time because of restrictions on the exports of arms to Communist countries. Since then, Peking is known to have continued to press for anti-tank missiles, tanks, jet-fighters, gunnery control devices, air-to-air and air-to-ground missiles in addition to ground radar and telecommunications equipment. Although Japan will not at this stage commit itself to extensive support for China's military requirements, it does seem likely that Tokyo is now considering the provision of technical expertise in weapons production, including factory systems and the effective use of computers.

All this, of course, has been to the detriment of Soviet-Japanese relations. Ironically, although it has been clearly in the interests of the Soviet Union to foster good relations with the world's third strongest economic power, it has consistently refused to make the requisite territorial concessions to Japan's national security. The Kremlin's long-term goal, a Tokyo-Moscow good neighbours treaty, has inevitably been stillborn in view of Moscow's refusal to relinquish control of the strategically significant Kurile Islands seized from Japan in 1945.

This territorial dispute in the heart of north east Asia seems certain to ensure continuing Japanese-Soviet estrangement to the considerable satisfaction of both China and the United States. It is no accident that relations between China and Japan first began to improve in 1964 when Peking first championed Tokyo's claim to the Kuriles. The Soviet Union, Japan's closest neighbour, is easily the nation most disliked by the Japanese. More than thirty years have elapsed since the end of the Second World War but the prospects of a peace treaty seem as remote as ever. The roots of the conflict go back many years, as was foreseen in these pages almost a century ago,[5] when the Japanese northward expansion first encountered the Russians' eastward drive, but the present enmity centres on the Soviet occupation of the northern islands. Successive Japanese governments have repeatedly

refused to sign a peace treaty until the issue of the northern islands is finally settled. The Japanese steadfastly refuse to recognise the legitimacy of the Yalta Agreement (1945) and dispute the interpretation of the San Francisco Peace Treaty (1951). The Tokyo foreign office points out that the latter treaty did not specify which country was to assume rights over the territory renounced by Japan; and as the USSR did not even sign the San Francisco Peace Treaty, its claim is a particularly tendentious one. Moreover, the treaty was unclear as to which islands it affected: the ruling Liberal Democratic Party (LDP) contends that only the northern Kuriles were referred to and that Kunashir and Iturup should therefore be returned. Interestingly, the left wing parties including the Japan Communist Party (JCP) demand the return of the entire Kurile archipelago.

The Soviets have little room for manoeuvre on this issue. Russia's aggrandisement of her western boundaries in 1945 and her occupation of traditional Chinese territory in central Asia and the Far East during Tsarist times mean that any concession to the Japanese on the northern islands issue could pave the way for numerous irredentist claims against her. Soviet overtures to Tokyo have continually foundered on these pumice islands. Leonid Brezhnev's 1969 proposals for an Asian Security scheme; his 1975 and 1978 offers of a Peace and Friendship Treaty all failed for want of real sympathy in Japan.

Diplomacy having failed, Moscow's efforts at maximising its influence in north-east Asia have centred on a massive development of its armed forces in the region. Traditionally, Soviet forces deployed in Asia have been at a lower level of combat-readiness and possessed older equipment than those in Europe. In 1978 this picture began to show a fundamentally different complexion. The Soviet Pacific Fleet has continued to expand. Its 125 submarines now include 50 nuclear vessels. In all, the Fleet totals 755 ships —mainly coastal defence boats and minesweepers. The Soviet air force presence in Asia has increased from 900 to 1,100 aircraft in two years in addition to the strength of the Soviet Naval Air Force attached to the Far East—some 335 aircraft. The technological gap between Soviet far eastern and Soviet European forces is swiftly closing. SS-20 missiles have been deployed in Soviet Asia and new sites are under construction.

Soviet military exercises in the area have also steadily grown in strength during the 1970s. Its immense naval capacity was strikingly demonstrated in the April 1975 *Okean II* exercises when four Soviet naval task forces were deployed around Japan. One force was deployed in the Sea of Japan itself; a second was placed in a defensive line around the Sea of Okhotsk; a third a mere 200 miles to the east of Japan; and the fourth one well to the south near the Carolina islands. War manoeuvres of 1976 were even more pointed as a warning to Tokyo. On that occasion Soviet warships supported by nuclear submarines sailed through the Sea of Japan while aeroplanes flew southwards over both sides of the Japanese islands.

To date the pressure has been one-sided in view of the reluctance of the Japanese to resort to force. This reluctance, a reaction to the militarism of

earlier days, has been reinforced by the American presence in East Asia. Indeed, in the post-Korean war period the peace of the area has been largely conditioned by US naval hegemony. Today, in view of the enormous strength of the Soviet armed forces, the United States presence remains essential to the equilibrium of the area. Even Peking's demand for a US withdrawal from South Korea and Taiwan is tempered by its desire to maintain US forces in north-east Asia as a necessary counter to Soviet military power. Understandably, doubts exist in Tokyo about the US capacity to safeguard the area adequately in the long term. Psychologically, the US is less prepared to confront Soviet power than it was before the Vietnam debacle. In terms of priorities it seems less likely that the US places north-east Asia so high on its security ratings as formerly. The commitment to withdraw from Korea is clear evidence of this. Financially, it is doubtful whether the US can maintain its force levels as it has in the past. Inflationary trends alone indicate that the US defence capacity is likely to be put at a grave disadvantage compared to the USSR whose manpower costs are marginal in view of the low pay allocated to Soviet conscripts.

Thus, it scarcely comes as a surprise to find that the Japanese 1978 White Paper on defence was a particularly pessimistic document. Outlining the scale of the Soviet threat to the region's stability, it offered little by way of a counterprogramme other than a hopeful faith in continuing American capacity to deter Soviet expansionism. Much of the Japanese defence establishment is known to be resentful at the anti-militarist restrictions imposed on it. General Hiroomi Kurisu, commander of Japan's forces until he was dismissed because of his outspoken views on 24 July, 1978, has complained bitterly about Japan's military vulnerability. 'In theory,' he said, 'if we are to keep to the letter of the law, we could only hope to arrest an invading force as illegal immigrants during the first hours of an emergency'.[6] The dismissal of Kurisu highlighted the concern felt by many at the current inadequacy of Japan's defence forces in the face of the growing Soviet military presence.

Japan's Self-Defence Forces have grown steadily over the past decade and although absorbing only 0.88% of Japan's GNP are as well funded as those of the United Kingdom. But Japan is not a member of any international military alliance and it seems certain that a stronger defence strategy involving defence of its trade routes will be required in the 1980s. The USSR is building up the means to interdict vital sea lanes, thus denying vital raw materials to the West and Japan. It is therefore clear that despite the constitutional laws which inhibit the development and strength of the Japanese armed forces, the day can not much longer be postponed when Japan will assume a more active defence and foreign policy.

The international framework which has given north-east Asia such a long respite of peace and stability is being undermined. New arrangements are being worked out and it is to be hoped that the changes can be successfully effected without disturbing the area's delicate equilibrium. While

Korea remains the most likely place of conflagration, the Sino Soviet dispute is tending to stabilise the peninsula. The US decision to withdraw from South Korea, however, is a real indicator of declining American military power in the region. Only Japan has the economic strength and technological ability to produce the strength required to counter burgeoning Soviet power in the area. If the region is not to enter a new phase of uncertainty and fear it is to be hoped that Japan finds this necessary political will.

NOTES

1 South Korea attempted to buy a plutonium reprocessing plant from France but this was cancelled in January 1976 following pressure from the US State Department.

2 Pyongyang Home Service, 7 February, 1977.

3 Lee Ki Won, 'A Military Analysis of the Possible Factors which might Provoke North Korea to Launch Another War', in Se-Jin Kim (ed), *International Peace and Inter-system Relations in Divided Countries*, Research Centre for Peace and Unification, Seoul 1977, p.35.

4 David Rees, 'The Two Koreas in Conflict', *Conflict Studies* No.94, April 1978, p.20.

5 'The Chino-Japanese Conflict and After', Sir Thomas Francis Wade, K.C.M.G., *Contemporary Review*, Vol. 3466 (November 1894, p.609).

6 *The Times*, 8 August, 1978.

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The December issue of *Contemporary Review* includes *North Korea—Aspects of a New Society* by Malcolm Caldwell, *Japan—The Drive to Survive* by Keith Clark, *Iran: A Culture Challenged* (Part II) by Peter Avery and *Victorian Art* by Ernle Money.

THE INDIAN DILEMMA—COERCIVE BIRTH CONTROL OR COMPULSORY PREGNANCY

by Tim Black and Malcolm Potts

INDIA is holding a post-mortem on what happened to family planning during Indira Gandhi's Emergency Rule. Forceful sterilisation is said to have been the spark to the April 1976 Turkman Gate riots in New Delhi. Others claim that the cause was the bulldozing of people's homes by an autocratic and inhumane administration. Both things certainly happened during the Emergency. A tale that mixes the privacy of sex with the visibility of politics is difficult to unravel, but it is certain that family planning has been set back, although the population problems of India are unchanged.

India launched the world's first national family planning programme in 1952 on the Gandhian principle of 'abstinence'. Since then, the country's population has increased by 260 million and is now growing at 1 million a month towards an end of century billion. Yet after 25 years of family planning endeavour one of the first public statements by Indira Gandhi's successor, octogenarian prime minister Morarji Desai, was that he is a strong advocate of 'self-control'. Has India's birth control policy run full circle? Are the Indian people now seriously expected to find their solution between the bed-covers or on the pavements in selfrestraint? Or are these remarks merely political rhetoric in response to the sterilisation excesses of the Emergency?

The Indian family planning programme has passed through a five stage cycle and many of the other 79 developing countries which have accepted family planning as an essential ingredient to social and economic development seem to be starting out on the same route.

Family planning often begins with the least relevant programmes and services because these are politically the most acceptable. Usually limited, urban, clinic services are created, commonly as the result of activities by voluntary family planning organisations which also lobby for government recognition of the population problem.

In the second or adoptive stage, the government launches a family planning programme, often as an integral part of existing child and maternal health services and usually limited to the reversible methods of contraception.

In India, this stage was heralded by the introduction of a programme based on the rhythm method backed with a 350,000 rupee (£24,000) budget for 360 million people in 1952. The programme was reorganised in 1963 with the aim of reaching the rural population of by then 440 million people, but continued to use relatively ineffective methods. By 1968 India was committing about 370 million rupees annually to birth control, or one-tenth of one per cent of the country's gross national product. The target was to cut the birth rate from 40 to 22 per thousand in 15 years. It took Britain

one century to achieve this degree of change. Industrialised Japan, which was forthright enough to legalise and make visible abortion—always an essential element in fertility regulation—managed to halve her birth rate in such an interval, but not surprisingly India has not reached her goal. Ironically, 1978 is target year and the birth rate now is approximately 34 per thousand.

One of the few real achievements in India, partly due to the initiative of the Ford Foundation, was the introduction of the highly innovative Nirodh condom marketing programme, distributing sheaths at subsidised prices through the village shop. Following the recent setbacks in family planning, the sale of condoms through the social marketing system jumped 28%.

The failures of the health related, bureaucratically managed, second stage services were more numerous. By 1968, sixteen years after the launch of the programme, the government's own statistics showed that there were only 13,000 doctors trained in family planning—or one for every 41,000 of the population. In India, as in other developing countries, Western-trained doctors stick to the towns and the 600,000 villages, where the bulk of the population lives, are largely beyond the reach of modern medicine. Indeed, there are more Indian doctors working in the NHS in Britain than there are serving the rural poor of India. However, an army of traditional homeopathic and ayurvedic practitioners exists. They attend college, are registered by the government, have the background and social respect necessary to make them excellent potential family planning workers, but have never been involved by the government.

It is hardly surprising that in 1968 only 700,000 women were fitted with IUDs and 1.6 million men sterilised out of a fertile population of 212 million.

By the beginning of the 70s it was self-evident that India's fourth five-year plan was unlikely even to achieve the then greatly lower target for birth rate reduction. The response to this realisation was the introduction in 1972 of mass vasectomy camps and a reform of the abortion law. The country passed into the alarm stage three of the family planning cycle. Major incentives for sterilisation were introduced and in some areas men were paid as much as 60 rupees for having a vasectomy (which in rural India is a large sum of money). The effects were dramatic and the annual number of vasectomies jumped to 2.2 million in 1972 and 3.1 in 1973.

In 1972 India reformed its abortion laws along the lines of the 1967 legislation in Britain. It was a bold, courageous step, but like so many things in the Indian government programme, wise policies were destroyed by petty regulations. In the first twelve months of the new law, only 23,000 abortions were recorded in a country with 21 million births a year. By September 1975 only 1,500 facilities had been 'licensed' to perform abortions and a mere 250,000 terminations were performed in the first three years after the law had been liberalised on April fool's day 1972—a cruel joke in a country in which the official ministry of health committee estimated there were four million illegal abortions annually.

Due to inflation the family planning budget itself was pruned and the incentive fueled mass sterilisation programme collapsed.

On April 16th, 1975, India entered stage four, or the coercive phase of the family planning cycle, with the announcement that both incentives and disincentives would be imposed in order to step up the flagging birth control programme. This directive was followed by letters from Mrs. Gandhi to 22 Chief Ministers of the Indian Union urging all 'necessary' steps. Karan Singh, the then Minister of Health and Family Planning, announced a 'direct assault' on over-fertility: the age of marriage for girls was raised from 15 to 18 and for men from 18 to 21 and incentives were given to teachers' organisations, trade unions and cooperatives to promote sterilisation. The constituencies for the Lower House in Parliament were frozen at the 1971 level so that the States with successful programmes would not lose representation in Parliament. Large incentives were given to the individual, such as 150 rupees to parents of two or less children, for sterilisation, 100 rupees for a 3-child parent and 70 rupees for parents with four or more.

In August, 1976 Maharashtra became the first of four states to pass a law compelling sterilisation in families of a certain size, in the case of Maharashtra a man with three children. Philosophically, some people would accept that if the State can collect money in taxes or limit the amount of land an individual may hold, then it may have the right to control family size. However, none of the legislation passed during the Emergency came into law and received the signature of the President of India.

What seems to have happened is that the top leadership decided that family planning was a national priority and the normally constipated, unimaginative civil administration, waiting for the next promotion (usually as predictable as an eclipse of the sun) suddenly found itself forced to comply. The Congress Party machine, normally reserved for bringing voters out at an election, was also galvanised into action. Targets were passed down and civil servants began to make sterilisation a prerequisite for any official approval. To take a single example, one 19-year-old unmarried man who applied for a driving licence was told he would not get one unless he was vasectomised. Some went further and forcibly rounded up people for male sterilisation—which is technically easier to do than the female operation. The abuses were unevenly distributed and more common in the Punjab and Haryana than the South. Numerically they probably represented only a fraction of the sterilisations being performed, but there is no doubt that the crudest of force was used and applied with great injustice. Many people suspected what was happening, although few publicly disapproved until the issue became a political one at the time of the March 1977 elections.

By mid-March 1977 it was all over. The Janata Party swept to power and ended 30 years of Congress Party rule. Compulsory sterilisation was a major issue and the Congress Party lost most heavily in the areas where family planning abuses had been the greatest. Today, sterilisations are only at 13% of the level that they were during the Emergency. After one quarter

of a century of family planning, the cycle is complete and India has entered a fifth stage or the stage of what might be called a 'non-policy policy.'

The one thing that hasn't changed is India's demographic problem. In a country which has 2.4% of the world's land, 1.5% of the total global income, but 14.6% of its population, a new baby is born every 1.5 seconds. If, as reported, over 7 million sterilisations were performed during the Emergency, then it was the first time (and probably for some years the last) that the family planning programme achieved a result which could be claimed to be numerically significant. The failure of the national family planning programme in India is not only an ominous one for that country but a threat that hangs over other poor countries which are now marching along the same path that India followed at earlier stages in her family planning policy.

It is easy to condemn with righteous indignation the abuses of 1976/77 in India, particularly from the luxury of developed nations, while overlooking some of the earlier mistakes which were made in the country and sidestepping some of the choices which will face many developing nations.

Politicians and decision-makers perceive family planning to be a controversial issue and in the case of sterilisation and abortion (which are the most effective methods of birth control) the media and commonly the religious leadership go out of their way to underscore this point of view. This fact, compounded by the poor technical advice which comes from city specialists in developing countries who know little of their own villages and timid external agencies, has often led to the wrong technical and administrative choices. For many years the Indian programme sought single shot solutions to family planning and population problems and lurched from one improbable policy to another. IUDs were hailed as an all-persuasive solution and then forgotten in the excitement over sterilisation. And even while forcible sterilisation was being performed in 1976/77 in some areas, there was an unmet need for the same operation in other parts of the country. The Indian government programme consistently refused to use oral contraceptives, even though there have been some highly successful, non-governmental distribution schemes, such as that conducted by the Humanity Association in Calcutta. The management weaknesses of government programmes are often even more important than their technical limitations. The privately run Hospital Corporation in Bombay has been able to offer sterilisations and abortions at roughly a third of the cost of government hospitals. The paradox existed where a national programme was trying to force people through its own system with high incentives, while some of the same people were paying for the same operation through well managed private services that respected their individuality and offered a high standard of clinical care. Even the successes of the Nirodh programme could have been much greater if a more businesslike style of management could have been adopted, as current experience in Bangladesh with an independently run social marketing programme is demonstrating.

Often the wrong personnel were chosen. Instead of involving the Daya or

village midwife, city matriculates were trained as Lady Health Workers. They were uncomfortable and unhappy when placed in a rural setting; they were invariably unmarried so that the village matron had no regard for their advice and they worked civil service hours from 9.30 a.m. until 5 p.m. which are exactly the times when every able-bodied villager is working in the fields. Finally, they were never allowed to dispense pills or condoms to the houses that they visited, although the evidence from the rest of the developing world is that the doorstep availability is the key to the acceptance and use of the reversible methods of contraception. Community Based Family Planning Services in Thailand have shown that it is not a hopeless task to take family planning into Asian villages. This programme sells pills and condoms at low subsidised prices. In those areas where it has been running for three years, the number of pregnancies in the community has fallen by 40%. For the 2.3 million people in Bali, Indonesia, the birth rate has tumbled from over 40 to 26 in seven years by virtue of a realistic family planning programme built upon community involvement.

But for India the population problem is clearly out of hand. It is a truly vast country and the state of Uttah Pradesh alone has a population of 90 million and could qualify for the world's seventh most populous country. The base line realities of the situation are clear. Since 1952 the gross national product of India has doubled but the per capita income has only increased by 100 rupees. This is the nub of the moral predicament.

Voluntary government family planning programmes in India have failed. A small number of private initiatives were promising but have been trivial in their numerical impact. Crude coercion and strong arm tactics in family planning were a major factor in the electoral defeat of Indira Gandhi, although had her government continued, many people probably would have applauded the results. In a country where there is so much misery and social injustice, it would have been all too easy to continue to look the other way when stories of administrative brutality seeped out.

The choice of legislative compulsion was *never* tested. Whether it could have been applied with any justice, given the gap between rich and poor, is a moot point. Nevertheless, we should be cautious about condemning compulsion if we are unable to put forward alternative effective strategies. In the game of family planning snakes and ladders, India is back to square one. Self-restraint is being advocated in the absence of any alternative policy. The few successes that do exist in family planning become even more precious and worthy of analysis. Soon other nations—Indonesia, Egypt, Nigeria, Brazil—will also be faced by the conundrum of the century —the choice between attaining socio-economic liberation through compulsory birth control or suffering the oppression of unplanned pregnancy.

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SOFT ZLOTYS AND QUANGOS

by John Elsom

THE adjectives, soft and hard, have cropped up regularly in strange contexts in my life, like buried milestones, marking off another stage in the journey. Almost before memory began, my mother leant over me in a cold iron tub, explaining the difference between soft and hard water, one being gentle with skin and dirt alike, the other rough on both. Then there was the discovery of soft Italian icecream, piled up like mountain snow, which, at the first lick, would avalanche down over cone and hand alike; unlike the hard variety, scooped from a trough or compacted between wafers, chilling the teeth as you bit into it.

Then there were soft and hard teachers; then puberty; then soft and hard porn; then soft and hard lines in politics. Paternalism was soft autocracy, while dictatorships were hard. Liberals were generally supposed to be soft socialists or tories, so that some party friends, eager to dispel imputations of weakness, took hard lines on this or that. Then whole societies were thought to be soft or hard. 'Has Britain become flabby?' headlined an article in a Canadian paper, flabby being a hard word for soft. A flabby country chooses soft options instead of hard work.

This accumulation of associations sets up odd mental connections. Do soft societies melt like icecream? Are hardliners trying to prove their virility? Last December in Poland, I experienced directly what was meant by a soft currency, the zloty, although its textbook definition—of a currency which has no international exchange rate—was familiar enough. To go to Poland, you could not just buy zlotys or travellers' cheques from a bank. You had to obtain vouchers through the embassy or the official tourist agencies—which you exchanged within Poland for zlotys. This process, which can be tedious, was much helped in my case by the assistance of the Polish government, who had invited me to review their Meetings festival in Warsaw and to look at their ways of subsidising the arts.

What were the differences between buying travellers' cheques and paying for vouchers? One was that the Polish authorities could control the flow of money to and from, but especially from, their country. In this case, the soft currency indicated a hard political line on currency exchange. They were also trying to ensure that foreign currency came to the government, and would not fall into the hands of the many entrepreneurs in Poland, from taxi-drivers to shopkeepers, who were always quite prepared to share the burden of carrying pound notes with you.

Vouchers also encouraged or discouraged kinds of travel, like soft visas. British tourists bought their vouchers at roughly 60 zls to the pound, while mere diplomats had to put up with a rate of about 30. Polish tourists, on the other hand, had to buy their pounds at over 200 zls each, making foreign travel very expensive. These differences also led to a thriving black market, for a British tourist, if he wanted, could smuggle in pounds and obtain

three times the amount for them in zlotys, as he could have done through the voucher system. These currency variations made it hard to gauge the cost of living in Poland, for the same meal at the same price could seem cheap or costly, depending on the stamp in your passport or upon the varying degrees of legality governing the money exchange.

The black market in money was so open that it scarcely seemed illegal at all. The penalties were like vague threats, bogeymen, which could be harshly invoked or not, depending upon whether the authorities were being soft or hard that year. I wondered about the much-publicised deal between Britain and Poland for the purchase of British ships. Our shipyards were, in any case, being subsidised; but what kind of exchange rate, other than the simple barter of goods, could have produced an agreement at all profitable to Britain?

But did that matter, if our yards had orders and the Poles their ships? Should one worry too much about the impenetrable means by which two governments had arrived at desirable ends? Profit, in any case, is a word with regional variations, like soft and hard. To my ears, it has a positive or, at worst, neutral ring. For some Polish friends, however, it sounded slightly subversive and unethical. The justification for the exchange controls was to prevent the capitalistic exploitation of a poor country in the name of profit; although for a degraded representative of capitalism like me, the relaxation of exchange controls seemed the obvious first step towards a material enrichment of Poland, attracting tourists and foreign investment, the swopping of ideas and goods, and leading to a general relaxation in tension between East and West. I came to feel that the control of currency represented a kind of soft Iron Curtain, a *papier-maché* Berlin Wall, through which it was a positive duty, in the name of freedom, to break.

As a guest of the government, however, I was more prepared to be polite than, in that sense, dutiful. In any case, there was a softness to the currency, not reflected in the exchange rate. The average wage for Polish workers was 4,000 zls a month, although the income extremes could vary almost as much as in Britain. Some private farmers were rich, as were higher civil servants and managers of state industries; while gypsies begged in rags, in deep winter, outside my hotel. The average wage itself could signify a genteel sufficiency or downright poverty, depending on certain non-monetary privileges. A good meal at the Writers Union would cost 15 zls, although a housewife, after much queuing, would have had to pay 70 or 80 zls to buy the same food in the shops, while a tourist might have paid 150 zls in a state restaurant. The union card, therefore, brought with it cheap food, and there were similar divergencies in other fields, such as housing—which could be very cheap or extremely expensive. Goods too fluctuated in price, according to non-market factors. In one bookshop, for example, I saw some *avant-garde* (and very difficult) piano music at a non-reduced price of 8 zls a copy; whereas a guidebook to Britain cost 356 zls. These prices seemed to represent a deliberate reversal of our laws of supply and demand. It was as if the authorities were saying to good Poles that 'you ought to

play the piano, and forget about going to Britain, which must be an expensive country, if even its guidebooks cost so much.'

To a bystander ignorant of Polish ways and higher economic theories, it was as if money were losing its links with work, on one hand, and choice, on the other; and a little, puritanical nerve in my temple started to twitch and throb, as it does also in Britain. This nerve (known as PWE, for protestant work ethic) has been troublesome lately, sometimes hardening into a blinding migraine, reddening the eyes and coarsening the temper; for it tells me flatly, against all the evidence, that hard work should bring more money and that money should extend the range of personal opportunities in life. To this day, I feel adolescent guilt at receiving expenses for some bit of non-work and cheated if my labour, for one reason or another, goes unrewarded.

Warsaw, for all its charm, friendliness and courtesy, inflamed that PWE nerve, for it was as if the day-to-day, hour-to-hour, transactions between people were being twisted out of shape, often for admirable reasons. The fixing of prices was one expression of state paternalism; and paternalism, on a family or a public level, can be debilitating and a source of depression, for you are drawn towards seeking the approval of superiors, rather than the agreement of equals. The Poles themselves, however, did not see matters that way, either officially or unofficially.

I found the unofficial approach easier to grasp. The Poles are sometimes said to be the Irish of Eastern Europe. Their popular Catholicism teaches a scepticism of temporal authority, without encouraging open rebellion; while centuries of occupation have left a good-humoured contempt for officialdom. 'Do you know why,' I was asked, 'there can never be a revolution in East Germany? Because it is *forbidden* to tread on the grass', implying that in Poland all banned grass would be trampled bare. For rules which were dangerous to break, however, the attitude of the good soldier Schweik prevailed. In other East European countries, apparently, bad laws would either be broken defiantly, with all the risks entailed, or slavishly obeyed. The cunning Poles worked differently, and they would say, 'This is a wonderful law, let's have another exactly like it!' Through a proliferation of laws and regulations, contradicting each other and impossible to implement, the whole system could be safely ignored.

I was told a story about a provincial city where there was apparently a thriving second-hand car market. Tourists had discovered that they could drive their cars across the frontier and sell them in Poland, thus paying for good holidays among the forests and lakes, and eventually, by buying furs illegally and selling them in Western Europe, emerging with a profit. Cars are hard to come by in Poland. This market began unofficially and illegally, but the authorities saw no way of stopping the trade without damaging tourism. They therefore imposed price controls on second-hand cars, trying to drive the entrepreneurs out of business or at least restricting their profits. Far from protesting, the traders welcomed the scheme. It meant that their market had been officially acknowledged and with car prices kept at an

artificially low level, everybody would rush to the city and buy cars. But they foresaw a problem. How could they regulate the crowds? They therefore proposed a system whereby they issued vouchers to anyone who wanted to buy a car, guaranteeing them a place in the queue; and currently, the vouchers cost more than the cars themselves. The entrepreneurs doubled their profits.

I could not check this story nor do I know what the official view was, although the authorities could reasonably have argued that the abuse was limited, unlike the similar problems in free market economies. They could have pointed to their excellent subsidised transport services, which enabled you to travel around Warsaw for a zloty or so. My efforts to find the official rationale behind certain kinds of subsidy and price fixings, however, were not too productive of enlightenment. I wanted to find the Polish answer to a problem which dogs arts subsidies in Britain. How do you decide whether this theatre should receive, say, £100,000 in subsidy, while that one only gets £50,000? What criteria do they use? And how do they determine how much should be spent on the arts as a whole? Who decides?

At the Ministry of Culture, the officers were helpful but puzzled. Each theatre, they said, gets what it needs. But who decides, I asked, what it needs—the artistic director, a committee of actors or the management board? They suggested that I should speak to representatives from the Finance Department; and so, on a cold, grey December morning, my interpreter and I went along again to the Ministry of Culture, where a meeting had been arranged. I had expected an interview, quiet and informal, with a government press officer. Instead we were shown into a board room, where four finance officials sat on one side of a substantial table, while an officer from the Ministry of Culture sat with us on the other side.

I began badly. What proportion of the national budget was spent on the arts? Budget was untranslatable—as was national income—as was gross national product. Life in Poland seemed not to be quite like that, and there was a distinction between their Ministry of Finance and our Treasury. Our Treasury is concerned with the whole economic spectrum, the Olympian view, as well as with details of departmental spending. Their Finance officers were definitely departmental, shying away from being thought Olympian. For the whole spectrum, I was cagily advised to read books of national statistics; although that could have been a kind of fobbing off, for even if I went to these reports, and had them translated, the chances were that they would emerge rather like the equivalent reports from Jugoslavia, which really have to be pieced together, like a jig-saw puzzle, a clue from one report leading to a clue from another, before the whole picture emerged. That was a full time study, and I missed the populist, and no doubt misleading, quick economic guides which appear in our newspapers and through the propaganda of political parties. Furthermore, the true economic picture would still not emerge, even in general outlines, for the small print of innumerable trade agreements would have to be examined.

Nevertheless, I was convinced that these Finance officers must have some

idea as to the amounts of money available because otherwise they could not have done their jobs. To avoid an impasse, I therefore started again from the other end of the scale. Was there such a thing as an average wage for actors? There was—8,000 zls a month. What proportion of the costs of running a theatre were borne by subsidy? About 65 to 75%. The rest of the money was raised through the box office, but, such was the enthusiasm for theatre on an official level, they had attempted to do without the box office altogether, offering free seats. That system had not worked, because, strangely enough, audiences liked to pay. It was their contribution. And actors often felt that a house of free seats was somehow inferior to one where people had actually paid. In a sense, the PWE nerve twitched in Poland too.

And who decided whether there should be a theatre in a town at all? Poland, curiously, seems to have too many theatres and too few actors. Actors get booked up with companies as soon as they leave one of only three drama schools, which can lead to the snapping up and hoarding of them by companies.

Nevertheless, new theatres were still being built, and subsidised, and one opened while I was there. The pressure for new theatres was apparently constant. But where did the pressure come from? From the regional and civic authorities, each of which would put forward their plans, to be approved or turned down by central government, although in practice it was hard to resist pressure from these layers of local government. Were these elected local authorities, so that the source of the pressure could at a distance be held to derive from the people? Or were these appointed? Again, there were translation problems. The election procedure was not *quite* the same as in Britain. The councils were more of a contrived mixture—of delegates from trade union organisations, of local councils and appointed advisers. They were, in effect, regional *quangos*, and, like *quangos* in Britain, they represented either soft democracy or soft autocracy, depending on one's point of view. I could imagine that the kind of wheeling and dealing process would go on, as in Britain, whereby you had to have a playwright, an indispensable woman, a local councillor and a businessman before you could claim to be a democratic committee dealing with the arts. Directors in Poland submitted their plans to these committees and sub-committees of *quangos*, and, as in Britain, if they had any particularly exciting new play to do, they would try to conceal that fact, by padding it around with concessions to the official culture.

But what about the broad view? Who decided whether they had had enough new theatres or whether they should open a couple more drama schools? And, more importantly, who decides the importance of culture within daily lives? Do shopfloor workers really believe that actors are worth twice their pay? We were back at the beginning, at the problem which dogged me in drafting *Change and Choice*, the Liberal Party's 'green paper' on the arts, at the question which started the meeting more than an hour before and which had proved untranslatable. It was the crux question

—the one which, if you like, divides East and West, the centralist from the pluralist, the followers of Popper from the disciples of Marx.

How do you divide, I asked, the national cake? Who decides how big a slice should be left for the arts? There was a buzz of translation, questions flitting to and fro in Polish, earnest private talk, thoughtful glances into the air, much sucking of pencils; and then, to my great relief, enlightenment dawned. Faces cleared. We smiled at each other. There was a quick conversation on an internal telephone; and, within seconds, a plateful of Polish honeycakes appeared, with some delicious lemon tea. Before I could explain that this was not quite what I meant, we were sitting around, munching the national cakes and congratulating each other on our remarkable grasps of our subjects.

My translator, with her quick Polish eye for symbolism, pointed out to me quietly that there were fifteen cakes on the plate, two for each of us and one left over for the unexpected guest. 'That', she said, 'is the custom in Poland'.

National politeness too influenced what was considered appropriate in the division of wealth; and as we walked back to the hotel, to sample the difference between soft and hard liquor, it was as if the leaden sky had lifted. Poland might have acquired a dome of hard official order; but beneath that carapace, as cold and grey and arbitrary as the sky, the soft concessions to humanity—immaturity, old age and differences of opinion—still carpeted the ground, with the powdery snow, calming the contours and muffling the sound of army boots.

IRAN: A CULTURE CHALLENGED

Part One: Background and History

by Peter Avery

BEFORE attempting a definition of Iranian culture, the wider consideration of Iran as a land of three distinct entities or 'nations' and two outstanding social and political attitudes closely related to the Three Nations needs consideration, with a word added on yet another factor related to Iran's culture, Iran's ethnic heterogeneity. Language and that same culture which ethnic heterogeneity has nourished, have combined to obscure the people's variety of origins. In a land whose sensitive geographical position is between the deserts of Arabia and steppes of central Asia, the Indian Sub-Continent and Caucasus, and, on a larger scale, between Europe and Asia, Africa and the Pamirs, such variety was inevitable and invasions were frequent. On one notable occasion invasion came from the southwest, from Arabia. Generally it came from the north and northeast when Turks and the Mongols were drawn towards the Mediterranean. Before seaways replaced overland trade routes, major routes from the Pacific to the Levant crossed Iran; cultural variety came with ethnic variety and the geographical location promoted both. An attempt to depict what Iranian culture amounts to as an inevitable response to Iranian environment will also show how variety has been modified and even suppressed by the genius and adaptability of the people of the Iranian Plateau.

The three types of people who until the most recent times could be said to make up the Iranian social complex are, firstly, a sedentary peasantry, who remain the majority; secondly, urban dwellers, the prime social and cultural movers; thirdly, a nomadic element composed of tribes. This last element was often accounted the more dangerous. It was associated with invasions from outside, with border problems and with tensions inside the country. For our purposes and so far as political history since the mid-nineteenth century is concerned, the area of Iran may be taken as the six hundred and twenty-eight thousand square miles enclosed by the present-day frontiers. In the context of more ancient history and especially where cultural matters are involved, a much wider Iranian area must be envisaged, with frontiers on the Jaxartes beyond the Oxus Basin; on the Euphrates; beyond the Indus; in the valleys of the Hindu Kush; and northwards along the western shore of the Caspian Sea.

In the period we are chiefly concerned with, after Roman-Sasanid times, which ended in the seventh century, invasions took the form of inroads by nomadic people or a mixture of nomads and merchant associates, on whose behalf as well as their own, nomadic tribes conquered. The Arabs' invasion of the seventh century had its merchant associates. Even Chinghiz Khan's and subsequent Mongol invasions had mercantile overtones too important to be ignored, though they cannot so easily be attributed to the incursions of some of the Turkish tribes such as the Saljuqs, with whom Middle East-

ern merchants might not have found conciliation easy. This question aside, Iran's past military vicissitudes can generally be related to tribally organised nomads because, though human settlement in Iran could not be sustained with ease, metropolitan Iran offered better pasture for grazing flocks than large areas of neighbouring lands. This and Iran's trading position as a many-gated 'caravanserai' on world routes impelled movement towards and into it.

Ironically, such inward movements were more apt to gain the momentum to develop into invasion, and a supersession of internal established dominion, in times of peace and prosperity within Iran. Outsiders' entrance in force can generally be ascribed to lack of vigilance and weakness at the centre, or to a paramount Iranian government's ineptitude and a consequent political disintegration in metropolitan Iran. These developments were often due to prosperity and the apparent absence of threats. Laxity was encouraged with a hedonistic optimism that payment of *danegeld* could keep enemies at bay. Meanwhile the enemies thought to be overawed and mollified were strengthened and even inspired to conquer by the prosperity and cultural influences which spread outwards and aroused cupidity. Prosperity increased the numbers of surrounding peoples. Their closer contacts with an expanded Iran through trade introduced them to amenities their kinsfolk in various epochs helped to foster as military slaves. The latter's obedience turned into command when they usurped the power of enfeebled masters.

Power constantly changed hands and newcomers were frequent, but the sedentary Iranian cultivator on the land remained, while the urban-dwellers provided the scribes and administrators whose task it was to come to terms with the newcomers. Even a class of literature was developed, to teach fresh arrivals Iranian precedents of just rule and the requirements in government a sedentary agricultural society, farming land irrigated with difficulty, needed for survival.

Ideally the three elements of Iranian society, peasantry, townsmen and nomads, should have been dependent on each other. If a balance of forces could be maintained, peace might reign. Periods when a balance was held and a shared sense of dependence among groups worked effectively must have been more common than the record indicates. For the record of Iran's history highlights times of disaster when the tension was broken and terrible suffering resulted. Books expressing ideals of government and crying for justice, whose absence is advertised by the degree it is insisted upon, and the upsurge of poetry to guide and to heal broken hearts, show the extent of Iranian society's troubles and material disillusionment. But had the balance of forces in Iranian life not frequently been maintained in spite of appalling challenges; had it not been kept in small areas and on a small scale when lost on a wider scale; had the memory of the need for such a balance not been perennial, the often admired and celebrated continuity of a distinctively Iranian culture would not have been possible.

This feat of survival has not been easy. It has demanded special qualities of intellect, adaptability, and a special kind of spiritual steadfastness which

are what we have in mind when speaking of the 'Iranian genius.'

Besides the 'Three Nations', two noticeable political and social attitudes have already been mentioned as characteristic of Iranians. These also stem from vulnerability to invasion over long land frontiers and where such sea borders as there are, the Persian Gulf and the Caspian, do not provide effective barriers but are instead bridges inviting crossing. The danger of invasion must be seen in relation to a soil which, in order to produce, needs irrigation. In Europe, France exemplifies a certain type of political attitude due to sensitivity to the threat of invasion, but think how much greater that sensitivity must be where it is a matter of invasion by horsemen in raiding hosts which spread over the land like clouds in the sky and smash irrigation works which in Iran generally comprised underground channels scooped out laboriously by hand below the topsoil. Such a system was hazarded by torrents and earthquakes, but the unpredictable trampling of uncouth raiders' horses was one of its worst threats. The destruction of such a delicate irrigation system left a despondency it sometimes seems has tinged the minds of Iranians with a cynicism or at least a profound pessimism very much at odds with their wit and humour. But in the political sphere the threat of so delicately sustained an agriculture being ruined overnight by either invasion or an outbreak of unruly elements at home has engendered an attitude strongly in favour of law and order coupled with effective frontier protection. So that borders may be guarded and the balance of forces within kept, a strong central power is felt to be necessary by many, and most instinctively by the cultivator aware of the fragility of his existence. Thus, belief in the desirability of effective central government is one of the two characteristic Iranian attitudes. The other seems to be in direct contrast. It is an ultimately irrepressible though frequently much modified sense of regionalism.

Arising from Iran's position on once important trade routes, mercantile acumen became a component of the Iranian genius it has certainly remained. It lay at the basis of urban life. But two things could happen. Commercial cities strung out along well-defined routes of commerce could either jealously rival each other or be made subservient to a strong paramount central power. Earlier Iranian military prospectors could entertain two objectives: the profitability of dominating as great a length of trade routes as possible; and the necessity of maintaining the internal balance, which meant inhibiting regionalism or any other tendency in one or other of the elements of society to gain too much strength at the expense of others. But these military rulers often depended on tribal manpower: their rise to dominion in itself threatened one group' dominance at the expense of the influence of the two others, townsmen and cultivators. The Safavid rulers' (1502-1722) understanding of Iranian needs and their own purpose seems never more to have been demonstrated than in their attempts to keep the balance by trying to diminish the influence of groups instrumental in their rise to power. Initially those ambitious for paramountcy depended on a military support capable of enabling them in effect to conquer the country. Darius's inscription at Bīsitun may be described as being *inter alia* about

this process as well as about the second stage.

The second stage in the typical Iranian conqueror's career was expansion abroad, and this can be related to preserving frontiers and gaining ever larger stretches of alluring trade routes, which went out to the horizons on several sides of the Iranian 'Middle Kingdom'. Once the home land had been secured it had to be policed. 'Frontiers' within, between nomad and cultivator, traveller and robber, had to be maintained. Above all, in a country where without peace agriculture is impossible, law and order had to be ensured. The balance of forces and mutually dependent functions of different social groups required keeping harmonious. In return the ruler required revenues to equip him to continue what he saw as his services to the empire and provide a surplus, to afford him and his court the requisite splendour and power of patronage, as well as luxurious rewards for sovereign vigilance and effort. Here lay another impulse, perhaps the greatest of all, to expansion.

Different sections of society responded differently to the central ruler's attempt to create and sustain centralised government. The cultivators looked to a strong Shah, preferably one who had clearly succeeded in the process of conquest and so might legitimately be called *Shahanshah*, 'King of Kings.' He was the farmer's protector against external threats and policeman against undisciplined tribal forces; the warden against political disintegration and subsequent regional exploitation by local potentates based on the rich cities they had entered for their wages as guardians in times of trouble. Above all, the bonds between the cultivators and a paramount ruler seem to have been special, the peasant continuously retaining the notion that in the Shah was his refuge against tyrants closer to him than the august receiver of the tribute of all.

The towns responded less gratefully to a Shah's attempt to impose what could be seen as his own balance on the country, and his protection, for which the price often seemed high. Revenue demands were unwelcome where cities had escaped the main tax burden that had traditionally lain heaviest on the land. Levies required by the Court became even more unwelcome and local privileges more cherished when, due to factors not clearly comprehended at the time, overland trade was declining and others, skilled in the arts of the sea, began to amass profits Iranian cities no longer shared. Then urban leaders began to think it best their cities had only the most tenuous relations with the central power and that they should be left to make the best out of what seemed an economic situation declined too far to support major extended fabrics of state and society. There was a correlation between economic stress and the upsurge of regionalism.

As for the tribesmen, their relations with a paramount military overlord were seldom ambiguous. He was to be undeviatingly followed and obeyed—so long as success, spoils and plenty of good pasture and water seemed to be available to those he led. Or he was to be deserted, as soon as success eluded him or boons for hungry tribesmen ceased. Attempts to tax the tribes generally produced rebellion and, on one notable occasion with

Sultan Sanjar the Great Saljuq (1117-1157), tribes he tried to tax told him they were not to be treated as sedentary folk and kept him a prisoner three years, according him the respect due to Sultans as if to show affectionate but mocking regard for a kinsman who forgot his pastoral origins amidst the trappings of kingship. For the tribes, survival of the tribe came first. Survival of a leader, whoever he may be, was ultimately subordinate to and dependent upon the tribe's well-being. His power was coterminous with his success at ensuring the best for the tribe, which considered that his power to effect leadership lay in its strength.

It will have been noticed that nowhere does abstract loyalty or any sentiment seem to interfere with what are highly pragmatic relationships. Consideration for a Sultan as 'one of them,' though one who had erred, who had been corrupted by non-tribal society, might have given Sultan Sanjar a better fate in his captor's hands than he would have suffered had they not also felt some awe for so exalted a ruler, exponent of the success attained by a man who in origin was of their own kind. But 'loyalty' and 'patriotism' as thought of in the West are not part of the practical calculations governing relationships in a country modified by the hardships and suffering which have comprised Iran's historical lessons. Ineffectiveness cannot be afforded. Failure means expendability.

It was said earlier that language and culture have obscured social and ethnic variety in Iran. The power of Persian speech has undoubtedly been a major unifying factor. So much of any 'nationhood' depends on community of language. In times when Iran did not exist as an independent, integrated political entity, the idea of Iran continued in the Persian language, understood wherever Iranians' arms and traders had ever been. That this was so was not entirely accidental and there were periods of disintegration and alien domination when, before the aliens were assimilated, the tradition of cultural and linguistic continuity needed effort for its upkeep. Anthologists had a reservoir of great importance to draw upon for this purpose, a magnificent poetic tradition to continue, using it as a bridge and conveyor of the best in Persian speech and ingenious imagery across chasms of cultural decline and dislocation. They were helped by lexicographers, who tackled the twofold problem of retaining a great tradition in times when the refinements of Iranian life were in abeyance, and of meeting the risk of mutual incomprehensibility between regions. At least one lexicographer compiled his *Lughat-i-Furs,* Persian Dictionary, so that poets in one region might properly understand the value the poets of another, who were their exemplars, put on the words they used. Thus Asadi of Tus (d. 1072-73) purveyed sophisticated Persian usages from Khurasan to Azerbaijan, where a travelling poet, Nasir-i-Khusrau (fl. 1045-70), had not long before discovered a man who composed good poetry but till instructed in the meanings of words remained ignorant in the Persian language.

A paradox appears when enquiry is made about the patrons of poets and anthologists. The great unifying force was the Persian language and the strong and noble literary tradition continued in its poetry, but most often

it was regional dynasts, vying with each other over whose court should be best adorned with eulogising poets and men of learning, who were the patrons of this literature and cultural tradition, which flourished when breakdown of central power and foreign invasion had endangered the civilisation of Iran, and its political unity was temporarily suspended. Interestingly enough, periods of integration and unity on an imperial scale embracing the whole Iranian area have not been conspicuous for literary achievement. The great poets have belonged to times of disorder and insecurity and been identified with localities, Hafiz or Sa'di of Shiraz, Nizami of Ganja, Salman-i-Saveji, though where they functioned depended on where the power they lived under was centred, for there too was the cultural centre of their time and of the region in which they lived.

Since we have seen what the role of the anthologists was, it goes without saying that they came in periods when peace was sufficiently restored for there to be scope for the salvaging of culture: for the gathering in of the remnants of past accomplishment with a view to fresh starts. Old forms could be reset in jewels whose design revealed innovatory amalgams resulting from the influx of new peoples.

The great prose annalists who also contributed to Iran's literature likewise belonged to the periods coming immediately after times of disintegration, war and invasion. As an Iranian authority once ruefully remarked, the historians had to record as best they could the horrors Iran suffered so that posterity might know of its severe trials. But they were patronised by Iran's conquerors, new proprietors as eager to know the history of their new found dominion as its original inhabitants were interested in teaching them its nature and their needs, in the hope that the rule of new masters might be ameliorated and consonant with Iranian requirements. Their patrons were often, like those of many poets, powerful men on the ascent, not yet more than locally strong and far from being the world rulers flatterers termed them.

Since the modern period in Iranian history is a time of integration with a Shahanshah ruling over a united Iran, the paradox already alluded to must be examined more closely. If, as it well might be, Persian poetry is taken as the noblest achievement of Persian culture, that its finest exponents flourished when there was no integration, no Shahanshah, is an extraordinary fact. The National Epic, *Shāhnāma,* The Book of Kings, of Firdawsi (d. c.1020-1026) is partly in fact a lament for Iran's *not* being the great integrated and trouble-free empire of the ideal. It was begun under an Iranian dynasty's patronage, but ended when the Samanids had been supplanted by Turks, revivers and upholders of Iranian cultural norms but nevertheless inimical in the eyes of an Iranian cultivator of the soil who, as Firdawsi did, breathed the air of Iranian tradition. Under the successfully integrating Safavid sovereignty of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, Persian poetic literature flourished conspicuously at the courts of Indian princes under whose patronage Iranian poets escaped the religious intolerance Safavid policy imposed on Iran.

Another expertise than that of the historian of Islamic Iran, that is, Iran since the seventh century, would be needed to elucidate how far this comment on creative literature might or might not apply to the great empires for which pre-seventh century Iran was celebrated. Doubtless, as they did in Safavid times, minstrelsy and balladry always flourished; but it is interesting that literary remains of the great pre-Islamic epochs, while not absent, are chiefly of two kinds; one not entirely to be dissociated from poetry; the other institutional and closely connected with the business of unification and establishment of central power.

The inscriptions of Darius, for example, proudly proclaim the triumph of unification over disorder; a central power's conquest of regional rulers, the *muluku't-tava'if*, 'tribal kings', and of countries beyond Iran.

> Saith Darius the King: These are the countries which came unto me; by the favour of Ahuramazda I was king of them: Persia, Elam, Babylonia, Assyria, Arabia, Egypt . . . they were my subjects; they bore tribute to me; what was said unto them by me either by night or by day, that was done.

Thus spoke Darius the Achaemenid (521-476 B.C.) in his Behistun or Bisitun rock-carved inscription in the Old Persian, Elamite and Akhadian languages, carved some two hundred and twenty feet above the ground and topped by the figure of the Great God Ahuramazda. The tenor is imperial and majestic. The other kind of pre-Islamic Persian writing that has survived, that which cannot be dissociated from poetry, was the funeral hymns of the Manicheans, quite a different matter.

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THE THEATRE'S REVOLVING MIRROR

by J. C. Trewin

DURING the summer, at Greenwich Theatre, we had a festival 'in honour of Miss Horniman', the excuse—if excuse were needed—being that seventy years had gone since the inauguration of repertory at the Gaiety Theatre in Manchester. The only odd thing was that the celebration should have been left to an outer-ring London theatre when it deserved full national backing.

One of the plays was Stanley Houghton's famous *Hindle Wakes*. Though it did not originate in Manchester, it was acted by the Gaiety cast in London during 1912 and went up later to the North. A young metropolitan critic, at Greenwich this summer, described the play as 'a real find': no phrase could have sounded stranger, for *Hindle Wakes* is one of the key plays in our century's drama.

Today, with what we call the 'repertory' system—Miss Horniman disliked the word—meaning so much to the fabric of the regional theatre, it is important to realise that the British stage was not born last Wednesday week. Stage history is still a neglected subject. Now, when there is a determined resolve everywhere to exploit studio drama, the work of the 'fringe'—often excellent of its kind, but usually and irrevocably 'dead-end'—we ought to think first of the framework on which the entire theatre outside London, fringe and all exists. It did not suddenly come into place with a click: that was what the Greenwich festival was about.

Repertory as we know it was bred during the Edwardian period at a time when the Theatre of Ideas had challenged the Theatre Theatrical (competition was good for both of them). The provinces were depending then upon a vast and complex touring system: theatres of various degrees, from the Number Ones to the smallest fit-ups, were served either by companies carbon-copying the latest West End plays, or by the melodramatic, and popular, excesses of the minor tourists, 'pomping folk' who needed—though they would not have put it in that way—little more than a few bare boards and a passion.

What the regions lacked, of course, were any permanent attempts to do on a small scale what Granville Barker (no hyphen in his name yet) had been doing in London at the Royal Court, or what the new Abbey Theatre had been doing in Dublin for Irish national drama.

The Abbey had been largely backed by Miss Annie Elizabeth Fredericka Horniman—heiress of a wealthy London tea merchant—who had been impressed by the work and personality of W. B. Yeats. When she quarrelled with the Abbey and decided to bring her patronage to England, her choice fell upon Manchester. There, after a preliminary season in 1907, she established herself at the reconstructed Gaiety in the spring of 1908 with an Old Bensonian, Ben Iden Payne, as her director. This was to be a repertory theatre with a regular change of programme, thoroughly catholic and not

wedded to any one school of dramatists—here it would have to arrange a marriage in spite of itself—ready for the best authors of all ages, and with

> . . . an especially wide door to present-day writers who will not now have to sigh in vain for a hearing, provided only that they have something to say worth listening to, and say it in an interesting and original manner.

Probably to the regret of her more vigorous aides, Miss Horniman (as she was always known) kept very calm. The new Gaiety, first theatre in Britain with every seat numbered and reserved, was decorated in a colour scheme of white and red without gilt; it had neither brass nor drums in its orchestra; there was no advertisement curtain. This would be, rigorously, an intellectual theatre (though Miss Horniman was the kind of sound business-woman to endear herself to Lancashire). It would soon command a loyal body of supporters and establish itself at the centre of a new Pennine chain of English drama. It experimented with so-called kitchen-dresser work (not many drawing-rooms at the Gaiety) and with domestic volcanoes erupting in middle-class streets. Among its authors were Allan Monkhouse, Harold Brighouse (but *Hobson's Choice* was not a Gaiety play) and Stanley Houghton. It had a remarkable company that included, at various times, such players as Sybil Thorndike, Lewis Casson (who would become director one day), Mona Limerick, Ada King, Herbert Lomas, Esme Percy, and the actress who called herself Miss Darragh.

Lomas, as a young man—though as an actor he never seemed to be young—created the dogmatic millowner in *Hindle Wakes*, a play London-bred, Manchester-adopted; nearly forty years on he was appearing in the same part at a London Arts Theatre revival. This piece has always spoken for the Manchester school. Millowner's son and weaver's daughter have had an illicit week-end by the sea. According to the morals of the day, they must marry at once, no argument; but the girl Fanny is one of the New Women; she will not be led but must go independently her own way. The famous poster used to be, simply: 'Should Fanny marry Alan?' Even this summer the play had Greenwich audiences waiting in rapt silence for the answer: *Hindle Wakes*, after sixty-six years, is still 'a real find'.

Presently, with the Gaiety Theatre only a few months old (and some time before the arrival of *Hindle Wakes* in the North), Alfred Wareing a young manager who had originally suggested Manchester to Miss Horniman, inaugurated his adventure, the Scottish Repertory in Glasgow: 'Scotland's own theatre, financed by Scottish money, managed by Scotsmen. Established to make Scotland independent of London for its dramatic supplies, it is a Citizens' Theatre in the fullest sense of the term'. It survived from 1909 until the beginning of the First World War—Wareing, its founder, deaf, gallant, and irresistible, was not with it at the end—and in its brief life it did much uncommon work. Today we may be forgiven for recalling it, above all, as the theatre where Chekhov's *The Seagull* was acted (November 1909) for the first time in Britain. Glasgow did not respond, but the honour remains. Alfred Wareing, a remarkable man, went on crusading through life for the causes he loved. Ivor Brown wrote after his death:

He was after one like the Hound of Heaven, husky, smiling, anxious, indomitable. He got little enough of laurels (and nothing whatever of lucre) for all his work. But at least before his end he knew that the theatre in 'Coketown' was getting a better chance, and that the good things of the arts were being decently dispersed instead of centralised. And that was what he cared about.

The third and fourth major repertory theatres in the order of their foundation were in Liverpool and Birmingham. It should always be made clear that though various companies, from time to time, have practised the true 'repertory' system as seen now at the National and Royal Shakespeare Theatres—that is, a steadily revolving programme of four or five plays over a given period—we have to assume as a rule that 'repertory' means 'stock'. In other words, a sequence of plays, each with a short, self-contained run. But 'repertory', or 'rep', has settled into a sovereign phrase and it will not be dislodged.

Liverpool's venture began, with 1,300 shareholders, in November 1911. The director, Basil Dean (he died only this summer) had been one of the young Horniman actors at the Gaiety and had played Claudio in *Measure for Measure* for the innovating Shakespearian, William Poel. Later, the theatre was known as the Playhouse—a title given to it by W. Bridges-Adams—and though it would have its awkward times, including the need for an artists' and staff 'commonwealth' in the early years of the First World War, it survives today as the oldest working Repertory in the kingdom. Its list of players has been exceeded only by Birmingham's. I need say merely that the Playhouse in its time fostered such artists as Cecil Parker, Ronald Squire, Marjorie Fielding, Michael Redgrave, Robert Donat, and Diana Wynyard.

The Birmingham Repertory arrived rather more than eighteen months later; and it was the first theatre specially built for its purpose. Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow had all made use of existing buildings. Next year is the centenary of the birth of Barry Vincent Jackson, Birmingham's Founder. At heart I wish that the centenary could be celebrated in the little Station Street house where the fame of the Repertory was won. Today's theatre, elsewhere in the city, is a large, impressive building with a vast stage—its opening wider than that of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. But the history of the Birmingham 'Rep' rests upon its work in Station Street (especially at the meridian of Barry Jackson), the house—holding about 460-odd—with its long, narrow staircase-auditorium.

Born on 6 September, 1879, Barry Jackson was the youngest child of a wealthy provision merchant (he founded the Maypole Dairies). George Jackson, a wise, quiet man, was always theatre-conscious. He named his son after the actor Barry Sullivan, and the boy, as he grew up, was encouraged both to love the theatre and to do what he wished in the arts. Thanks to this encouragement, he founded the famous local company of the Pilgrim Players—one of its actors was the young poet, John Drinkwater—and from the company there sprang, as it had to spring, the Birmingham Repertory Theatre itself. Jackson wanted, and later he would put it definitively, 'To enlarge and increase the aesthetic sense of the public, to give living authors an opportunity of seeing their work performed, and to learn something

from revivals of classics; to serve an art instead of making that art serve a commercial purpose'.

This was in key with Miss Horniman's resolve in Manchester; but Birmingham would develop into the more inspiring theatre, principally because Jackson himself, throughout his life, was so inspiring, someone who, above all things, loved and fostered the art of the stage: a tall, strongly-built, grey-eyed man, with a fastidious elegance of mind and behaviour, an extraordinary gift of discerning quality in the young, unruffled staying power (when he needed he could be firmness itself), and, in general, a refusal to be dismayed by much that would have baffled a lesser idealist. He had through life to face unreasoning jealousies. Early in his career he was told absurdly that his Repertory was 'a rich man's toy', and that it was only a highbrow exercise. 'Do you call a bricklayer highbrow', Jackson retorted, 'because he chooses to work with the best bricks?'

Birmingham has always been a difficult city; in the end Jackson conquered. No wonder that on the fortieth anniversary of the Repertory Theatre (1953) a poet wrote of the founder and of the fires he had set blazing in Station Street:

> Here, by the glow, the dazzled comers saw
> Illyria, the lofty towers of Troy;
> They knew the word that went from Illinois;
> They knew the stinging sanity of Shaw.
>
> He is the Theatre:
> He has used its power
> Through forty years, to kindle or to bless;
> And he has deemed it, in all happiness,
> Not forty years, but one Immortal Hour.

For years he ran the theatre entirely from his own pocket, no hint of a subsidy, though he insisted eventually that the city must do its share. In those early days of repertory, with no Arts Council and no civic help, new theatres had to find what ways and means they could. None of them had more luck than Manchester and Birmingham, with their two philanthropists, each ready and unassuming. No theatre has ever originated more than Birmingham during Barry Jackson's time and just afterwards. It was the theatre of *Abraham Lincoln*, *The Immortal Hour*, the first modern-dress Shakespeare (*Cymbeline*), the complete pentateuch of *Back to Methuselah*. Between 1913 and 1963—Jackson died in 1961—it staged every play in the First Folio, plus *Pericles*. Its list of productions astonished. Its companies (and I can give only a few names) included Peggy Ashcroft, Felix Aylmer, Edith Evans, Albert Finney, Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, Cedric Hardwicke, Margaret Leighton, John Neville, Laurence Olivier, Richard Pasco, Eric Porter, Ian Richardson, Ralph Richardson, Paul Scofield, Elizabeth Spriggs, Ion Swinley. Among its directors were John Drinkwater, H. K. Ayliff, Peter Brook, Douglas Seale, Bernard Hepton, and John Harrison.

Barry Jackson was a man of two thousand plays. He founded the Malvern Festival. He brought his principles to London as a West End manager. He was Shaw's friend. He was designer, director, manager, artist. Though Birmingham today has been overtaken by events, the theatre as it

used to be during the near-half-century of Barry Jackson's reign stays supreme in the record of British repertory. No man will be more honoured in his centenary year. To the last he was thinking of his theatre. When very ill, and aged eighty-one, he fixed his mind on the *Antony and Cleopatra* that was due in Station Street. It must open, he said, with a half-lit stage; then, on the flourishes for Antony and Cleopatra, the lights should be brought up so that the lovers entered in a blaze. The first two acts of the tragedy, during the spring of 1961, were the last words that Barry Jackson heard in his theatre. Throughout life he had made stage history.

One of the most retiring, yet much honoured, of British Repertories, opened in Plymouth at the end of 1915, well into the period of the First World War. When its career started, older theatres were battling against fate, and Glasgow had long closed down. The little Plymouth theatre, which never had official aid of any kind, would fight hard through a life of twenty years; it is not forgotten, even though today it is hard to discover in the lawyers' precinct of an entirely rebuilt central Plymouth—bombed to a desert in the early years of the Second World War—just where the old building stood. I find this sad because in it I learned about the stage through more than five hundred productions; in its modest fashion it was a university of the drama. George S. King, who founded it, was an unapplauded fanatic who put his company into a small, severe building that had formerly been a mechanics' institute. One of its leading ladies, Colette O'Niel (Lady Constance Malleson), described King in the 1920s as 'a little man with a comical egg-shaped face . . . a wisp of dark hair brushed down into his eyes', and 'an ironic, sad, sardonic smile'. His theatre held about 400. Its stage was a tilted tea-tray on the top of a spiral staircase. Problems were endless: a Falstaff stuck halfway; a young romantic actor, entering clumsily, knocked down an entire mountain-range.

Yet, on that awkward stage, in the course of twenty years of weekly-change, the Plymouth Repertory acted (as Jackson held a Repertory must always act) as a revolving mirror of the theatre. It did everything from Shakespeare, Ibsen, and *Heartbreak House* to *Our Flat*; it did *R.U.R.* and *The Conquering Hero* and *Mary Magdalene*. It did Pinero and Barrie and Galsworthy. Shaw, who admired it, allowed George King to have the widest variety of his plays, even such a collectors' piece as *The Philanderer*. The Rep never had a civic grant. In its later years, thanks particularly to the courage of a leading actor, Bernard Copping (who had been at the Gaiety, Manchester, and the Liverpool Playhouse) it took on fresh life; but, after Copping went, it declined and fell into the abyss of the mid-1930s when the provincial stage was at its darkest. Its memory lives on as the most surprising weekly-change theatre of them all: the memory, too, of its players, among them—at various dates—Frederick Victor, Edward Stirling, Copping himself, Alfred Brandon, Peter Godfrey and Molly Veness (who founded the Gate Theatre in London), Sophie Stewart, and Elspeth Duxbury.

Such theatres as these, great or small, formed the first backbone of the repertory movement. Others joined: Bristol, Northampton, Terence Gray's

challenging experiments at the Cambridge Festival, Hull and Sheffield and Leeds, Oxford, Nugent Monck's amateurs at the Norwich Maddermarket, and Manchester's Rusholme, a weekly-change theatre (as most were) that modestly—it had been a cinema and a tram-shed—took the place of the Gaiety which signally failed to survive in post-war Manchester.

Several towns between the wars had their Repertory or the beginnings of one; but it was very hard going indeed in the 1930s when the talking films had taken over, the old touring system was in limp shreds, money for this brand of idealism was a myth, and it needed courage and pertinacity to keep going even with weekly-change (and, in some places, with twice-nightly) performances. At the outbreak of war in 1939 there were about twenty Repertories, led by the giants of Birmingham and Liverpool, but with some of the smaller in the most difficult and trying circumstances.

War again was the divide. 'There's no deep valley but near some great hill.' The Arts Council of Great Britain, successor to the war-time CEMA (Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts) suddenly became a benevolent guardian. Repertory, State or municipally-aided, or both, once more seemed to be the salvation of the provinces; but things grew desperate again around the mid-1950s when television had followed the cinema as a new and most alarming rival.

In the end, repertory did survive. New theatres would rise: the Playhouse, say, at Nottingham; the Belgrade at Coventry; the Northcott just outside the city of Exeter. Oxford and Leeds would have their Playhouses; Glasgow its Citizens' (with a portrait of Alfred Wareing displayed); Leicester, Leatherhead, Colchester, Sheffield (the Crucible), Dundee, Perth, Farnham, all were in the lists. The Bristol Repertory, which we know as the Bristol Old Vic, has been established for more than three decades in the loveliest of all regional theatres, more than two centuries old. Lately, Manchester has had its new theatre-in-the-round within the Royal Exchange (where it has put on such fine productions as *The Prince of Homburg* in Jonathan Griffin's translation, and *Crime and Punishment*, each with Tom Courtenay). Weekly-change, which had been treadmill-agony for all concerned, died into a distant joke. Productions now have time to turn round. Repertory is blossoming as Annie Horniman and Barry Jackson would have wished, though the British theatres still need every atom of help they can get, from the State, from civic authorities (not invariably forthcoming), and from industry.

Today there are fifty to sixty theatres on various levels, playing the traditional repertoire (though exploring the past far less than they should and as Jackson insisted they ought), putting on new work, serving as Shaw's factory of thought, elucidator of social conduct, and prompter of conscience, exercising young players and directors, rousing local loyalties, keeping the stage talked about, showing young playgoers what the British theatre means, and often (where able to) supplementing their 'main house' work by studio programmes.

No one can say yet that all is finally well. But we can say that repertory has meant an incredible amount to the British theatre since the primeval

years when Miss Horniman presented *David Ballard*, when Wareing and Basil Dean looked round in Glasgow and in Liverpool, and when, on a spring night in 1913, the young Barry Jackson came out on the apron stage of the Birmingham Repertory in Station Street. Then, before the curtain rose on *Twelfth Night*, he spoke the lines by John Drinkwater that have been for well over seventy years at the core of the repertory movement in Britain:

> We stand with one consent
> To plead anew a holy argument—
> For art is holy

and, at the last:

> May you that watch and we that serve so grow
> In wisdom as adventuring we go
> That some unwavering light from us may shine.
> We have the challenge of the mighty line—
> God grant us grace to give the countersign.

[J. C. Trewin, Cornish-born critic and stage historian, has been a London drama critic since 1934 (*The Illustrated London News* since 1946). Author of more than forty books, mostly about the theatre, he is a former literary editor of *The Observer* and Past President of the Critics' Circle.]

THE GOETHE INSTITUTE

Under the general title of *London-Berlin: The Seventies Meet the Twenties*, the Goethe Institute is mounting a London-based Autumn Festival, covering an impressive range of activities. These include concerts, lectures, exhibitions of paintings and photographs, and plays.

In a crowded programme, running from October 10th to December 17th, 1978, certain items command special attention: as, for instance, the British premiere of Bertolt Brecht's *A Respectable Wedding* and *Krapp's Last Tape*, directed by Samuel Beckett, both at the Open Space Theatre.

Concerts include the Radio Symphony Orchestra, Cologne at the Royal Albert Hall and the London Sinfonietta performance of Maurice Kagel's *Ludwig Van* and *1898*, preceded by a lecture on Kagel's work by Glyn Perrin at the Queen Elizabeth Hall and Royal Festival Hall (Waterloo Room) respectively.

Of special interest is a poetry reading by Reiner Kunze, the East German poet and novelist, at present on a visit to England.

Particulars of the Festival and detailed programme may be obtained from the Goethe Institute, 50 Princes Gate, London, SW7 2PG (01-581 3344).

CYPRUS—PAST AND PRESENT

by Steven Panteli

AT all times, Cyprus, an island situated in the north-east corner of the Mediterranean, has been what she is now: the watchtower and the outwork of three continents—Europe, Asia and Africa. Consequently, the advantages of the island's strategic location have made her the envy of her neighbours who have, from most ancient times, practised a policy of territorial expansion at her expense.

Today, however, while everyone seems to be searching for a viable solution to the Cyprus problem, we must pause for a moment and remind ourselves of an important event which took place exactly 100 years ago. It was a noteworthy one since on 4 June, 1878 the secret Anglo-Turkish Cyprus Convention gave Britain *de facto* if not de jure sovereignty over Cyprus. On 4 July, Vice-Admiral Lord John Hay arrived at the bay of Larnaca and at 11.30 a.m. on 12 July he entered Nicosia through the Famagusta Gate. At the Saray (Turkish Governor's official residence) Bessim Pasha formally handed over the government to Hay. In a brief address, the temporary guardian of Cyprus promised justice, progress and the equality of all the inhabitants before the law.

When Hay and his staff emerged from the Saray on their way to the flagstaff, they were followed by large crowds. The marines were drawn up and Captain Rawson hoisted the Union Jack which was then saluted. As soon as the brief ceremony was over, Hay formally announced to the people that H.M. Queen Victoria now reigned over Cyprus. The crowds applauded enthusiastically. Hay was then followed to the rostrum by George Kepiades, a prominent Greek historian of the massacres of 1821, who expressed the joy of all Cypriots and their hope for prosperity and full political liberty.

The same assurances were given by Sir Garnet Wolseley, the first British Administrator, who landed at Larnaca at around 6 p.m. on 22 July.

It is, then, a centenary worth remembering. The 82-year British administration was characterised above all by economic neglect, political misunderstanding and constitutional indifference. Winston Churchill complained in 1907 (in his memorandum to the British Cabinet) that economic progress in Cyprus had been almost nil. Similar complaints were voiced by locals and outsiders. Thus, in 1938, A. R. Acheson recorded in a Colonial Office minute that, 'Cyprus is the only Colony of which it can be said that the British Government has not only failed to give it any financial support, but has exacted from it heavy tribute which has been applied to the subvention of the British taxpayer.' Similarly, Sir Cosmo Parkinson also recorded in the same year that, 'the weakness of our position is that for some fifty or sixty years the British Government neglected Cyprus badly.'

Hence, even though Cypriots served with gallantry during both world wars, the annals of the island's history are filled with protests, demonstrations, press attacks, memorials and general pleas for economic, political and constitutional justice.

Eventually, after many promises and offers, the national liberation struggle of 1955 led to the establishment of the Cyprus Republic in 1960. The Zurich and London Agreements of 1959 concluded by Greece, Turkey and Britain brought into being a state but not a nation. In reality, governmental dualism and ethnic separatism between Greek and Turkish Cypriots was institutionalised. The concept of 'divide and rule' had triumphed once more.

The Agreements secured for Britain two base areas at Akrotiri and Dhekelia and numerous other facilities; the independence of the island was safeguarded by Britain, Greece and Turkey under the Treaty of Guarantee which precluded under article one either the union of Cyprus with any other state or its partition; the Treaty of Alliance provided for cooperation between Greece, Turkey and the Republic in common defence, for the stationing of Greek and Turkish military contingents (950 and 650 respectively) in the island and for the training of a Cypriot army.

Hence, the complex and rigid settlement proscribed on the Cypriots by diplomats who 'rejoiced' over the triumph of goodwill and international understanding soon broke down. On paper the constitution was incomprehensible; in application it was a legal monster. Cyprus, therefore, was given two governments—a majority one and a minority one—functioning together and overlapping. In fact, Cyprus was the first country in the world to be denied majority rule by its own constitution. The divisive municipalities provision (article 173) was probably the greatest source of trouble.

Inevitably, the Cyprus Republic was arrested at its infancy. Attempts to end the disputes that followed ended in failure. President Makarios, in his desire to facilitate the smooth functioning of the infant state and remove the causes of inter-communal friction, submitted on 30 November, 1963 concrete proposals for the amendment of the constitution. These were sent to Vice-President Kutchuk and copies were sent to Greece, Turkey and Britain for 'information purposes only.'

On 7 December, F. K. Erkin, the Turkish Foreign Minister, announced that Ankara had rejected the proposals. On 16 December Ozkol, the Turkish Ambassador, handed to Makarios Turkey's written rejection of them. The Cypriot President, however, refused to accept the rejection, pointing out that the proposals had been sent to Kutchuk for reply and not to any foreign government to be accepted or rejected.

From this date onwards, events moved at a very rapid pace. On 20 December the Foreign Ministers of Cyprus, Greece and Turkey met in Paris to discuss the situation. Yet, within only a few hours of their first meeting, shooting broke out in Nicosia at 2.10 a.m. on 21 December. Fighting spread throughout the island. However, on 30 December, British troops arranged a ceasefire and, at Nicosia, a line was delineated by General Peter Young. It was supposed to be nothing but a ceasefire line, a sensitive area regarded as the confrontation line, but it became known as the 'green line' (reminiscent of EOKA days) and was regularly likened to the more famous Berlin Wall.

The renewal of the Cyprus conflict brought Greece and Turkey once again to the brink of war. On 24 December, the Turkish army contingent in Cyprus, under orders from Ankara, marched out of its appointed camp and had taken positions on the northern outskirts of Nicosia and along the Nicosia-Kyrenia road which leads to the northern coast. On the following day, Turkish jets screamed low over the rooftops of Nicosia and Turkish naval units were seen manoeuvring off the island's coast. In reply, the Greek army contingent also left its barracks and took positions to counter a possible Turkish invasion. Cyprus had become once more, 'the new apple of discord' between the two countries—both key members of NATO.

International pressure averted both a Turkish invasion and a war between the two countries. However, following further fighting in 1964, around 65 Turkish jets, on August 8th and 9th, machine-gunned anything in sight. In fact, these planes, supplied by the Americans for NATO defensive purposes, indiscriminately bombed peaceful Cypriot villages and other targets, using napalm bombs.

The Cypriot government, at any rate, stood firm and succeeded in resisting not only a NATO peace-keeping force but the partitionist Acheson proposals. Instead, on 4 March, 1964, the Security Council, through resolution 186, unanimously recommended the establishment of a UN peace-keeping force (UNFICYP), and the appointment of a mediator, 'for the purpose of promoting a peaceful solution and an agreed settlement of the problem confronting Cyprus.' However, the non-partitionist Plaza Report of March 1965 was rejected by Turkey.

Cyprus sank into yet another crisis in 1967. The Greek elections scheduled for 28 May were never held. On 21 April, a small gang of junior army officers under the leadership of George Papadopoulos and closely associated with the intelligence services of Greece and the USA, put into effect a NATO-elaborated contingency plan called 'Prometheus' and thus plunged the country into the darkness of a ruthless military dictatorship.

The island was soon to be auctioned. The bidders were to be Greece and Turkey. The 1964 Acheson Proposals were thus nearing completion. The Cypriot government, however, rallying support at the UN and especially amongst the Third World and Eastern bloc countries, once more prevented the dismemberment of Cyprus.

Nevertheless, even though intercommunal tensions eased after the clashes of 1967 the situation in Cyprus remained at an impasse. Yet, the year 1968 was a climacteric one as far as the problem of the island was concerned. The ideal of 'genuine enosis' was abandoned for the practical 'attainable solution' of a peaceful, independent, sovereign Cyprus. Furthermore, intercommunal talks under the auspices of the UN Secretary-General were commenced in the summer of 1968. For six years, the two negotiating teams, spearheaded by Clerides and Denktash, were meeting on a regular basis. Even though agreement was reached on most matters, considerable differences divided the two sides over the authority to be vested to local government and the international guarantees to be given to the new international order.

In fact, the chief 'outer' stumbling blocks were ostensibly Turkey and Greece. Turkey insisted on a separatist policy. The Turks had no intention of reaching a peaceful settlement which would secure the unity, sovereignty, territorial integrity and independence of Cyprus. Partition under the euphemism of federation had been their persistent objective. At the same time, the Greek military government, subservient to foreign interests and for the sake of maintaining its power in Greece, followed a double policy in Cyprus—a policy which can be described as one of 'make believe'. Thus, on one hand it officially supported the intercommunal talks, but on the other it undertook a campaign to corrode the Cyprus state by financing and encouraging elements working to overthrow the legitimate government of the island. The Athenian cabal (Papadopoulos was replaced by the hidden strongman Brigadier Ioannides on 25 November, 1973) worked conscientiously for the virtual partition of Cyprus.

As early as November 1967, therefore, the Pipenelis-Vance talks proposed to partition the island. And, at the June 1971 NATO Foreign Ministers' conference at Lisbon, the two 'mother' countries promised to split their differences and divide Cyprus. This led to the first serious confrontation between Makarios and Papadopoulos later in the month.

Pressure from the junta and junta-aided terrorist activities (via EOKA-B) continued in full swing. In June 1972 the Cypriot cabinet was reorganised; since 8 March, 1970 there had been several attempts to assassinate Makarios; Grivas returned clandestinely in September 1971 to direct the anti-government forces, and in 1973 there were several clashes between the 'rebels' and security forces.

On 15 July, 1974, Greek officers and their fellow conspirators, obeying instructions from Athens, overthrew the island's legitimate government in a *coup d'état*. Nicos Sampson was installed as President. Makarios, however, escaped and on 16 July confirmed reports that he was alive by broadcasting to the Greek Cypriot people from Paphos. From there he was flown by helicopter to the British sovereign base of Akrotiri and then by RAF plane to Malta where he spent the night at Valletta as the guest of the Mintoff government.

On the following day he arrived at RAF Lyneham (Wiltshire) and proceeded to have talks with Harold Wilson and James Callaghan. The British promised him unqualified support at the UN and that the government of Sampson would not be recognised. The Archbishop called for the restoration of Cyprus's independence and sovereignty.

Meanwhile, operation C.I.D. (Coup, Invasion, Disaster) was in full swing. On the early morning of 20 July, Turkey invaded its small defenceless neighbour. For this operation, the full might of its military machine, supplied by America and NATO with all the modern and sophisticated weapons, ostensibly for the purpose of defending the country's and allied interests, was used against Cyprus. A country with a population of some 36 million and an army of around 500,000 invaded a tiny island with its 630,000 inhabitants (80% Greek, 18% Turkish) which included around 10,000 national guardsmen.

By 20 August, around 200,000 Greek Cypriots were forced to abandon their homes and become refugees in their own country. Casualties were high. Even today around 2,500 people are still missing. Approximately 40% of the island had been occupied. In economic terms, the total assets under Turkish occupation amounted to the following:

70% of the gross output.
65% of the tourist accommodation.
87% of hotel beds under construction.
83% of the general cargo handling (Famagusta).
56% of mining and quarrying output.
41% of the livestock production.
48% of agricultural exports.
46% of the plant production.

In the face of this gross breach of international treaties and principles, Britain and Greece avoided taking any effective action to protect the island. In Greece, the junta fell on 23 July. While Cyprus was burning, democracy, after seven years, had returned to Greece. Meanwhile, other countries limited themselves to expressions of sympathy and the passing of resolutions at the UN which Turkey completely ignored. Turkey's pre-arranged and well-organised Attila Plan was in full operation.

Lengthy negotiations, held at Geneva from 25 to 30 July by the Foreign Ministers of Turkey, Greece and Britain, proved abortive. The second Geneva Conference from 8 to 14 August, attended by the above with the addition of Clerides and Denktash, suffered the same fate.

On 7 December, 1974, Makarios, amid general Greek Cypriot jubilation, returned to Cyprus, Almost half the total Greek population gathered in Nicosia to welcome him. It was the biggest ever popular manifestation of support and solidarity with a country's leader that was ever witnessed. Within a very short time, the intercommunal talks were resumed on 14 January, 1975. On 10 February, the Greek Cypriots made new concessions and proposals to the Turkish Cypriots. These were aimed at the preservation of the unity and the safeguarding of the national sovereignty and territorial integrity of the island. These proposals not only conformed with the UN resolutions but with the joint communique issued in Vladivostok by Messrs. Ford and Brezhnev on 24 November, 1974.

The Turks, however, used them as a pretext to gain time and bring about new *faits accomplis*. On 13 February, 1975 the Turkish Federated State of Cyprus (TFSC) was proclaimed.

Nevertheless, on the U.N.'s initiative, further talks took place in Vienna between 28 April and 3 May, as well as between 5 and 7 June, 1975, under the personal direction of the UN Secretary-General. The third and fourth rounds of talks took place in Vienna between 31 July and 2 August and in New York on 10 September. The fifth round was again held in Vienna from 17 to 21 February, 1976.

The Greek Cypriot proposals, which were inter-related and inter-dependent, aimed at being taken together as a whole with a view to reaching a solution to the problem on a package deal basis, and provided many con-

cessions. However, the Turkish Cypriot proposals, irrespective of other unacceptable demands, did not contain any concrete suggestions or commitment on the territorial aspect of the problem. The earlier understanding had been that the territorial aspect was to be given priority.

Before the end of the year, the Cyprus issue was again before the UN. On 12 November, 1976, the General Assembly adopted by an overwhelming majority (94 votes to 1 (Turkey) with 27 abstentions), resolution 31/12, reiterating its full support for the sovereignty, independence, territorial integrity and non-alignment of Cyprus and called once again for the cessation of all foreign interference in its affairs.

In 1977 (27 January and 13 February), two meetings took place between Makarios and Denktash. Between 31 March and 7 April, Papadopoulos and Onan met in Vienna. The 6th round of intercommunal talks ended once more without any sort of settlement. Further talks between the two negotiators in Nicosia on 26 May and 3 June failed to make any meaningful progress.

Within two months the embittered Greeks went through another ordeal. Archbishop Makarios died of a heart attack on 3 August at the age of 63. He was buried on 8 August on a mountain peak overlooking the Kykko monastery after a funeral service in Nicosia which was attended by nearly 200 representatives from more than 50 countries. Makarios had a unique multiple-layered authority: spiritually as Archbishop, communally as Ethnarch of Cyprus, nationally as unchallenged President and internationally as an acknowledged leader of the Commonwealth, the Third World and as an apostle of non-alignment and world peace. Since 1950 Makarios symbolised everything that was Cyprus. In fact, the life of Makarios is really the history of the island. His dominance was paramount; he was the one and only 'Godfather' and was worshipped and loved by all both at home and abroad.

His premature death revived fears of renewed conflict in Cyprus. These fears, however, have not as yet materialised. Mr. S. Kyprianou, Foreign Minister from 1960 to 1972 and President of the House of Representatives since September 1976, who had automatically become Acting-President on the Archbishop's death, was nominated on 13 August as the agreed candidate of the four main political parties for the election which would have been held on 10 September. On 31 August, he was elected unopposed to serve the remainder of Makarios's five-year term of office which was due to expire in February 1978. During that month he was elected unopposed to serve the normal five-year period.

Kyprianou, following the policy to which the Archbishop had pledged himself, has stated on numerous occasions that a solution to the Cyprus problem would depend on the kind of proposals to be submitted by the Turkish side on the constitutional and territorial aspects of the problem. Confederation was definitely out since to accept it would mean in the end the total disintegration of the Cyprus Republic. In the face of existing realities, the Greeks wished for a federal solution with a central government vested with such powers as to safeguard the unity of the state and the

people. The Turks proposed an unworkably weak confederal structure to be imposed on top of the two *de facto* governments—Greek and Turkish.

The long-awaited Turkish proposals were handed to the U.N. Secretary-General, Dr. Kurt Waldheim, on 13 April, 1978 in Vienna. The procedural agreement reached when he met President Kyprianou and Mr. Denktash in January was that detailed and comprehensive proposals should be given to him, and that he should then hold consultations with both sides in order to establish whether or not these formed a basis on which he would be justified in recommending the resumption of the intercommunal talks, suspended since April 1977. Instead, what Waldheim has been given is a 34-page outline of the 'main aspects' of the Turkish proposals, and he has been told that the full text will not be made available even to him until the talks are reconvened. Small wonder, then, that after receiving this document he found it necessary to hold two unscheduled meetings with the Turkish envoys (Turkish constitutional expert Professor Mumtaz Soysal, and Turkish Cypriot 'Attorney-General' Mr. Necati Entegun) with a view to 'asking for certain clarifications'.

The Cyprus government totally rejected these proposals as 'completely unacceptable' since they in no way formed a basis for the resumption of the intercommunal talks. Mr. Kyprianou said at a press conference on 19 April that they amounted to an attempt to 'legalise and consolidate the *faits accomplis*' and that acceptance of such proposals 'would mean a decision to commit suicide'. In fact, these humiliating proposals were aimed at misleading world opinion, and were simply a Turkish propaganda manoeuvre to persuade the US Congress to lift the arms embargo.

The US Congress has finally decided to lift the partial embargo on arms supplies to Turkey, but with rigorous conditions which will have the effect of tying future military aid and sales to substantial progress toward a solution of the Cyprus problem. On 25 July the Senate voted by 57 to 42 to repeal the embargo section of the Foreign Assistance Act. On 1 August, the House of Representatives by a vote of 208 to 205 proceeded to follow the Senate's example.

What next? Can the UN impose a settlement? Should an international conference be convened? Should we expect the total annihilation of the Cyprus state? I hope not. The world can only wait and hope that peace will one day come to this 'earthly paradise.'

[Steven Panteli is author of an official history of Cyprus and treasurer of the South London branch of the Cyprus Relief Fund. He will shortly be interviewing President Spyros Kyprianou on behalf of *Contemporary Review*.]

TIME TO PENSION OFF PAROLE

by Graham Zellick

THE introduction of parole in 1967 was hailed as a great liberal reform. It would lead to earlier release for many prisoners, serve as a corrective to over-long sentences, and ameliorate overcrowding in prisons. Eleven years on, these considerations are even more pressing than they were then. Yet the case for abolishing parole grows stronger and attracts more attention.

In the United States, too, parole and the indefinite sentence are widely discredited. Illinois has just become the fourth state to abolish parole entirely and replace it with 'good-time credit', and similar moves are afoot in another fifteen. For every satisfactory day's sentence, the prisoner earns one day's remission. With good behaviour, therefore, the prisoner will serve only half his sentence.

In Britain, remission accounts for only one-third of the sentence. The middle third lies in the hands of the parole authorities (local review committees, Parole Board and Home Secretary), except for prisoners serving less than 18 months, who are not eligible for parole at all.

The problems with parole are legion. There is an element of injustice in releasing one man on parole earlier than another, even when that other received a lesser sentence from the judge and has not misbehaved in prison. The tensions and anxieties as prisoners await the unreasoned decision make the scheme a hard one to bear, and do nothing to ease the management of prisons. Moreover, as has been fully argued in the past, to assess men's suitability for freedom in conditions of captivity is impossible. The model prisoner—deferential, obedient, compliant—may have a difficult time adjusting to the harsh realities of life outside. More absurd still, the original crime weighs heavily in deciding whether or not to grant parole.

At first sight one might suppose that to be axiomatic. But the judge has already fixed a sentence in the light of the particular crime, and if it was a particularly heinous offence, that sentence will reflect it. It is not for the Parole Board to re-sentence. Their job is to decide how safe it is to release the offender, and the crime he committed is relevant only in regard to that. To say that a crime was so iniquitous or despicable that parole should for that reason alone be delayed or denied is to arrogate the function of the judge, whose sentence already reflects that factor. If Parliament had wanted parole denied to violent offenders or sex offenders or those who carried guns, it should have said so. But it did not, and the parole scheme should therefore apply to all prisoners equally.

That assertion is likely to excite some opposition, it being supposed that some crimes like the Moors murders are so horrible that the sentence itself cannot possibly adequately reflect the barbarity of the crime. True enough, though this has nothing to do with parole, for release of lifers on license, though similar to parole, is quite distinct. A life sentence is by definition indeterminate. There is no prescribed point at which eligibility for release is reached. That the Home Secretary may release only on the recommendation

of the Parole Board (and after consultation with the Lord Chief Justice and the trial judge, if still alive) is all that the system has in common with parole. In other words, the machinery is comparable: the concept is wholly different. There are good arguments for and against wholly indeterminate sentences, but they have no bearing on the future of parole.

With an unprecedentedly large prison population and lengthy sentences, it would be foolhardy to jettison any scheme which afforded a measure of relief, however modest. But the parole system is uneven and inequitable, is distrusted and often detested by prisoners, and contributes a further burden for prisoners to bear.

Parole had been worked for decades abroad, chiefly in the United States. We came to it late, and hardly had it established itself here when criticisms elsewhere were gaining momentum and the system was being repudiated. Even now our own approach is primitive compared with more refined systems, denying to prisoners either a proper hearing or reasons for refusal.

An amalgamation of parole and remission may offer a satisfactory solution. Allow prisoners their release after serving one-half of their sentence, provided only that they have not misbehaved. Remission could be forfeited, as now, only after a formal finding of indiscipline. The abolition of discretionary release after one-third should discourage judges from lengthening their sentences to take account of the increased remission, since some offenders will remain in custody longer than they would have done if parole had continued. But overall the increase in remission for all should ensure that inmates serve no longer than they do now. One beneficial by-product of the demise of parole would be an end to the report-writing and observation on which parole depends. The time of prison personnel thus liberated could surely be put to good use.

For shorter sentences—say under two years or maybe 18 months—remission of two-thirds might be considered, but the danger then is that the judiciary would accommodate for the extra remission by lengthening sentences, or by imposing a sentence just over the line so as to exclude the additional remission. It is not a risk worth taking.

The Home Office, sensible of the pressure on prisons, is naturally anxious to reduce overcrowding, but sees a reduction in the length of sentences rather than an increase in non-custodial dispositions as the way of doing so. But the Home Office refuses to confront the difficulty of how to persuade judges to impose shorter sentences, when the trend is entirely the other way. Unless the Government takes the initiative and itself takes action to shorten the time actually served, nothing will happen, and the difficulties will multiply. The Home Secretary knows this only too well.

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POEMS

THRENODY (IN 3D)

The third decade is coming to a close,
one for the bed-sit I inhabit,
one for the unfinished and unpublished
manuscripts used for wallpaper,
one for the stagnation I must learn to
experience, for if this is not done
How can ecstasy be mine?
And what of joy, what of love?

The balance is in the favour of withdrawal,
seclusion, but only if the reason for it is
known, an hermetic depression is definitely
not desired, just a relaxation of time's
stranglehold, to piece together my ancestral
link, lying in far-off Lithuania,
and beyond southwards eastwards Mongolia,
the Pamirs the Hindu Kush, maybe even
the Chinese Turkestan of another era.

Britain, oh Britain, what do you mean to me?
you have no barren snowy freezing wasteland
that I may lose my soul to,
you have no mountains that touch the sky,
that I may get lost in their unassailable
passes,
you have no endless shaking trembling deserts,
that I may encounter the abominable image of
myself,
Britain, why do I stay here?

Why did my germ my seed my genes leave the
steppes a thousand thousand years ago,
to plant me on this island, this empirical
remnant, this colonial civilised plot of
shrinking wastrels and disbanded bards?

The soil is dead
and the poets cannot be bothered to join
the funeral procession, they sing and dance
in pubs in stead.

Where are the rolling rainbow valleys and
hills that harbour communities unknown to

Man?
Where are the lakes that sparkle at twenty
thousand feet?

Where are the sturdy nomads, strong proud men
and courageous beautiful women that carry in
their colourful bags the story of my life?

Where are the sons and daughters my twenty
thirty times great grandfather produced?

Lost dispersed scattered around the globe,
far from their native land, like me,
living big lives in crowded cities,
acquiring the gadgetry of the rich and famous,
unlike me, building swimming pools,
buying cars and planes,
No-one knows the name of Lhasa anymore,
who remembers Ili, the Dzungan, the Cossacks.

What has happened to my cousins,
from Vladivostock Samarkand Tashkent
from Darwaz Kolab Transcaspia they emerged,
from Krasnovodsk Khiva the sea of Aral
from Urumchi Bokhara Sikkim Bhutan they emerged,
marching from Central Asia
to climb the Himalayas, they emerged and descended,
am I the only one to remember
their beauty and grace,
their knowledge and understanding
pride and courage?

no more questions
mixed-up memories
vast images
space

the third decade is coming to a close
what hope for an answer in the fourth?

R. L. SENDAK

TADPOLES

Out of the lecture room we walked together
by the college lake. It was early summer
and the sun distinguished shades of green,
lighting the tops of rhododendron bushes close
to flowering. We stooped in the warm air
beside the water, penetrating its surface
spontaneously with sight, amazed to see,
traversing near the shallow bed, an army

of tadpoles. There were thousands, sharp black
commas shaking along anti-clockwise round the edge.
Only a few demonstrated their independence
nearer the surface, circling vaguely clockwise.
Fascinated we watched their slow, remorseless march
and wondered why most chose the same direction
for their journey. Did tadpoles have an instinct
base, like Man's, to seek security within the herd?

'What would it be like' I said, as we walked on
'to be re-born a tadpole?' We both agreed
the prospect was a bore. 'How would we tolerate'
you asked, 'a home inside a prison, swimming
pointlessly, condemned to darkness, always just below
the surface of the real world?' Silently we stood
beneath the deep canopy of sky until I spoke:
'At least a tadpole turns into a frog.'

DAVID JACOBS

QUARTERLY RECORD REVIEW—CASSETTES

by David Fingleton

WAGNER. *Twilight of the Gods.* English National Opera Orchestra/Goodall. (4 boxed cassettes) HMV TC-SLS 5118.
VERDI. *La Forza del Destino.* Orchestra of Las Scala, Milan/Serafin. (2 boxed cassettes) HMV TC-SLS 5120.
MASSENET. *Manon.* Orchestra of the Opéra-Comique, Paris/Monteux. (2 boxed cassettes) HMV TC-SLS 5119.
HANDEL. *Acis and Galatea.* Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields/Marriner. (2 boxed cassettes). Decca K 114K 22.
MOZART. Symphonies Nos. 25 and 29. English Chamber Orchestra/Britten. Decca KSXC 6879.
BEETHOVEN. Piano Concerto No. 4, and other piano works. Lupu/Israel Philharmonic/Mehta. Decca KSXC 16886.
TCHAIKOVSKY. Fantasy Overture *Romeo and Juliet*/Symphony No. 2 *Little Russian.* Philharmonia/Muti. HMV TC-ASD 3488.
STRAVINSKY. *The Rite of Spring.* New York Philharmonic/Mehta. CBS 40-76676.
CHOPIN. Nocturnes. Fou Ts'Ong (piano). (2 separate cassettes) CBS 40-61827/8.

ALTHOUGH there is no question that the primary source of recorded music is still the gramophone record, there is equally no doubt that in the last couple of years the pre-recorded cassette has been making very substantial inroads into the market. Originally the cassette had markedly inferior quality of recorded sound, particularly a pervasive and highly irritating 'hiss'. This problem was largely ironed out by Dr. Dolby's invention which largely removed the 'hiss' without depriving the sound of its upper frequencies. It remains true, nevertheless, that a cassette still, in the main, has a lower quality of sound than its gramophone record counterpart: still a degree of 'hiss', and a congestion of sound, as well as a more limited dynamic range. Moreover, as with records, the manufacturer, unhappily, does not always take sufficient care over the quality of the product, so that flawed sound and even blocked tapes are not as rare as they should be; and a blocked or broken tape is obviously a far graver defect than a scratch or 'blob' on the surface of a disc. There is no question, however, that a cassette has many advantages over a record, and it would seem that in the long-term future, once sound quality problems have finally been solved, it will become the primary source of recorded music.

Let us consider its advantages. First it is smaller and lighter, thus much easier to store. *The Twilight of the Gods* occupies six records in a cumbersome and heavy box, but just four cassettes in a far smaller and neater box, with a much handier size and shape of libretto than its record counterpart. The cassette wears out less quickly in playing, and of course cannot be damaged by the playing mechanism in the way that a stylus can scratch a record. Against that, it is harder to find a particular movement in a symphony or aria in an opera on cassette than on record. The cassette's greatest advantage is perhaps the way it can be played with ease in a wide variety of places where a gramophone record would often be wholly unsuitable: for example, in the motor-car. There is no question that if one is a music-loving long-distance driver, then cassettes are an immense boon. Imagine listening

to Wagner as one drives through the Rhineland, to *La Forza del Destino* on the Autostrada del Sole, to *Manon* on the road from Calais to Paris, and to *Acis and Galatea* as one dawdles through the Cotswolds on an autumn afternoon! On a more personal note, I might add that the company of my cassette-deck and good quality headphones not only made two protracted spells in hospital this summer markedly less disagreeable, but also enabled me to cover the ground for this article!

From the point of view of cost there is little to choose between records and cassettes: some cassettes are a few pence dearer than their counterparts on disc. There is a disadvantage in that whilst a record simply cannot accommodate much more than half an hour on a side, one side of a cassette can comfortably hold 45 minutes. This thus makes *The Rite of Spring* in this present selection not only seem poor value at over £4 for some 34 minutes of music, but absurd when one considers that all of it could comfortably have fitted onto one side, leaving the other available for, for example, *The Firebird* or *Petrouchka.* The difficulty, of course, is that the cassette is geared to the same issue on record, with the time limits that this applies. This seems an unduly rigid policy on the part of the manufacturers, and one which I hope they may see fit to abandon, for until they do so the purchaser will remain frustrated by the abundant length of sides in the cassette version of *Twilight of the Gods* making nonsense of the shortness of those elsewhere. There are artistic considerations, too: if a break in a piece of music can be avoided it should be. *The Rite of Spring* is the poorer for an unnecessary interruption, whilst Radu Lupu's performance of Beethoven's 4th Piano Concerto is enhanced by having its whole 34 minute span on one cassette side, instead of the break at the end of the slow movement that one often encounters on record. I should point out finally that all the cassettes considered here are also available on record, and that as so many shops seem to offer discounts nowadays, I propose to indicate only general price scales from now on, and leave the reader to find his own 'best buy'.

On cassette or on record, and I have heard it on both, the HMV recording of Wagner's *Twilight of the Gods* in the English National Opera production given live at the Coliseum in August, 1977 is a masterpiece. Enormous gratitude is due to the Peter Moores Foundation, which has made, not only this opera, but now the complete Ring Cycle in Andrew Porter's magnificent English translation available on record. One can only say that both performance and recording merit the Foundation's generosity. However fine the singing, and much of it here is magnificent, the true hero remains Reginald Goodall, whose unerring sense of tempi and structure, as well as his care for singers and musicians, make his truly a superlative achievement. Unquestionably he is one of the great Wagnerians of this or any other day. His Siegfried and Brunnhilde, here as before, are Alberto Remedios and Rita Hunter, who once again sing their hearts out, but with unfailing musicianship. Hagen is admirably taken by the Scandinavian bass Aage Haugland, whose fine English fully matches his quality of singing. I am less happy with the Gibichung pair, Margaret Curphey and Norman Welsby, who seem less impressive than in the opera house, but admire once again

Katherine Pring's fine Waltraute, Derek Hammond Stroud's impeccably enunciated Alberich, and a strong trio of Rhinemaidens led by Valerie Masterson. Finally, thanks go to the orchestra who play with the utmost dedication and sense of style. In all, this is a great achievement, and, at a price just a little more than that of one £20 stall for one opera in the recent Ring Cycle at Covent Garden, a remarkable bargain.

The next two operas are reissued recordings of the 1950s, with classic performances from each of their heroines. Here, with re-processing of sound to give stereo effect, the shortfall of sound quality on cassette is less noticeable, and personally I would not wish to be without either of these fine sets. The great Maria Callas's performance as Leonora in Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* sets one on the edge of one's seat with excitement. This is vocal acting in the grandest mould and she imbues her performance with the epitome of Verdian style. She is well supported by the spirited conducting of Tullio Serafin with La Scala, Milan, and the late Richard Tucker as Alvaro shows how strongly Italianate a tenor the New York Metropolitan possessed in him. Unfortunately, the other focal role, that of Don Carlo, is less happily taken by Carlo Tagliabue, who was well past his prime when he recorded it here. But the set remains essential listening for Callas's Leonora—just listen to *Pace, pace mio Dio*! in the opera's final scene. Likewise the great Spanish soprano, Victoria de los Angeles, must surely be one of the greatest Manons of the post-war era, and her singing of the role here evokes nothing but admiration and emotion. She, too, is fortunate in her conductor, the late great Pierre Monteux, and in the fact that although the company of the Paris Opéra-Comique may lack star quality, they have an unerring sense of style in this work. Thus Henri Legay and Michel Dens, though neither vocally of top rank, take the roles of Des Grieux and Lescaut to immense satisfaction. This indispensable issue, like *Forza*, is most reasonably priced.

Handel wrote his beautiful pastoral 'masque' *Acis and Galatea* for the Duke of Chandos, whose Music Director he was, and it was first performed at the Duke's palatial home, Cannons, near Edgware, in 1719. It is surely one of his most serenely enjoyable works, and receives here an immaculate performance in a fine, clear recording by Decca. Following the composer's original plan, the chorus is confined to five soloists who sing admirably—the final chorus of Act 1, complete with carillons, is a joy to hear. Neville Marriner conducts his Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields with zest and sensitivity, and is rewarded by some fine solo instrumental work, particularly from the woodwind. The cast is headed by Robert Tear, ardent if a trifle abrasive as Acis, and has Jill Gomez's gorgeous, melting Galatea—if only her enunciation was more distinct, her performance would approach perfection. As Damon, Philip Langridge sings sweetly, and Benjamin Luxon adds a welcome vein of wit to his richly sung portrayal of the amorous monster, Polyphemus. The cassette box is attractively packaged by Decca, with a good, clear libretto.

Turning to single cassettes, pride of place must surely go to Decca's issue

of the two early Mozart symphonies—No. 25 and the magnificent No. 29 in A major, unbelievably written when he was only 18—superbly played by the English Chamber Orchestra under the late Benjamin Britten. These were recorded in The Maltings, Snape back in 1971, before illness began so sadly to diminish Britten's physical powers, and his interpretations here are quintessentially Mozartian, displaying backbone as well as beauty, and demonstrating just how fine a conductor our great composer was. Another splendid issue from Decca is of Beethoven piano music in G: the 4th concerto in G major, the opus 49 sonatas in G minor and major, and finally the 32 variations in C minor, written in Beethoven's happiest year of 1806. Radu Lupu here fulfils all the promise he demonstrated when winning the Leeds Piano Competition in 1969, playing with beauty and great insight, and in the concerto is strongly yet most sensitively partnered by the Israel Philharmonic under their conductor, Zubin Mehta. The recording quality is high, with good balance between piano and orchestra. I would also not wish to be without HMV's issue of Tchaikovsky, magnificently played by The Philharmonia for their Chief Conductor, Riccardo Muti. As an Italian, Muti displays a remarkable affinity for Russian music, and gives effervescent, yet expressive and warmly felt performances of the *Romeo and Juliet* Overture, and of Tchaikovsky's delightful early 2nd Symphony, the 'Little Russian'. One disadvantage of this cassette is that there is nothing to indicate on the first side where the break between Overture and Symphony occurs, and this is the more irritating as the Symphony comes second. I have already mentioned that CBS offer poor value in terms of music for money in their issue of Stravinsky's *Rite of Spring*. Nevertheless, the New York Philharmonic play splendidly for Zubin Mehta who has recently become their new Principal Conductor, and the performance is warm and incisive, if lacking any especially positive character.

CBS in fact serve the collector better with their issue of Chopin's 21 Nocturnes played by the Chinese pianist Fou Ts'Ong. These are spread over two medium-priced cassettes, with helpful notes by Max Harrison, and are arranged chronologically, but with the early, and misleadingly numbered Opus 72, No. 1, and the two posthumously published Nocturnes 20 and 21 coming at the beginning. Fou Ts'Ong's feeling for Chopin's music in this medium is manifest throughout, and his sensitively modulated piano tone is well caught by the recording engineers. My only regret about these cassettes is that, despite the Dolby system, there remains more high level 'hiss' than one welcomes, and indeed expects, nowadays.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

GOOD MEN AND GOOD THINGS

Double Harness. Memoirs by Lord Drogheda. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £10.
The Lyttelton Hart-Davis Letters. Edited by Rupert Hart-Davis. John Murray. £6.95.

'You was a good man and did good things', whispered Marty of the dead Giles Winterborne, at the end of *The Woodlanders*. The same in terms of average human nature can be said of our three authors, Lord Drogheda, George Lyttelton and Rupert Hart-Davis. All left a creditable mark, but in terms of worldly achievement, Lord Drogheda stands out ahead of the others.

Managing Director or Chairman of *The Financial Times* from 1945 to 1970; Chairman of Covent Garden from 1958 to 1974; Chairman at one time of The Newspaper Proprietors' Association; Knight of the Garter. He must figure in any list, however short, of my most successful contemporaries. I can think of no one else who has reached the highest peaks in two fields so disparate as financial journalism and national culture. (I don't count hybrids like Lord Chancellors or others involved in overlapping professions.)

It is not difficult to imagine a well-intentioned tycoon with cultural aspirations accepting a seat on an artistic board. But to be chairman of Covent Garden for 16 years while running effectively the *Financial Times*! This was surely no ordinary man. He must possess a secret well worth discovering. It is sad to relate that he is determined not to help us discover it.

His book, he writes,

> is essentially a chronicle of events, and does not pretend to be in any way an autobiography, still less a self-portrait or essay in self-analysis.

If we catch glimpses of him at work, they must be inferred from letters written to him by colleagues. David Webster, General Administrator of Covent Garden, wrote to him when he, Webster, was retiring:

> You were a shock at first; here was someone that wanted to know every detail and to have a hand in everything. You have a great love for Covent Garden, your enthusiasm has been a fund of strength. If you took up an idea in which there was something which you could follow through with the authorities for Covent Garden, then nothing would deflect you from your aim.

To which most people would add a reference to his well-known charm and I, personally, to a rather rarer quality. I would describe this as a capacity to understand, at any rate for working purposes, each individual and to make him or her feel understood.

His life can be described as sheltered or hazardous according to taste. Most of those who figure in his book are persons of importance or brilliant gifts. At crucial moments he benefits from high-class intimacies. As a young man, he is introduced by Lord Beaverbrook to Brendan Bracken, who can be said to have 'made' his career. But he is still only 34 when Bracken says to him 'Camrose wants to sell the *Financial Times*. You had better go and buy it.' Here again, his contacts were invaluable. 'I had met him before with Brendan and I had been at school with two of his sons, Seymour and Michael, both of whom I liked very much and saw regularly over the years.' But in the last resort he pulled off the thing himself. He became secretary to the Covent Garden Board through the influence of Lord Clark. But he made such an impression that within seven years he was Chairman. Perhaps his discretion, so tantalising now, was part of the reason he triumphed. His talented and delightful wife may have

been another.

By any ordinary standards we can attribute success to George Lyttelton, now departed, and Rupert Hart-Davis, still very much with us and hopefully providing a successor to his fine life of Hugh Walpole. The latter, according to a good judge (J. I. M. Stewart), quoted understandably here by R. H.-D., 'has an assured claim to be among the half-dozen best biographies of the century'. One's mind turns back to Rosebery's claim on behalf of Churchill's Life of his father, that it was one of the best half-dozen biographies 'in the language'.

One is tempted to pause and offer a personal nomination of six competitors to *Walpole*. Cecil's *Melbourne* and Blake's *Disraeli* to start with. (Both were favourite books of Nixon, the first also of Kennedy. No doubt the second would have been.) I omit candidates from my own family and proceed with less dogmatism: Mrs. Woodham-Smith's *Florence Nightingale*? Michael Holroyd's *Lytton Strachey*? Evelyn Waugh's *Campion*? Lord Birkenhead's *Kipling*, out at last, is just in time to get a place. But I would like to have found room for Brian Inglis's *Casement* and, of course, innumerable others.

George Lyttelton was a major Eton personality and a good housemaster. But no better perhaps than a number of others. (Though how does one measure their merit?) It was as a teacher of English literature that he left an indelible impression on countless boys, some of whom have contributed much to literature. English literature as such was scarcely taught at Eton till it was established there by George Lyttelton. Literary talents were trained through translation into Latin and Greek and vice versa. I cannot remember doing an English essay in six years in the school. Hence the significance of Lyttelton's achievement.

Hart-Davis had a truly distinguished career in publishing and in such related activities as the London Library. He was known everywhere for his unstinting helpfulness, apart from reward, and the high quality of his books when he initiated his own imprint. He vividly describes here how this correspondence began. He had fallen under Lyttelton's spell at Eton, but they had not seen a great deal of each other since. In 1955, when Lyttelton was 72 and Hart-Davis 48, they met at dinner: 'Nobody even writes to me,' said George, who complained that he was bored and lonely in Suffolk. 'Flushed with wine,' writes Rupert, 'I accepted the challenge.' "I'll write to you, George." "When will you start?" "Next week-end." "Right. I'll answer in the middle of the week." ' Such was the origin of this correspondence, which continued unbroken until George died in 1962.

The letters make compulsive reading for anyone who is interested in things Etonian and who does not mind a constant stream of cricketing references. ('What would be of lasting Pepsyian interest is to hear what Darling said to Trumper when he had a devilled cold pork-chop for breakfast on the morning of the Test Match.')

The mutual admiration jars at first. 'This correspondence,' writes Lyttelton, 'is the apex, the centre, the zenith of my week,' and Hart-Davis is at least as enthusiastic. But after a time one grows fond of it as the utterly appropriate expression of a beautiful relationship. It is to be hoped that the many deft literary touches will reconcile readers who might otherwise be repelled by the ultra Etonian emphasis. Drogheda is Etonian enough for most tastes, but Lyttelton and Hart-Davis carry it all a good deal further, though it must be remembered that they were writing for each other.

They never actually say that it was and is an overwhelming and unique advantage to go to Eton. They simply assume it. (Of how many other schools

is this true, apart, of course, from Winchester?) Without defining their terms, they seem to have a complete unwritten understanding as to what makes you a 'good chap' or otherwise. Take this, for example, from Lyttelton (but it might just as well come from Hart-Davis): 'Jo Grimond I never really came across at Eton, but good men have always spoken well of him. Those literary dinners must be fun, though I suppose like old-boy gatherings, the most regular attenders are the bores. I could have warned you against Dunsany forty years and more ago, even then a tremendous talker. Is he otherwise a good chap? So many bores are.' My Uncle Dunsany, a superlative talker in the right circumstances, was not always to everyone's taste. But putting that aside, I expostulate with horror at the loftiness and the smugness, the well-intentioned conceit, of this and other such passages.

When, therefore, I say that these authors are 'good,' I do not mean that my ideas of what makes 'a good chap' are quite the same as theirs. But they come out well on either scale of rating.

FRANK LONGFORD

'RENAISSANCE MAN'

Vansittart, Study of a Diplomat. Norman Rose. Heinemann. £7.50.

I have referred more than once to a promising younger school of historians in this country, more particularly in a review of *The Road to 1945* by Paul Addison: having mentioned that I knew personally almost everyone mentioned in his book, I added that 'I marvel at the author's capacity to reconstruct (mainly from documents and Cabinet papers, private and unpublished papers) such an accurate scenario and near-accurate pen-pictures of the dramatis personae After all, he was born in 1943.' Even more I marvel at this study of Vansittart by a young historian, admittedly born in London, but who is senior lecturer in International Relations at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem. This book is not only well-written but exhaustively researched; his 'acknowledgements' and bibliography are impeccable. In addition I look forward to his future biography of Sir Lewis Namier, whose only other biography (written by his widow) I had the pleasure of reviewing in these columns. So much for the author.

I will refer to Vansittart, as does the author, by his familiar name, Van. What a man, or, as Dame Rebecca West said after his death, 'How very pleasant it was to know the last Renaissance man'! His own autobiography *The Mist Procession*, published in 1958 and dedicated to his wife Sarita *'in gratitude for unblemished bliss'*, reveals the many-sided nature of Van's life, diplomat yes, but also dramatist, homme de belles lettres, poet, first-class tennis player.

Van is important, not for his versatility, but as a unique diplomat, in another class from the Cadogans or Harveys. Whatever one's views about the threat from Germany in the nineteen-thirties, whatever one's views about the National Government, Van's steadfast views on re-armament (supported by Maurice Hankey), on the German character, on France, on Austria and on the United States were all based on first-hand knowledge. Unlike most of his contemporaries, he was not blessed or burdened with a University education.

The younger school of historians, mentioned above, have, together with Maurice Cowling and others, thrown new light on the previously one-sided picture of the Thirties, or to use the words of Norman Rose, have 'highlighted the severely limited options open to those responsible for the formulation of British policy'. To be more precise, Norman Rose adds: 'For me, at least, Van remains one of the most appealing and compelling figures of these years, even

if not the unflawed hero of my student days.'

The more one reads of the 'Ethiopian Imbroglio', the clearer it becomes that not only were individual statesmen damaged, including Vansittart and Hoare, but it signed the death-warrant of the League of Nations. Vansittart never recovered. In one sense he was too strong a character for the Foreign Office to stomach and perhaps for a high role in the permanent Civil Service. I remember the rumours that he would stand for Parliament. He unfortunately accumulated too many enemies among men of much smaller stature, and finally, of course, Sir Horace Wilson and Neville Chamberlain. He was never at home with Eden, but Hankey and the best of the defence staffs always held him in high respect, as did Winston Churchill.

But if Van was guilty of over-simplification and if some of his decisions were wrong, he was entitled to reply: 'No position is more untenable than that of those who now aver that they were all for fighting in the Far East in 1931, in the Mediterranean in 1935, in Spain in 1937—all in just causes—for standing up to Hitler (why not Germany?) from 1933 (why not before?) while all the time depriving us—and the just causes— of the material means of doing so. Here also the field is unsuitable for *party warfare*.' My italics, because a so-called national government failed the country in times of *peace*.

KENNETH LINDSAY

THE TRIUMPHANT SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Stuart England. J. P. Kenyon. Allen Lane. £6.50.

If one had to choose in which century to live, many votes would go to the seventeenth century which Professor Kenyon names as 'Stuart England' after the luckless royal family which dominated it. True the century which preceded it was the peerless age of Elizabeth and Shakespeare but those years were but a preparation for the triumphalism which gave England its revolution, its constitutional monarchy and a free parliament. The Stuarts were at the heart of all this change, and by their very opposition helped to create the political splendour of the century. Without the Charles's and the James's, on or off the throne, the century would have been a tame affair.

Professor Kenyon relates this story with a detailed elegance that makes his book a fascinating accomplishment. It is a 'history' book but it is also a 'reading' book designed for the reader who reads beyond the footnotes but yet wants to know where the information came from. Professor Kenyon collects his 'material' together in fifteen pages of bibliography which are as compulsive reading as the book itself, and in doing so he brings the century up to date; an achievement that was needed in a much researched and worked-over century.

The century was crowded with people who provide the legends for popular consumption, with a couple of supreme ones in Charles I and Oliver Cromwell. But Professor Kenyon gives much attention to Charles II who was presented with the unequalled opportunity of making the new England, but he 'squandered all his chances'. The king, says Professor Kenyon was 'not a lazy man, but he lacked concentration, his interests were too diversified, and he did not apply himself to the business of governing. He had a knack of managing men which his father conspicuously lacked, but he relied too much on it. By leaving much of the responsibility to Clarendon he ignored his father's last advice, which was to beware of putting too much trust in a single minister.' It was Clarendon who master-minded the misguided religious 'settlement' which gave the start to the incipient power of a later 'nonconformity' with all the tragedy of a divided church. As Professor Kenyon aptly says, 'When Clarendon went on the

rocks in 1667 it was too late for Charles to jump clear'.

Apart from the Civil War, which affected remarkably few people in their personal way of life, the Stuart age saw the beginnings of class society in English life with property the all important factor in political as well as economic affairs. But Professor Kenyon warns that the reader must not inject 19th century notions of 'personal liberty, freedom of speech or constitutional government'. The issue was one of power and physical authority-hence the significance of Cromwell when it came to the last struggle with Charles Stuart. He knew what it was all about.

This was the century, it must be remembered, when the Bible was first translated into modern English, the Authorised Version. It was the century of Locke, Newton and Bacon as well as John Donne, John Milton, Andrew Marvell and Christopher Wren. Not a bad haul for a small people just blossoming as a world power.

CECIL NORTHCOTT

A CLINICAL STUDY OF DEPRESSION

Social Origins of Depression. Geoge W. Brown and Tirril Harris. Tavistock Publications Ltd, £12.50.

Depression is a very common condition. It makes people feel insecure and worthless; it makes the world around them appear meaningless or hostile; it invests the future with an aura of hopelessness and it is a frequent harbinger of suicide. Yet many areas of depression are ill researched and, in particular, the psychosocial ramifications of the condition have been poorly delineated.

This book looks at clinical depression in the London district of Camberwell between 1969 and 1975. A large sample was interviewed using standard sociological methods, particularly the questionnaire. The most striking feature to emerge from the investigation was the relationship of depression to social class. In working class women depression could be provoked quite readily, and such individuals were four times more likely to develop the condition than were their middle class counterparts. The greater vulnerability of the working class women of Camberwell was ascribed to factors such as lack of support and relationships of poor quality with husband or boyfriend, loss of mother before the age of 11, the irritations and aggravations of having several young children at home and, in a more general sense, problems concerning housing and finance. In many women the condition was chronic and has proved to be highly intractable.

One of the more interesting facets of the book was the comparison of the Camberwell study with a similar investigation conducted in women in the totally different cultural setting of the Hebridean island of North Uist. The same methods of measurement were used in the two areas but the results conflicted sharply. In North Uist no correlation between social class and clinical depression emerged. Moreover, the overall incidence of depression was much lower in the Hebridean women although other psychiatric conditions, particularly anxiety and obsessional states were more frequent in North Uist.

I am doubtful whether readers of *Contemporary Review* will be fascinated with this book. Although it represents a great deal of work in a field which encompasses the disciplines of psychiatry, psychology and sociology, the style of writing is often ponderous and the text is unduly prolix and repetitious. Students and specialists might find it valuable. But a combination of high cost and rather wearisome prose will effectively remove it from the ambit of the general reader.

JOHN A. LORAINE

DRINKING PATTERNS IN YOUNG PEOPLE

The Young Drinkers. Joyce O'Connor. Tavistock Publications Ltd. £14.25.

This book has as its epicentre the nexus of factors which influence drinking patterns in the young people. It is the first European study of its kind carried out on a reasonably large scale and using rigorous methodology. It could well become a standard work of reference.

Ethnic and cultural influences are examined in detail, special attention being paid to the Irish and English whose drinking habits are generally considered to diverge greatly. It was concluded that the stereotype images — the Irish as humorous and boisterous drinkers, the Englishman as a disciplined and moderate consumer of alcohol — have no basis in fact. Both groups had a major drinking problem but it was of special interest to learn that the heaviest drinking of all occurred in young people of Anglo-Irish stock who had not assimilated the norms of their host country and in whom constraints against alcohol seemed to operate to a more limited extent. As shown in many previous studies drinking patterns of the young are greatly affected by parental attitudes. Here the father is the key factor, a strong correlation existing between heavy drinking fathers and high alcohol consumption in their children. Peer group influences also operate to a major extent. Support for drinking from other young people is crucial; contact with and social pressures from friends encourage a lifestyle in which drinking becomes an integral part. The consumption of alcohol is related to sex, age and occupation. More males than females drink and the quantities consumed by the former are larger. Women spend less of their weekly earnings on alcohol and are much less likely to participate in round drinking. Alcohol consumption tends to increase with age although the situation here is not entirely clear-cut. Highly paid young people with a weekly wage in excess of £25 tend to be heavy drinkers; so also are people who perceive that their aspirations cannot be fulfilled and that their opportunities for making successful careers in the future are limited.

In recent years concern about teenage drinking has been mounting rapidly. However, little or no hard data on the extent of the problem have been available and the whole subject has been treated subjectively, emotionally and with a certain degree of superficiality. It is the hard data which Joyce O'Connor's meticulous study provides. Sociologists will undoubtedly find it of inestimable value. But because of the elegance of the text and the clarity of the exposition many other less specialised people interested in the general topic of attitude formation in the young will profit from reading it.

JOHN A. LORAINE

A STUDY OF HENRY HARLAND

Henry Harland: His Life and Work. Karl Beckson. The Eighteen Nineties Society. £6.25.

Since the publication of its first volume, Father Brocard Sewell's *Olive Custance,* in 1975, the 'Makers of the Nineties' series, under the general editorship of Dr. G. Krishnamurti, has made steady and pleasing progress, both in scope and ambition. Father Sewell's inauguratory monograph, excellent as it was, was really little more than a pamphlet—32 pages. Next, in 1976, came Dr. Margaret Maison's *John Oliver Hobbes,* 78 pages, containing a great deal of totally new information about the hitherto rather shadowy Mrs. Pearl Craigie. The third monograph, John Adlard's *Owen Seaman,* 1977, was much longer than either of its predecessors, 139 pages, and, like them, was full of important

new material. Now comes the fourth, longest (171 pages) and most heavily illustrated volume, Professor Karl Beckson's *Henry Harland*.

For most people, Harland's chief claim upon memory is the circumstance that he edited *The Yellow Book*, and wrote one remembered novel, *The Cardinal's Snuff-box*. Others may recall him as the amiable host at those celebrated tea-parties at his flat in the Cromwell Road in the nineties, reference to which constantly crop up in the memoirs of the period; or as one of the inevitably savaged befrienders of the fiercely paranoid Baron Corvo. The general dearth of accurate biographical information concerning him is not only due to the fact that, until now, no life has been published, but there was the added complication that Harland himself put about a great many fragments of wild and totally false autobiographical data—such as the claim that he was born in St. Petersburg, spent his childhood in Rome, and most of his youth in France. Professor Beckson has had to contend with a positive cat's cradle of dissimulation, the untangling of which has called for an inordinate amount of skilful and patient research. He has succeeded brilliantly in his difficult task.

Harland was actually born in Brooklyn, on March 1st, 1861, educated at the College of the City of New York, spent a year at the Divinity School of Harvard, and began work as a clerk in the Surrogate of New York's office in 1884. It was while employed there that, under the name of Sidney Luska, he wrote his first novels of Jewish life in New York. His success was such that by 1886 he was able to resign and devote himself entirely to authorship. He had married, in 1884, Aline Herminie Merriam, and in 1889 the couple settled in England, where Harland rapidly became a notable literary figure. Professor Beckson's research illuminates the details of Harland's relationship with John Lane, and chronicles the story of the origin and progress of *The Yellow Book*. He provides, too, much fresh material regarding Harland's friendships with Henry James, Edmund Gosse, Richard Le Gallienne and Aubrey Beardsley. Another revelation is that of the extraordinary epistolary love affair which Harland carried on with Olive Custance. Of particular value to scholars is the meticulous bibliography, which includes a most useful location list of the surviving correspondence of Henry and Aline Harland. Authoritative and painstaking, this book is a splendid contribution to the literature of the nineties.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

Everyman's Companion to Shakespeare (Dent. £7.50). In this useful volume, Gareth and Barbara Lloyd Evans have brought together a great quantity of information about Shakespeare himself, the plays and verse and the Shakespearean theatre. The book has four main sections. In the first the authors are concerned with 'the man and his times.' This includes a short chapter on Myths, Legends and Mysteries of Shakespeare's life. In a passage on the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, they refer to A. L. Rowse's latest theory and condemn it out of hand: 'This is as much conjectural, and fanciful, as most theories about the strange lady.' There is no attempt to analyse Dr. Rowse's argument. The second section is concerned with the history of the production of the plays until the present time. This is set against the development of the theatre itself and the leading actors and actresses and producers involved in the plays. There is a very brief chapter on Shakespeare in North America, including the

opening of the outstanding Shakespeare Festival theatre in Stratford, Ontario. Shakespeare and America deserved much greater attention. In the third section, on the works, there are plot summaries of all the plays, with brief reference to the main textual source. There is a final section on Shakespeare and Stratford which will appeal to tourists particularly. The volume has no general index, so that it is often difficult to find quickly reference to a particular point. The scope of this book is so wide that there is little room for criticism in depth; this tends to lead to dogmatism or omissions. This could have been remedied by including bibliographical material for the specialist. The book is very well illustrated and is of great interest to the general public.

Anton Chekhov's Plays (Norton & Co., 500 Fifth Avenue, New York. $4.95). In this Norton Critical Edition, Professor Eugene K. Bristow of Indiana University has produced new idiomatic translations of *The Seagull, Uncle Vanya, The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard*. 'My goal has been to search for a style, or a manner, that translates the distinctive Russian elements in Chekovian drama into terms appropriate to American theatrical art. . . . I am convinced that "naturalising" his plays, or coming up with American or British images in place of the Russian, produces elements that diminish his powers of dramatic art.' It would be interesting to know how the recent production of *The Cherry Orchard*, in a new translation by Michael Frayne, at the London National Theatre would compare with one using Professor Bristow's translation. The latter has provided introductions and annotations to each of the plays. The volume also contains Chekhov's sketches, *Impure Tragedians and Leprous Playwrights*, and *On the Injurious Effects of Tobacco*, the latter being given in its 1886 and 1892 versions. Professor Bristow has also collected in this volume fourteen essays already published in some form or other by distinguished critics on backgrounds and criticism. Ronald Hingley writes on the historical, social and cultural background of Chekhov's Russia.

Revaluation (Penguin Books. £1). This volume of essays in literary criticism by Dr. F. R. Leavis was first published in 1936. It is now reprinted in Pelican Books. The theme is 'Tradition and Development in English Poetry.' The essays, conceived as part of one book, are headed. The Line of Wit, Milton's Verse, Pope, The Augustan Tradition, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats. The republication of these outstanding revaluations will be widely welcomed.

Human Rights. Jonathan Cape. £4.50. While occupying the demanding office of Secretary of State for Foreign and Commonwealth Affairs, Dr. David Owen has found time to express his own personal views in *Human Rights* on a variety of subjects relevant to his work and private convictions. The EEC, the UN and our own governmental policies are brought under penetrating scrutiny for their approach to the vexed question of moral and Christian values. Planned on the basis of series of related essays, the book is consistently interesting and informative.

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NORTH KOREA—ASPECTS OF A NEW SOCIETY

by Malcolm Caldwell

NORTH Korea — the Democratic People's Republic of Korea — is regarded in the West as one of the most closed and enigmatic countries in the world. And indeed it is true that few Western Europeans have visited it since its foundation after the Second World War. Recently, however, writer Jon Halliday and I were invited for a short visit. Brief as it was, we succeeded in seeing a great deal—and just as important—met numerous people from various walks of life who kindly made themselves available to answer our questions.

We had decided beforehand to probe a number of areas which we felt were not adequately illuminated by the existing—rather meagre—literature. Upon two of these I shall report on this occasion: the position of women, and the role of the law and the judicial system. Both open out much wider perspectives upon life in a rapidly changing East Asian society.

The Law on Equality of the Sexes in North Korea was enunciated on July 30th, 1946, and re-affirmed in Article 22 of the Constitution of the Democratic People's Republic of Korea dated September 8th, 1948. Women are thereby granted ' . . . equal rights with men in all realms of state, economic, cultural, social and political life.' All remnants of feudalistic and Japanese colonialist sexism are prohibited—for instance, unfree, forced marriage (art.4 of the 1946 Law) and polygamy and prostitution (art.7). Women are entitled to free divorce on an equal footing with men (art.5).

The day before the 31st anniversary of the Law on Equality we were received by three of the leading figures in the North Korean Democratic Women's Union. The two older representatives wore traditional dress—lace blouses with long loose sleeves and a bow (its strings trailing almost to the hemline), and long full skirts, the 'waist' under the blouse just below the flattened bust; the younger cadre wore Western-style skirt and short-sleeved blouse. Later we asked them why so many North Korean women still wore traditional dress while the men (with the exception of a few old peasants) almost universally wore Western clothes. The answer was quite interesting. Our question implied that there was a lurking element of sexism here, but we were told that traditionally, with feudalistic relations between the sexes, women had been forced to do most of the work, so that their

dress had to be practical and functional, while male dress had not; now everybody worked and therefore the men had been forced to switch to more practical clothes. (I wasn't totally convinced by this sophistry: the flowing skirts and trailing bow-strings looked far from practical, albeit cool in Pyongyang's 90° heat and humidity.)

We were reminded at the outset of the Law on Equality of the Sexes, and treated to some illustrative statistics. A third of all deputies to representative bodies ranging from the Supreme People's Assembly to local government organisations are women. Of the total labour force, 48% are women, playing a particularly prominent part in agriculture (where the majority of leading personnel such as farm managers are female), light industry, public health and education (accounting for 80% of all teachers). There was equal pay for equal work.

When we pressed for clarification, however, a rather different picture emerged. Breaking down representation, for instance, we found that only 112 of the 541 members of the Supreme People's Assembly (20.7%) were women. As for teaching, our informants were not sure exactly what percentage of women in the profession were working at primary and secondary level as opposed to university level. We were told, though, that the Director of the Pyongyang Institute of Light Industry was a woman, as were the Rector and Vice-rector of the Pyongyang Normal College. When, on another occasion, we were entertained at the Kim Il Sung University, we noticed, however, that none of the staff (or students, if it comes to that) invited to meet us were women.

On the question of pay, our hosts conceded that the average female wage was less than the average male wage because of inequality of representation at the various pay and salary levels. We were assured that this was gradually being righted, though. One progressive provision is that women with three or more children under 13 are entitled to 8-hours pay for a 6-hour day, allowing extra time for domestic duties.

The main present aim of the women's movement in North Korea (having already won legal equality), we were told, was that of 'freeing women of the burden especially of the family'. How this was to be done had been thought about from the days when women had played their full part in the anti-Japanese patriotic struggle. One vital element was universal provision of easily accessible and free nurseries and kindergartens. Today there are 60,000 kindergartens and nurseries, caring for 3,500,000 North Korean children at state expense. There is no place of work in the country which is without appropriate accommodation for the children of working mothers.

We raised the question of division of household chores between wife and husband, and elicited the following information. Basically, there is co-operation: if the husband is first home, he does what has to be done. But the state has already reduced the burden by providing, besides kindergartens and nurseries, laundries, an efficient food industry with retail stores open at sensible hours, and other such aids to easier daily life. But, we

learned, cooking—traditionally seen as woman's work—was still regarded as her 'natural duty' (a phrase the accuracy of translation of which we double-checked).

I have to add that subsequent experience rather dispelled for us the rosy image of egalitarian domestic harmony. Entertained in a Korean home, we couldn't avoid noticing that while the menfolk reclined with us at their leisure wining and dining, the womenfolk—unless summoned by us to speak for themselves about their place and condition—were restricted to serving, clearing the table and washing up unseen in the kitchen. When we drew attention to this anomaly, the men just laughed. To be fair, there was clear evidence that the issue is firmly on the agenda and that progress is being made, however painfully.

Article 23 of the Constitution specifically protects 'marriage and the family'. We were tempted into apparently dangerous shoals here. Before we met the women, male cadres had begged us not to raise issues which might 'embarrass' them—issues which, it transpired, included such matters as contraception, unmarried motherhood, rape, and the like. At the beginning of our interview, which two of the men attended, we accordingly asked the women to specify any topics they would not care to discuss openly in mixed company. They cheerfully assured us that nothing at all fell into this category—an interesting discrepancy in itself.

Our interest had been aroused by evidence accumulated during prior occasional conversations that contraception was frowned upon in the DPRK, that knowledge of it was not widespread, that social convention was that 'all' women wanted to marry and have children, and that the family and marriage were pretty sacred institutions in this socialist paradise (a word frequently used in North Korean propaganda, incidentally)—in seeming contradiction to Marxist orthodoxy (as, for example, expressed notably in Engels' *Origin of the Family*).

The women's representatives declared that ' . . . we see the family as a cell of society and as such the family should be healthy and the people in this country—husbands and wives—are constantly educated and so they know how important the family is . . . '. Single women, on the other hand, are looked after by workplace, neighbourhood, and other organisations so that they suffer no disadvantages from their (inferentially inferior) status.

What happened if a single woman became pregnant? Could she have an abortion? There is, we were categorically assured, no such thing as abortion for the unmarried woman or—come to that, for women before marriage (a subtle but sustainable distinction): why? ' . . . because women are educated in our country in communist morality and know how to live in a socialist society . . . '. What about cases of rape? 'I'm sorry (sic—presumably sorry to disappoint us) we've no such instances so far. But there are such cases in South Korea.' (Question: you mean there has been no rape in North Korea since 1945?) 'As far as I know there have been no such instances. I'm 40 (years old), but I've never heard (of one).'

As for birth control/family planning ' . . . there is no such policy.' Why?

(We had in mind the determined and successful campaign by the Chinese to stabilise their population.) Because of the need for a bigger work force, the scale of the economy, and the speed of its development, it is argued. But when a woman is unwell during pregnancy (i.e. when there is a serious complication) or when she already has so many children that a further one would be a hindrance to social activity, and she so wishes, she may apply for an abortion.

This is the official position, insofar as it was accurately conveyed to us by the cadres of the Democratic Women's Union. But other, less formal, conversations convinced us that, in fact, people in North Korea *were* deliberately restricting family size; that two children per married couple was coming to be regarded as an acceptable family size; and that there was an awareness of lack of knowledge about modern methods of birth control and both a curiosity about these and a desire to find out about them. (One man asked us about male sterilisation, something he'd heard vaguely about once when abroad on a diplomatic mission, but had never had the nerve or courage to pursue in practical detail.)

The minimum legal marriage age is full 17 for women, full 18 for men (that is reckoning the Western and not the Eastern way, the latter counting the child at birth as one year old). But the *average* age of marriage is 29 for women and 30 for men. This allows for prolonged education, military service, job training, and work experience—all considered to be valuable elements in the shaping of a good citizen. Pre-marital sexual experience is — officially — frowned upon and unknown. Homosexuality is — again officially—non-existent. Libido is apparently transmogrified into arduous application to the tasks of economic development. . . .

Women serve in the armed forces, on a voluntary basis (like men). They normally enlist for two to three years, and are generally posted to work in hospitals (as doctors and nurses) and in communications. They may marry, but few do during their service. Some attain the rank of Colonel, as Principals of military hospitals. It's worth adding that the female military uniform is quite attractive: fitted tunic and pleated skirt.

Arranged marriages are a thing of the past, or at least a fast dying anachronism. Young people *may* have the blessing of their parents — and normally do—but it is no longer essential. The actual marriage celebration is now much less pretentious than before, with maybe twenty close relations and personal friends attending, and the actual ceremony is brief and simple. Parents still help set up young couples in their homes, to make sure that they are adequately provided for in the way of clothes, furniture and so on.

What about divorce? There are very few cases, we were told. Cases occur only under two circumstances: one, 'where they (the married couple) can't co-exist' (animated conversation in Korean eventually produced the elucidation that this meant that 'they had no sexual life'), two, 'where events have occurred and the court may approve' (understood by us to be an allusion to a variety of derelictions of marital duty and obligation, such as violence, drunkenness, promiscuity, introduction of VD, and so on). It is

worth pausing to record that while VD is still acknowledged to be a problem in the DPRK, it has, it seems, survived without benefit of prostitution, promiscuous coupling, concubinage, marital infidelity, rape, and general permissiveness: there may appear to be another anomaly here.

We persisted: can a divorced woman re-marry if her estranged husband is still alive? (The question, it should be explained, may appear neutral and banal to a Western reader, but it is dynamite in the Asian context.) Well, it appears that women who lose their husbands (that is, are bereaved) can—and often do—re-marry. But those who divorce a living husband have no 'need' to do so: the state provides for all the wants of the single woman (as noted above), and although she would—legally—be 'allowed' to take another wedded spouse ' . . . she has no inconveniences in her life so need not do so.'

Thus we uncover the gap between rhetoric and practice. This particular discussion evolved as follows (and I quote from my own notes): 'There are no instances of women who have divorced (from—sic) their husbands and who want to get married again to another husband.' (Question: *no* instances?) 'There were very few divorces in the past, and now our people are educated and everything is provided for and so there is no case of women at (a) re-marrying age getting re-married.'

Women in the DPRK, incidentally, keep their own name on marriage.

It would be wrong to conclude without recording how impressed we were by the confidence, cheerfulness and openness of our Women's Union hostesses. We feel sure that if they are at all typical the women of North Korea will go on to achieve all that is in their sights, having come so far and having such a clear view of the ultimate objective.

The following day we met a cadre from the Law Research Centre (attached to the Academy of Social Sciences) who gave us an outline of the DPRK's legal system and subsequently answered our queries.

The first point he made was that North Korea has a court/trial system which, they believed, is a really genuine people's court system. The reason they say so is that judges are elected by the people's assemblies (those of the Supreme Court by the Supreme People's Assembly, those of courts of provinces, cities and counties by people's assemblies at corresponding levels by secret ballot—art.83 of the Constitution) and there are also people's assessors similarly elected. Whenever there is a trial the people's assessors take part. These are drawn from farms, factories and offices and are non-professional while judges are professionals.

Usually a trial is attended by a judge and two people's assessors. Decisions are reached by majority vote. The trial is also attended by lawyers. This implies, he argued, that the trial is attended by fair public opinion, by those elected by the people themselves, and by lawyers representing fair public opinion. The DPRK, he added, has a high rate of women judges, the profession of judge being regarded as a proper one for women. There are also many women lawyers—in fact, the majority of lawyers are women.

As far as the number of offences coming to court is concerned, the largest single category consists of traffic offences. (In a way this is surprising since there are far fewer cars in the DPRK than in the West — though they already manufacture their own cars—but in another way it came as no surprise to us: we had been driven about a good deal in both urban and rural areas and had witnessed the style of driving, which is best described as assertive and peremptory, showing scant respect for fellow drivers and even less for pedestrians; in addition, North Korea has made spectacular progress in mechanisation of transport, trucks, tractors and buses abounding and comparatively few bullock carts to be seen, and there is an extremely good network of well-maintained roads.) The next largest category consists of offences against collective property—for instance carelessness when working (leading to accidents and damage presumably).

There are, he said, few cases of offences against the State and the Revolution and 'very few' of 'infringements upon administrative activities and against state and individual property.'

Pressed for further elucidation he explained that both traffic offences and offences against collective property were frequently the result of carelessness rather than of deliberate wrong-doing. 'Of course', he conceded, 'there are hostile elements but they are not strong of course but weak'; residual hostility on the part of those expropriated during land reform has died out with the passage of time (the Law on Agrarian Reform in North Korea was passed on March 5th, 1946). [An interesting feature of North Korean land reform was that dispossessed landlords and gentry were resettled on smallholdings that they could work with their own labour in areas far from where they had once lorded it, thus hastening dissipation of any class aura still attaching to them.] If other elements try to overthrow the régime they are deemed to deserve punishment.

But, he added, people understand that the policy of the government is correct, and if they work well there is no difficulty: 'so now we have very few crimes'. Still, no visitor to the DPRK can fail to notice, as we did, that there are a great many police in evidence and that there are police checkpoints at intervals along the roads (presumably between one administrative district and another).

Those who disagree *ideologically* with the present government and the present system are not regarded as criminals. The party (the Workers' Party of Korea—WPK) and the state have a consistent policy long sustained of 'arming the people with monolithic ideology'. Those who have a different ideological outlook are subject to re-education and 're-moulding', not punishment, and, he said, '(they) are not regarded as political prisoners', implying, I assume, that they *are* detained somewhere for the purpose, although this is not clear. He reminded us that the Constitution provides for freedom of religion and for the existence of different political parties. (I should say here that we didn't see a single church or other obvious place of religious worship anywhere in the DPRK during our stay.)

If those with different ideological views move to try to overthrow the

government then they are held to deserve punishment and are accordingly pursued to the courts but 'this is to be seen very rarely' (though) 'there are still a few people we see who lag behind others in arming themselves with the ideological armoury of the Party because their ideological level is low and we've had a few cases of anti-Party and anti-government activities but that (the last incident of this kind?) was 10 years ago when these tried to fight against the state'. Now, he added, people are armed with 'monolithic ideology' and this is proved by the participation of the people in elections for state and local authorities. Hostile elements are deprived of their rights, but he could give us no figure of the number thus deprived at the moment.

We had prepared and submitted beforehand a fairly detailed questionnaire, and he next proceeded to deal with our queries. The first he tackled was the question of the incidence of insanity and DPRK methods of treatment of it. 'Insanity' is defined so as to include 'those who could not control themselves'. 'We believe the definition is very much the same in any country', he elaborated. We demurred, but to little effect. Those suspected of insanity are examined by a doctor. If he is satisfied that the condition is temporary and can be cured they are not branded as insane. But those who are so certified lose their right to vote. There are psychological (psychiatric?) hospitals and out-patient departments for treatment. Those debarred from voting and other social activities by reason of insanity are 'very few' in number, he claimed.

He next addressed himself to the question of the right to political asylum. There had been no recent cases, but he recalled a number of Japanese youths who had come to North Korea seeking asylum (as I recall the incident, they had hijacked an airliner), since when there had been no further instances.

Connected with this, although he dealt with it much later in our talk, was the right to emigrate. 'To be frank', he replied, 'such a question surprises us because we've never met such cases—they've never arisen. What happens is that Koreans who live abroad want to come here. In the past, (before liberation), people had to leave Korea for economic reasons (to find work). But (now) not any documents provide for such a case (emigration) and we've never had such a case and if we had we would have dealt with it and we'd be in a position to tell you but it has never arisen'.

Treason is dealt with according to the severity of the offence, the punishments ranging up to life imprisonment or execution. I asked how executions were carried out. They are, it turns out, carried out by 'the authorities concerned' and by a variety of methods, those mentioned specifically including shooting and hanging. South Korea, he pointed out, sends many spies to North Korea; if these are captured and they have killed people the courts will condemn them to death.

Penalties for theft range from execution through prison terms of from three to four years to 'education by labour'. In the latter case, the offender is paid while undergoing correction, and the term is usually from six months to three years. Were there many women in prison, we asked?

Perhaps 5% to 10% of prisoners at any one time are women. For what offences? Mostly for being careless in protecting and caring for state property and therefore causing losses to them (sic).

Alcoholism, we were informed, hardly exists and there are accordingly few cases of 'bad behaviour' and people causing trouble in the streets. It should be added that this happy state of affairs is certainly not due to a comparative absence of alcohol. North Korean beer is excellent, and some of it strong. The cheapest brands are highly potable and well within the reach of ordinary budgets—indeed during the hot summers we were told it is a highly popular drink (though women don't drink alcohol of any kind, nor do they smoke, at least until they are elderly; the local mineral waters are the finest I've ever tasted anywhere in the world). Wine and a variety of liquors are also produced. Ginsang (*imsan*) liquor is particularly famous—and potent.

There are no hospitals or treatment centres for VD. When we pointed out that VD is one of the grounds for divorce, and that, therefore, it must exist in the DPRK, our informant prevaricated and we received no satisfactory answer.

As for other indices of social pathology—suicide, drug abuse, gambling—he denied there were *any* cases of the last two, while suicide was extremely rare: 'We can say there are no social or economic conditions that (make) people unhappy (enough) to commit suicide'.

What about sexual offences? Before liberation there were many prostitutes, but since then they have been re-educated and in any case they are all old now. Other sexual offences 'we can hardly see but there are a few cases' (unspecified). Cases of rape are so rare there is no provision in criminal law for dealing with it—as with other sexual deviations offenders are 're-educated and re-moulded' through the social pressures of the organisations to which everybody belongs (at work, in the neighbourhood, and so on). The existence of such a thing as homosexuality is known to lawyers, because they know that foreign criminal law provides for it, but those outside the profession are not aware of such a thing: 'the people are ignorant of such cases'.

Murder, we learned, 'cannot be seen' in the DPRK, but manslaughter caused by traffic accidents or other forms of carelessness does occur.

In general, crime is held in check by home, school, social and Party education in the duty to observe laws and regulations. Children are subject to the criminal laws from 14 years of age, but 'education by labour' is the main method applied to transgressors up to the age of 17. Children in conflict with their parents would have the issues involved mediated by such organisations as the Pioneers (a universal youth organisation). There is no need for the law to regulate parent-child relations; in North Korea, unlike other countries, parents do not impose things on their children, he said.

Similarly, violence by husbands on wives is almost unknown. (He actual-

ly said that no such cases are known.) Neighbourhood units to which all families belong control family life. Marital violence is to be traced to social circumstances and therefore the responsibility for dealing with it lies not with the law but with organisations, social units, the Party, etcetera.

The cadre concluded that the DPRK has few crimes 'even compared with other socialist countries'. This may well be true. But it is of course hard to verify or quantify the claim. I am merely on this occasion reporting what we were told. But I can add that adherence to the 'monolithic ideology' seems general and pervasive and effective enough in other spheres, such as the economic, so it may well serve as it is intended to in this purpose.

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The January issue of the *Contemporary Review* includes *Protecting Our Children* by Cyril D. Townsend, M.P., *Twilight for the Brazilian Military* by Thomas Murphy, *An Assessment of the Potential for Stability in Democratic Spain* by Paul Preston and *A Profile of Feliks Topolski* by Ernle Money.

JAPAN—THE DRIVE TO SURVIVE

by Keith Clarke

THE spectre of the powerful Japanese industrial machine now haunts the corridors of international economic conferences, Trade Union Councils and western boardrooms alike. Evidence of Japan's manufacturing efficiency is displayed in lights in High Street stores and in crowded car parks. Accusations that the nation's massive trade surplus is the reason behind the sickly dollar are as common as calls for trade barriers to save further unemployment. All this has become familiar headline material over the last two years and, before a long-term solution can be found, the apposite question to be answered is: 'How did this situation arise?' The explanation is to be found in the history of Japan and the subsequent motivation of its people.

Japan is an archipelago comprised of four main islands and hundreds of smaller ones, covering an area 1½ times that of West Germany but with 85% of the terrain mountainous and uninhabitable. Consequently, the population of 110 million are crowded into a density similar to that of many suburbs in major western cities (2,000 per sq.kil.). Commensurate with the lack of land is the lack of raw materials, so this gigantic Hong Kong or Singapore survives as a massive off-shore island factory, churning out manufactured goods from imported raw materials by dint of a single-minded determination to remain as an independent nation, despite the competition from the highly industrialised western giants.

In 1868 Japan re-opened its doors to the outside world after 2½ centuries of isolation, during which time there was a ban on the exit of Japanese from the country and the entry of foreigners. Only the Protestant Dutch and non-Christian Chinese were allowed to continue trading through the port of Nagasaki. When western observers finally surveyed the scene during the last century, they found a stagnating feudal system firmly divided into four castes—warriors, farmers, artisans and traders. A Confucian ethic, the foundation of obedience to authority finding expression in the concept of master and servant. A stable society but thoroughly immobilised, agrarian and impoverished with a per capita output of $65.

The shock to Japanese leaders, who emerged blinking at the brightness of the West's industrial, economic and military lights, was somewhat traumatic. They saw the influence of the European powers moving eastwards with increasing momentum and the Japanese people as a whole sensed danger. Danger to their 2,000 years of independence. Danger to their very survival as a nation. Consequently, a sharp division broke out between those wishing to return to the exclusion of foreigners and those who saw the way forward as opening the doors to civilisation. This led to the emergence of the strictly authoritarian Meiji Government, which lasted until 1912, dedicated to maintaining a spirit of nationalism and sentiment of loyalty in order to foster the development and modernisation of Japan, independent of any

foreign country. This objective was achieved by concentrating on domestic administration and amelioration, even at the cost of severe deflation and raising funds at home through hefty land taxes rather than seeking overseas capital, since it was thought that this would increase overseas influence.

One of the most important factors contributing to the economic development of Japan during the 19th century was the strong and integrated control exercised by a central government. The fundamental aim was to weld the people together into one united country and the reforms which were introduced during the Meiji era reflect this intent. To maintain loyalty and support and to keep morale high, communications were improved and, consequently, the people's awareness was heightened. For instance, public reading facilities were established and postal rates were cut for contributions to be sent to newspapers. These measures helped to nurture the belief in each individual that, despite changes at home and abroad, he was an integral part of the national entity. This sense of belonging was fundamental and, having survived the century of change, is still a strong force in modern Japan.

The widespread increase in education, historically a strong point in Japan, introduced western learning to the country and produced scholars who achieved international recognition in the field of academic endeavour: Dr. Hideyo Noguchi, the world-famous bacteriologist in tropical diseases; Jokichi Takamine, who discovered adrenalin; Shibasaburo Kitazato, who isolated the gangrene bacteria; and Kiyoshi Shiga, who isolated the dysentery germ.

Throughout the Meiji period, the spirit of enterprise flourished in Japan, both in industry and on the land. The focal point was the central government which created the ideal environment for the development of this entrepreneurial spirit. Study groups for farming, subsidies for promising industries, the government launching of joint stock companies, the sale, on favourable terms, of capital equipment to industries such as shipping and textiles, the formation of government run model factories for the production of items such as steel, cement, plate glass, fibre brick woollen textiles and spinning, all figured in the Government's policy of leading the nation into the industrialised world. The aim of this policy was threefold: to exhibit production models and techniques of European style factories, to achieve self-sufficiency from imports and lastly, the least important, to make a profit.

These policies to promote industry were primarily carried out by officials of the Ministry of Finance, although other Government agencies also became involved. During this period, Japan produced leaders of high calibre such as Toshimichi Okubu who, influenced by his travels to the West, was astounded by the enormous gap that existed between Europe and Japan and dedicated his life to the modernisation of his country. He was typical of the group whose driving force was the deep-rooted conviction that Japan had to remain as an independent integrated unit in its struggle to catch up with the West, and whose influence lingers on today

compelling the country towards ever-increasing growth.

However, by the mid-1890s the inevitable clash of vastly differing cultures and the attendant disintegration of old values as western ideas came to the fore, created a confusion of thought amongst the Japanese people. This confusion coincided with Japan's problems in the international political arena. Until the Sino-Japanese war of 1894-95, the objective of Japanese diplomacy was limited to preserving national independence, but the victory over China simply served to plunge the country more deeply into the international power struggle. With its independence assured, the songs of jubilation were still on the lips of the people when they were suddenly confronted with the intervention of the three powers led by Russia. A less exultant mood followed the Russo-Japanese war of 1904-05, perhaps a harbinger of the hard struggle that Japan was to face over the next few decades in international power politics.

The early part of this century saw a distinct set-back in the economic development of Japan, with Government policies leading to the emergence of a dual economic structure. From the Meiji period onwards, there was an increasing determination to match the military capacity of Europe with expenditure in this field amounting to 10% of national income. Thus, with a lack of economic resources to bear this financial burden, military strength was achieved at the expense of lower investment in industry and agricultural stagnation. This situation was exacerbated by a chronic imbalance of international payments, itself the inevitable result of scarce natural resources and fast economic development. Following the first world war and the deterioration in exports, rationalisation, by way of large investments to introduce up-to-date techniques, became necessary to ensure the survival of modern industries. However, no such investment took place in the traditional agricultural sector and here wages remained low, with a broad two class structure emerging which prevented the continued expansion of the domestic economy and distorted economic growth.

Naturally, those forced to accept lower standards of living became antagonistic towards those enjoying a more prosperous way of life. This dissatisfaction, particularly in the case of farmers, together with the confusion in social values, combined to form an environment which later led to the creation of an extreme ideology and entry into the second world war. The devastation of Japan's cities, culminating in Hiroshima and Nagasaki, ended an era. However, defeat did not break the spirit of the people but rather provided the opportunity for national resurgence. Dedicated to peace and determined to form an economic society moulded on the West, yet firmly independent, the Government began the process of rebuilding Japan. With an economy and infrastructure in ruins, the country's vast labour force became mobilised. Land reforms allowed tenant farmers to work their own lands assiduously, thus increasing productivity. The industrial sector had at its fingertips an abundant and educated work-force, highly motivated towards survival. Give such a work-force capital and technology, and production will inevitably rise. Both were forthcoming. Compared with the West, a much higher proportion of Japan's annual production was directed

towards capital accumulation. In 1962, the proportion of fixed assets to GNP in the USA was 16.0%, in France 19.6%, in Germany 25.3%, but in Japan it was 34.4%. The major reason for this figure lies in the psychology of the Japanese people. Still relative newcomers to the industrialised world, still aware of their vulnerability due to lack of resources, still conscious of the poverty of the recent past, they are nevertheless instilled with a drive to build for the future, to work and save, to invest in opportunities that will bear fruit tomorrow. During the last decade, the proportion of savings to disposable income amongst Japanese workers has fluctuated between 25% and 30%, as against 12% to 15% in Britain.

Combined with this accumulation of capital was the new technology imported from the West on a large scale after the war. These technological developments helped to increase production capacity and created new investment opportunities, which promoted the further accumulation of capital. In addition, there was less reliance on certain imports as synthetic materials replaced such items as cotton and natural rubber.

So the scene was set—an abundant, educated and motivated work-force with capital and technology. That same era saw an almost parallel situation in the West, licking its wounds and determined to start again. However, not only was the drive perhaps slightly higher in Japan, but also the effects of the Meiji reformation in retaining the paternalistic group structure helped to equip the work-force to take greater advantage of the ever-changing technological innovations in the industrial sector. With Japan's emergence into the industrial world, the group identity found expression in industrial terms in the consensus system of management, lifetime employment, the seniority system and house unions.

Broadly speaking, the consensus system means that no one person takes the final decision; a number of people at varying levels in the hierarchy make contributions and help determine the final outcome. The group decides and labour and management share a common fate. Thus, a degree of cumulative knowledge and experience is brought to bear on a given problem. It is important to note that participation is not simply allowed, it is expected, thus reducing to a degree the fear element often present between differing ranks. The disadvantage of a longer lead time before reaching a decision is offset by faster implementation, since those involved will probably have detailed knowledge of the project and any impracticalities, not always appreciated by senior management, will already have been eliminated by those working on the shop floor.

The lifetime employment system is a direct consequence of the responsibility that the group takes for its own members, a responsibility embedded in the Japanese way of life. From the practical aspect, at marriage the male's parents become responsible for their new daughter. The school is totally responsible for the children under its care. In the same way, the company welcomes its new recruits to the 'family' and assumes responsibility throughout the employee's working life. Thus the worker has security of employment and the company knows that it, and not a rival company,

will reap the benefits of expenditure on in-house education. An enquiry as to his profession will evoke the response from an investment analyst that he is, say, 'a Nomura Securities man', and this identity with the company is a distinct plus in terms of output per man and willingness to adapt to new methods of working or technological innovations.

The seniority system also has its roots in Japan's homogeneous paternalistic society. With the emphasis on 'harmony' rather than on promotion according to an assessment of individual capability, the general practice is to promote employees by seniority rather than dissatisfy many by promoting a few. Seniority is the single determining factor during the first ten years, with merit being taken into account subsequently. Thus promotion to the rank of manager by the age of 30 is rare, as is the likelihood of a junior employee overtaking a senior. The distribution between promotion based on seniority and on merit is thought to average 80% and 20% respectively. This system tends to help minimise complaints, dissatisfaction and friction whilst fostering harmony, stability and loyalty to the group. It also encourages growth within the company, rather than mere profitability, since more opportunities are created for those in control. The disadvantages become particularly apparent during a low growth era when the promotion of brighter young members is hampered and the 'peace at any price' concept may affect corporate vitality.

As a relative newcomer to the industrial scene, Japan was not restricted by unions or guilds linked to individual trades but developed unions within each company. Consequently, the aims of these house unions were closely identified with those of management and wage claims, which could threaten the survival of the company, were rare. Wage increases have tended to take place at the beginning of the fiscal year and are generally determined by the rate of consumer price increases, the labour supply and demand balance and the company's ability to pay. Tough measures to win a large settlement are normally confined to the public sector, such as National Railways.

The combined effect of paternalistic groupism has been to create competition for success between companies without creating 'civil war' within the companies themselves. Thus, in practical terms, new machinery has been welcomed since the workers it may replace have no fear of either becoming redundant or of receiving less pay. To take a topical example, several major Japanese shipbuilders, facing stiff competition from countries employing cheaper labour, are able to consider diversifying into other forms of engineering without the fear of obstructive tactics from a work-force concerned about loss of jobs or pay. Similarly, the electronics and car industries have benefitted from the immediate utilisation of new equipment without opposition from the workers. It would obviously be unwise to place too much emphasis on the advantages of a flexible, adaptable and co-operative work-force. However, in a very competitive world situation, any effective edge over international rivals could make an enormous difference in securing contracts and market shares.

Many visitors to Japan have added a further element to explain the

country's industrial success—the role of the Government. It is undeniable that the Liberal Democratic Party is at one with industrialists in seeing fast economic growth as an all-important goal. However, to assume that there is such an entity as 'Japan Ltd.', with the Government playing the role of a supervisory Board of Directors, is totally misleading. Yukihide Okano, Professor of Economics at Tokyo University, comments that many Japanese economists, particularly civil servants, tend to overrate their role and that the economic planning programmes designed by the Government are no more than projections, not to be confused with the centralised economic planning of socialist states. Official Government literature describes its role as that of a 'rudder'. Although, in the past, subsidies and low interest loans have been arranged for key industries such as shipbuilding, it would be unwise to confuse the natural consensus system between government and industrial leaders (the notable exception regarding Narita Airport may demonstrate the rule) with that of industry slavishly following the 'administrative guidelines' of government officials. Okano comments, 'administrative guidance' is effective to the extent that it leads firms to reach a consensus which influences the actions of individual companies within an industry, and it shortens the time required to reach that consensus.

It seems more than reasonable to assume that Japan's experiences of the last century, plus the virtual absence of raw materials, form the cornerstones of this colossus that now bestrides the current international industrial scene. Whereas the need to reduce the massive current account surplus is acknowledged, since its international consequences are disruptive, it is erroneous to ask Japan to cut-back exports extensively as this would create undue social hardship at home. So where does the answer lie? It is essential that overall equilibrium be achieved, and in a manner advantageous to as many as possible. However, the fundamental requirement is for a multilateral, not necessarily a bilateral, balance. Without wishing to appear too simplistic, the answer may be found in recycling, to the benefit of Japan's trading partners, the vast profits resulting from such an efficient production machine. The recycling of the huge amounts of cash that found a path into the Middle East following the increased oil prices of 1973, has been achieved despite the initial fears of the industrialised nations. Under our existing monetary system it should not be impossible to achieve a 'transfer of capital' from Japan to those areas where it is needed for development projects. However, such a transfer cannot be effected at present since there is virtually no money market at the short end and interest rates are tightly controlled by the Government. Tokyo is already a sophisticated monetary centre and to turn it into a major capital market transferring funds from the short term current account to the long term capital account has two distinct advantages. It would give Japan, a country short of natural resources, a long term source of income to help cover the inevitable dips in manufacturing success. It would also make funds available for development projects overseas, allowing local labour to be employed and local income earned, thus increasing the living standards of the world as a whole.

What are the current intentions of the Japanese Government? At an

interview with Prime Minister Fukuda during a recent trip to Japan, he strongly emphasised that the overriding problem was to find a practical solution to the current account surplus. He is acutely aware of the extreme international repercussions that could result from economic imbalance as he believes that economic mismanagement in the 1930s was the major cause of World War II. On the other hand, he is very sensitive to Japan's reliance on imports for 99.7% of its energy. Having balanced Japan's books following the 1973 oil crisis, he sees the answer lying in the further liberalisation of imports (although the trade barriers are no greater than in the UK) and in the short term in increasing his programme of emergency imports. The Government's second line of attack is to increase capital transfer, which in the long term must be seen as the major solution, and to double official overseas development aid in dollar terms in three years from 1977. Japanese regulations regarding capital currently hark back to the days of Japan's chronic balance of payments deficits and add up to a 'ban in principle' on foreign exchange transactions. Yet from the Prime Minister down, efforts are being made to reform the regulations to allow further internationalisation of the yen and an extension of yen dominated bonds for overseas borrowers.

At the time of going to press, moves have been made in Tokyo by a private advisory group to the Japanese Foreign Ministry to allow banks to raise short-term funds by way of modified certificates of deposit (CDs). At this stage, there is considerable conflict of interest between the Banks and the Securities Houses and, no doubt, a considerable amount of lobbying and vying for position will take place before a generally acceptable solution is found. However, it may well be that the next year will see the beginnings of a system whereby a significant volume of Japanese funds will be available through the overseas subsidiaries of their Banks and Securities Houses.

However, in the short term the instability of the US dollar is likely to hold Japan's surplus at a high level in monetary terms, even if exports continue their current downward trend in terms of volume. Free world trade, increased world growth and a raising of the world's living standards are now prime goals for the current Japanese administration.

What of the attitude of the modern industrial giants in Japan? Whilst aware that the world is an intensely competitive place, the modern management philosophy of many major Japanese corporations is typified by that of Toyota, the country's leading car manufacturer. 'Harmony in human relations', the policy of the Chairman Mr. Toyoda, is reflected both internally and externally. On the shop floor, although highly automated, workers' involvement is encouraged by suggestion boxes, introduced in 1952 and to date producing 463,000 ideas, of which 83% were used in 1976. In addition, 'line-stop buttons' allow individual workers to halt the whole production line when a faulty part or malfunctioning of the machine is discovered. This same desire for harmony has caused Toyota to throw its not inconsiderable weight behind the industry's agreement to limit the number of cars exported to the UK, in order to aid our own industry here.

Whilst it is still true to say that Japan is a rich country with a poor man's mentality, both management and government alike are fast adapting to the responsibilities commensurate with their economic size. No doubt in the short term aggravation and misunderstandings will continue but, in the long term, their will to be good trading partners and to take their place as contributors to world development will prevail.

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PROSPECT AT THE OLD VIC

Since 1961, the year of its foundation, the Prospect Theatre Company has presented professional productions of a wide variety of classical plays at such well known provincial theatres as the Oxford Playhouse and the Arts Theatre, Cambridge and at Newcastle, Hull, Manchester and elsewhere. In 1977 the important decision was taken to acquire as a London base the Old Vic Theatre at Waterloo. Some outstanding productions followed, the most important and acclaimed of which was *King Lear*, starring Anthony Quayle, presented for a limited run before going on tour. Apart from a Christmas production of a children's play, *The Gingerbread Man*, the London programme will then be suspended while essential renovations to the Old Vic Theatre are carried out. The Director of the Prospect Theatre Company, Mr. Toby Robertson, has recently stated that without a substantial additional subsidy a further season at the Old Vic will not be financially viable. Mr. Robertson is appealing to members of the theatre-going public to ask the Minister for the Arts, the Chairman of the Arts Council and their local M.P. for support. Simultaneously, the Old Vic Trust is organising an Appeal for funds for repairs to the theatre and the endowment of the Prospect Theatre Company. Particulars of this and of Friends of the Old Vic may be obtained from Mrs. Carol Cooper, the Old Vic Annexe, 83 The Cut, London, S.E.1 (01-928 6141).

IRAN: A CULTURE CHALLENGED

Part Two: Present Dangers

by Peter Avery

THE present period's being one of integration is of benefit both to Iranians and to many others who, in dread of war, have eyes anxiously fixed on the Middle East. But in a time of integration the official attitude today prevalent is apprehensive of regionalism and has tended to suspect signs of individualism. Much of the groundwork for the contemporary scene in cultural and practically all of it in political matters was laid in the time of Reza Shah, who reigned from 1925 to 1941 and began Iran's re-unification when he was War Minister and later Prime Minister between 1921 and his election to the throne four years later.

In January 1939, when it probably appeared that the ordering of the people's and the land's physical being had been accomplished, Reza Shah's Cabinet issued a decree that established an Organisation for the Guidance of Public Opinion, the *Sazman-i-Parvaresh-i-Afkar*. Lecturers toured the provinces (the regions). Music and poetry were encouraged by government-sponsored prizes. School textbooks were thoroughly revised. Official Iran demonstrated lively acceptance of the mid-twentieth century's widespread practice of the new faith in the State's supremacy and sole right to choose what is best for the individual, who must be ready to efface himself for the benefit of the whole commonwealth. Public opinion had to be marshalled on the lines of national consciousness and pride. All must be made aware of what the government was doing and planning on their behalf. All must be educated to participate in activities the government decided upon in its lofty understanding of what was needed to keep the State strong and effective.

The key phrases in any elucidation of the Organisation's programme—Donald Wilber provides an authentic one in his study of Reza Shah Pahlavi, published in New York in 1975 (p.185)—would be those referring to organising public thinking to make it match government philosophy and purposes; to the determination to draw the people along with the government; to the ruler's aim of getting in touch with the mass of the people beyond the political and cultural arbiters of the old order, those whom Iranian autocrats generally have least reason to trust; and finally, to the arousal of *national* pride and consciousness, the really anti-regional touch.

The Organisation for Guidance Reza Shah set up in 1939 has been cited because it is helpful to go back to beginnings and because recent detailed studies of broadcasting and television developments in Iran leave the conviction that the same general principles still apply. From such studies the conclusion may also be drawn that it might be on the rock of a culture as strong as Iran's that the risk of damage to a régime concerned to promote values not always of Iranian provenance is most likely to arise.

This is to put the matter in an exaggerated and dramatic form. There is

no reason to suppose other factors will remain constant or not intervene, either to keep alive the régime or pose another kind of threat to it. Further, there are many who would rightly question the régime's unrelatedness to Iranian traditions; but it could be argued that culturally it is not as organic as it appears to be politically in a land where there is certainly an ancient desire, passed down from age to age, for unity and concord such as it is believed a centralised régime can best ensure. The paradoxical aspect of the matter has already been touched upon, that culture flourished when powerful central control collapsed; but the falling back on Iranian cultural values in such disturbed interregna meant that a political and social tradition survived on which to base renewed integration.

Paradoxes can be multiplied in the Iranian context and it is hazardous, in spite of Iranian history's demonstrable repetitions, to make predictions. Poetry has been taken as a prime ingredient of Persian culture. Other ingredients can be less easily linked with political and historical situations, but carpet weaving and intricacy of design can be associated with the environment. Wool was available from the pastoralist's sheep. So were dyes, in a land where nature's colouring is predominantly a beige monotone against which an orchard's green or the flowers of infrequent and cherished gardens contrast startlingly, to be imitated in textiles woven by hands ready to serve eyes eager for colour. Intricacy of design goes through the textiles Iran has gladdened the world with and extends to faience and inlaid metal wares. These are the embellishments of wealth and, as with weaving, they represent crafts which, unlike poetry, thrived under great and peace-imposing central powers seemingly more benign to handicrafts than to the literary craft with its subtle suggestive possibilities. The Safavid rulers' capital at Isfahan splendidly exhibits this fact to this day.

But the designs were developed by the people and were based on objects and images they saw or yearned to see and abstracted for their pleasure. Moreover, the intricacy of design on which emphasis is being placed here does have kinship with the enamelled imagery and intricate sound-pattern of the poetry. Empty plains and harsh, sun-baked hills not only lack a range of colours. To their monotone is added silence. Poetry, chanted, whispered, sung to the sound of strings, had to be one of the chief graces of Iranian life, whatever the poems' content. Iranians love noise. The more beautifully ordered and evocative noises in words can be, the more relished they are.

Again, these are characteristics of and from the people, answering natural needs. The *comedia del arte* style of hucksters' performances touring villages and performing on the edges of towns also grew up for and out of the people. Iran is big and these mountebank performances' repertoires were small; they could be performed time after time because always in a different place, in a country where lines of communication were long and more often than not arduous. Oddly enough, though, poetry got about very quickly: its repertoire was as varied as the other was limited, but its audience was different. For modern times the art of the funny man, with his rude trickster of a monkey, his stick and drum has been less easily

adaptable to radio, which cannot carry the grimace, and many of those who comprised his traditional audiences would even today not be able to see television, although access to this is increasing. In any event, such performances would seem strange coming from the studio. They would not then be real, close to the dust of Iran's soil.

Intellectuals, however, can nowadays find employment keeping alive the folk arts. Yet to many of the modern technocrats and new intellectuals such performances are tawdry reminders of what is regarded as backwardness, not to be artificially kept alive but, rather, forgotten. Yet efforts, in a theatre workshop and on radio and television, to continue folk arts are nevertheless to be applauded. They are a sign of how the government has begun to take such cultural matters as these seriously, even though it does present artifacts and once living popular drama in show-case museum conditions. It will not be quite the real thing, but any indication that the past is not utterly to be destroyed or put out of mind by an arrogantly ignorant present is gratifying. The wish to preserve products that are after all part of Iran's most enduring asset is praiseworthy; to preserve a culture that enriched the world long before Iran powered the world's internal combustion engines.

The question remains to be scrutinised, whether or not it is an exaggeration to describe Persian culture as the rock on which what is politically, socially or culturally artificial must eventually be tested out of existence. For there is one element in this culture which a political régime might use but which, especially in the peculiar religious circumstances of Iran, it is very hard for such a régime to use effectively. It is the element of the Spirit or, in the Persian idiom, the heart. This is where to say this culture is organic is to speak the plainest truth. Iran's great poetry was often hedonistic and one notable example is epic. But it was always predominantly a matter of the heart. Even the Epic, *The Shahnama*, is ballasted by a profound concern for the spiritual welfare of hard-pressed, sorely tempted, often terrified, generally suffering, rarely joyous humanity. It carries on a vein of moralising which later epic writing developed into word tapestries that presented paragons instead of simply muscular warrior champions; Alexander rather than Hercules. The moralising tendency is evident where poetry is not solely about love and wine, which it very seldom is, or about the enigmas of the universe and man's place in it; and when it begins on these themes, then moralising returns in startlingly original imagery. For Persian poetry blends the heavenly and the earthly inextricably together and, while the Epic counsels patience in adversity and dignified acceptance of Fate's decrees, a lyric on the beauty of the Beloved is also about resignation to the pain of separation.

Another major stream of Iranian poetry is the one chiefly about man's relationship, not to the revolving destiny-decreeing spheres, but to God. About how man's heart has the amazing and unique property of, if we but knew it, being the looking glass in which, if the glass is cleansed, God's image may be admired.

The poetry which is elusive and subtle protest does not lend itself to exploitation by any political power; poetry's place in Iran's culture may be partly due to its quality of being the final refuge. When it is the vehicle of spiritual concepts and allusions, it is not about God as remote from Man, nor about Man's spiritual needs as needs alien to his position in the world. The dichotomy which is characteristic of Western thought is lacking. For the Iranian, heaven and earth are not separated by a gulf as they are in some Islamic and much Christian thinking. They are the two sides of a single coin and always potentially one. Man is the agent for the conjunction of the two. He is the coin and resides in a land where the extreme clarity of the sky brings the starry heavens too close to earth for Iranians ever for long to be unaware of them.

What looking at Iranian political patterns and the place of cultural manifestations in Iranian society seems to teach us is that, although with wealth and success a strong régime can promote some aspects of culture, other very deep-seated and distinctively Iranian cultural traits cannot be so served, in spite of the security and bounty a great central power can furnish cultural endeavours. As for the spiritual heritage of Iran, it is a private matter. When it is said Iranians are essentially tenacious of their privacy, allusion is being made to their spiritual life as much as to their desire to keep their society pure of foreign influences which they have not had the opportunity adequately to sift and transmogrify.

It is this aspect of the socio-cultural situation which brings us to the more serious features of a centralised régime's challenge to culture when it attempts using it as a support. The inherent desire to retain spiritual privacy extends to small details of what to the average westerner would seem of too mundane a nature to be bracketed with the 'spiritual.' In Iran there are far fewer distinctions, as we have already seen, than in the West between what is of the spirit and what not: the heart is the seat of a wide range of awareness. Such distinctions have to be less accentuated where the ritual significance of, for instance, ordinary acts of etiquette in human encounters, the preparation and consumption of certain seasonal dishes, the shape and size of the moustache in the context of religious taboos, is so important. An orthodox Muslim cuts back his moustache for reasons of hygiene. The Iranian Sufi, the spiritual wayfarer of certain Sufi orders or *tariqas*, 'ways', grows it full to droop over the top lip in reminiscence of the ancient pre-Islamic *Iranian* style. In Iran there is certainly Islam, the Faith the Arabs brought there in the seventh century and many Iranians readily adopted; but there is also the religious legacy of Iran itself. The two have in many respects been blended: Islam has undergone a 'Persian Change', great modifications which some might see as enhancements, others as corruptions of the True Faith. In a final analysis what some older and wiser Iranians might say in private has to be borne in mind: 'Our religion is not simply a matter of Muhammadenism—Islam—it is our own "Iranism".'

In conclusion, therefore, we arrive at a level of thought and at attitudes that are often hidden. Language has been cited as the banner whereby the

idea of Iran was kept alive at times when Iran as a political unit had temporarily ceased to be. But to raise the language, even so beautiful and powerful a language as the Persian, to this exalted role is to deal in extraneous superficialities. What the idea of Iran really is reposes in the web—that privately shared, intimately comprehended web—of a special set of beliefs and characteristics. These beliefs have often had to be kept secret: Iran has so often been menaced or alienated from its people. But always in their hearts Iranians have known their own position, their sustaining traditions.

That this should be a private matter is inevitable not only because of fear of enemies, also because a secret so well shared by all Iranians needs no publishing. The slightest allusion, a word in a poem, a gesture in a greeting, are enough to communicate the shared alertness and awareness. Ostensibly Iranians may live in what to outsiders seems an extraordinarily public way. On the surface there is less sign of privacy in Iran than in many other societies, except in old-fashioned houses where inner females' quarters are forbidden to outsiders; as if to make up for this, the outer rooms are often the scene of strangers' perpetual arrivals and departures. There are more subtle ways of guarding privacy than the shutting of doors, and the tendency to be on guard may increase if central authority is considered an intrusive agent, and the channel whereby foreigners are obtrusively introduced into the country. If the government is regarded as the principal conveyor into Iran of alien ways and foreign influences, a challenge is made and resentment begins to mount.

This resentment may take years to reveal itself. The personal values which may for a time be driven below the surface have survived worse episodes in history than anything the most pessimistic should see in a present which to the thoughtful optimist need not be characterised as by any means bad. Régimes may adjust themselves, as it appears the present one is able and wise enough to do, and conditions be sufficiently ameliorated for an explosion to be averted. But it was not the fact that a foreign monopoly was about to assume control of the exploitation of Iran's entire tobacco crop which occasioned a unified national protest throughout all classes of the people in 1892, as a result of which the Concession for the monopoly was rescinded. The reason, I believe, was really that, in order to carry out the terms of this Concession, the foreign concessionaire would have had to penetrate every corner of the country, build warehouses in many villages, send his agents into many rural areas where the tobacco was grown. In short, the foreign Company, a British one as it happened, would have had to puncture the walls of Iranian privacy, including those round private pecuniary arrangements whereby certain classes, among them religious authorities, enriched themselves in the tobacco trade.

This historical event is mentioned in passing to illustrate the danger in the delicate context of Iranian society of any action that may result in detailed intervention and control of local arrangements. It is not that Iranians are enemies to innovation. They are too quick, ingenious and inventive

to be that. But innovations to be received must be of their selection, not someone else's; not forced on them. Only while they retain the right of choice can they continue the remarkable alchemy of transmutation characteristic of a culture that has taken much from outside, but always changed it to produce something uniquely Iranian: other peoples' arts and artifacts transformed to suit needs and tastes forged in the crucible of the Iranian terrain and the Iranian experience.

For the future, optimism is certainly permissible where a great civilisation has survived, and with many vicissitudes, as long as has Iran's. After all, what has been adumbrated here about Iran and its people is perfectly well known to Iran's present rulers, and they know it instinctively. They are responsible for Iran's future, but if I were asked briefly to tell what the Iranian 'secret' is, my reply would be that it is compounded of a sense of Iran's beauty and clarity belonging to those who, through many generations, whatever their remote origins, have in thought and speech become Iranian; and that it is the corollary of the concept already mentioned—the heart which is capable of becoming the polished reflector of Divine Perfection. It is the sense that an unsullied, unpolluted Iran is God's own, and its people more competent than His Angels to re-create the Divine Perfection after having witnessed its corruption in human conditions.

An idea of this kind recurs again and again in Iranian belief and it imposes an attitude of highly critical perfectionism which is severe on foreigners' notions of progress and on mundane benefits. It is referred to here, not as some sort of special pleading for a graceful people, but realistically to emphasise a mentality Iranian rulers and Iran's friends ignore at their peril.

[Part One of 'Iran: A Culture Challenged' by Peter Avery appeared in *Contemporary Review*, Vol. 233, No. 1354.]

INDIA: DEMOCRACY IN DANGER

by A. S. Raman

BAD news from India. Democracy is again in danger. Mrs. Indira Gandhi's political rehabilitation is complete. The Prime Ministership will be hers for the asking in 1982. This will no doubt happen only when the hatred of the constituents of the Janata Party for one another exceeds their hatred for Mrs. Gandhi, which is their cementing factor. Mrs. Gandhi has proved beyond doubt that none of the Janata leaders, however strong, is a match for her either in her inherent strengths or in her acquired skills.

The 'Total Revolution' of Jayaprakash Narayan's conception has been a non-starter. Whenever he uses this seductive phrase—and he repeats it less often today than he used to do when Mrs. Gandhi was in power—what he has in mind is a weapon with which to achieve a truly Gandhian profile of the nation under a dynamic leadership, committed fiercely to social justice, economic equality, human dignity and moral rectitude. On the contrary, what the Janata, his Frankenstein's monster, has been able to achieve, after one year in office, is the negation of the ideals, norms and values this Gandhian socialist cherishes, not because the Janata leaders have any sadistic motives to expose the irrelevance of his political thinking, but simply because they lack the quality of leadership that the Gandhian way of thinking and the Gandhian style of functioning demand. Sensibly, some of the Janata leaders have publicly declared that their party has no Gandhian pretensions. But they have admitted that their goal is *Gandhian socialism*.

Mr. Chandrasekhar, the President of the Party, has said: 'My party does not claim to be a Gandhian party. My party says we want to follow the path of Gandhian socialism. . . .' But Mr. Charan Singh, the Home Minister, emphasises that there is no ideological base at all for the party which was created by the Emergency. He says: 'The dominance of this single party (the Congress) is now a closed chapter. But even to bring about this denouement, it was necessary for all the parties to come together and fight the Congress as a single united party. The leviathan of the Congress could be removed from the seat of power only through the combined strength of all these parties (the constituents of the Janata). This coming together was not dictated by any ideological consideration. It was dictated by the compulsions of the situation—namely, the Congress had become indifferent to the will of the people, had become tyrannical, had destroyed democracy and had deprived the people of all their rights. A national crisis had been created and, to meet this challenge, the Janata party was born. . . .' Prime Minister Morarji Desai however sincerely believes that the Janata cannot survive without an ideology and, for his own inspiration, he turns to the Gandhian fads and eccentricities rather than to the more rational and relevant aspects of Gandhism in theory and practice.

The Janata has been in office for over a year and its record has been poor. For the ministers are all agitators turned administrators and clearly

they can neither function collectively as a discreet and disciplined team, nor can they, as individual members of the cabinet, make an impact either on the bureaucracy without whose loyal co-operation they cannot honour their commitments to the people, or on the public whose trust and respect alone can sustain their credibility as leaders different from, to quote a picturesque Churchillian phrase, 'the men of straw' who constitute the core of the Congress hierarchy.

Though it is not fair to judge a party in power on the basis of its brief performance one cannot say that the Janata's achievements since May, 1977, have been particularly impressive. Its greatest success has been in the sphere of foreign affairs, thanks to the many bold initiatives taken by the Minister for External Affairs, Mr. Atalbehari Vajpayee, known for his suavity, maturity and integrity. He was imaginative enough to start a dialogue with some major powers, as soon as he could, after assuming office. The first important visitor from abroad, predictably, was Mr. Andrei Gromyko, the Soviet Foreign Minister, who was happy to be assured that there would be no change at all in India's foreign policy. If anything, there are indications that India and the USSR have begun to come closer together than ever before, since the Janata came to power. The main reason, I suspect, is the peculiar nature of India's economic infrastructure which can be sustained and strengthened only through a continuous flow of Soviet economic and technical aid. There is also another reason: the cold, cynical contempt of the US for India's perfectly legitimate desire to steer clear of super-power confrontations and remain free to follow policies that best suited her own interests. The USSR is today India's most reliable partner in economic affairs, because of the Soviet leadership's respect for the susceptibilities of the Indians who love their freedom. The USSR has a firm grip on the nuances of non-alignment as Mr. Nehru interpreted it and, unlike the Carter administration, the Soviet leaders make no humiliating counter-demands on the Government of India in exchange for the massive economic and technical aid they keep pumping into the country with a view to strengthening the roots of her economic independence. After Mr. Gromyko, came President Carter whose famous open smile failed to win over for him any friends in India. The reason? His not so subtle style of bullying Mr. Morarji Desai into agreeing to sign the nuclear non-proliferation treaty on the dotted line in exchange for the resumption of the supplies of nuclear fuel by the USA. The Indian Prime Minister, understandably, refused to oblige his guest, who expressed his annoyance to the US Secretary of State, Mr. Cyrus Vance, rather clumsily.

President Carter left and the British Prime Minister, Mr. James Callaghan, arrived. He made a very favourable impression on the Janata leadership as well as on the Indian public. They all admired his genius for not only saying but doing the right thing at the right time and in the right style: even to his courtesy call on Mrs. Indira Gandhi which, if paid by a less astute statesman, would have been treated as a major *faux pas*. Instead, the Indian people in general and the Janata party in particular reacted to it correctly and in a civilised manner. Then came the Shah of

Iran who, impressed by what he saw and heard in India, at once offered the Janata government generous aid for the country's further economic development. Among the latest important visitors to India were the members of the high-level Chinese Goodwill Mission under the leadership of Wang Ping-nan whose offer of friendship and co-operation with India sounded genuine. Wang expressed his sentiments succinctly thus: 'Sometimes even brothers quarrel, but brothers are brothers. Quarrels are temporary. Our fraternity is everlasting.' Such gestures of goodwill by the Chinese cannot be easily reciprocated by the Indians who are already familiar with the true face of China, thanks to the border war of 1962. Anyway, the Janata leaders have more than once publicly declared that they are more keen on improving India's relations with her smaller neighbours such as Pakistan, Nepal. Bhutan, Bangla Desh and Sri Lanka than on restructuring her foreign policy *vis-à-vis* the bigger powers with each of whom she already has a cogent dialogue.

So far, so good. But, on the whole, the Janata government does not have a good image at home. When, after the March 1977 General Election, Jayaprakash Narayan advised the leaders of all major opposition parties to come together and form a new organisation with a view to keeping Mrs. Gandhi and her supporters out of mischief, they obeyed him, because it had been proved by the poll results that their strength lay in their unity. And when they actually merged their smaller units into an integral whole and called it *Janata*, the nation heaved a sigh of relief. But when the new party assumed office in New Delhi and in the northern States and began to function as a government, its inherent contradictions began to surface. Jayaprakash wanted the new party to evolve into a sort of Gandhian Socialist Party, committed to radical socio-economic reforms. What has actually happened? The Janata governments in New Delhi and in the northern States have turned out to be clumsy coalitions with the accent on reactionary politics rather than disciplined one-party governments held together by ideals, programmes and the strategies of a progressive nature, geared to the countering of the Fascist challenge of which Mrs. Gandhi is the most powerful symbol. The joke about the Gandhian and Socialist claims of the Janata is that it is neither Gandhian, nor Socialist nor Party. The result is that in India there are more parties today than in the pre-1977 poll. The split caused twice by Mrs. Gandhi—in 1969 and 1977—in the hallowed 99-year-old Indian National Congress has resulted in the emergence of three Congresses of which the one under her leadership unfortunately is the most powerful. As for the communists, they have at least four clearly identifiable parties, depending on the sources of their strength—Moscow or Peking. The pro-Peking Communist Party of India (Marxists) is most influential in eastern India. Actually it is comfortably in power in Bengal, India's most explosive State. The CPI(M) is equally powerful in Kerala, the southernmost State where the anti-Indira Gandhi Congress is in power, but the communists are waiting in the wings. The Janata comprising six parties—the Jan Sangh, militantly nationalist, the Bharatiya Lok Dal, representing the rural-based, land-owning interests, the Congress, represent-

ing the rump after the 1969 split, the Socialist Party, the anti-Nehru left-wingers once led by the late Dr. Rammanohar Lohia, the Congress for Democracy led by the Defence Minister, Mr. Jagjiwan Ram and the Petroleum Minister, Mr. Bahuguna, and the Swatantra, the urban-based, elitist protector of vested interests—has none of the plus points of a compact and cohesive political party. What holds it together is, not the determination of its constituents to improve the quality of life for the common man, but their hatred for and fear of Mrs. Gandhi. The party is torn by such unseemly dissensions that it may any day fall apart and then everything will go wrong as before.

The six units constituting the Janata will relapse into the counter-productive politics of the street and Mrs. Gandhi will be able to consolidate her position unchallenged. At the regional level, of course, there are any number of parties. But the ones of consequence are the Akalis who are in power in the Punjab and the All-India Anna Dravida Munnetra Kazhgham which rules Tamil Nadu, under the leadership of the matinée idol, Mr. M. G. Ramachandran. The prospects of stability and progress for India through democratic processes thus appear to be rather bleak.

The performance of the Janata at the recent polls in the two southern States—Andhra Pradesh and Karnataka—where Mrs. Gandhi's Congress has formed governments was bad. But it could have been worse. Many of us thought that the party would be totally routed, because of (1) its inter-party fighting, (2) administrative incompetence, (3) the influx of defectors from the Congress which proved a Trojan horse, (4) the absence of organisational network at the grassroots level, (5) the selection of wrong candidates and (6) on the political plane its failure to impress the electorate with a firmly committed programme of action, among several other factors. The Janata has no doubt captured some seats in these two States. It has fared much better in Assam where it has been able to form a government and in Maharashtra it has formed a shadow cabinet. It has scored a run-away victory in Bombay where it has captured all the contested seats. But this success only points to the Janata's Achilles' heel: its urban base, deriving its dubious strength from the *petit bourgeoisie*.

The Janata apparently has certain inherent inadequacies which stand in the way of its emergence as an effective alternative to the Congress. Which Congress, one may ask? Well, soon there will be only one Congress as before the 1969 split and Mrs. Gandhi will be its leader. The old Congress and the official Indian National Congress will either disintegrate or merge with Mrs. Gandhi's Congress. In any case, the people will sooner or later begin to treat them as big jokes. Out of office the Janata also will be in disarray. It is the taste of power that keeps the party together. One should not be surprised to find Mrs. Gandhi actively encouraging defections from the Janata Parliamentary Party with a view to getting the Janata government voted out of office.

Thus, it will be seen that Mrs. Gandhi's return to the centre of the political stage is an accomplished fact, but it is not good for Indian democracy. She has little consideration for either the downtrodden masses

or the minority communities on whose votes she expects to come back to power. She is interested only in monopolising power rather than in sharing it with self-respecting colleagues so that collective leadership emerges, making it possible for democracy to function effectively.

However, it is a mistake to suggest that the Janata party is unpopular only in the southern States. As Mrs. Gandhi in her hour of glory declared, if the elections were to be held tomorrow in the Hindi heartland, the traditional stronghold of the Janata, *her* party would sweep the polls and there is some substance in her claim. The Janata is sliding in spite of its modest achievements on the economic and political fronts, such as the liberalisation of the import policy, the easing of the tax burden on the lower income groups, the holding of the price-line, the restoration of the graces and decencies of democratic culture, i.e. free press, independent judiciary, the rule of law, the access of the government-controlled media to opposition parties and the removal of curbs and constraints on university campuses. But on the labour front even greater confusion has been in evidence since the Janata came to power. The policies of the Janata and its performance at the Centre and in the northern States have failed to win the confidence of the socially backward communities which are being ruthlessly suppressed by the higher castes. There are alarming reports from Bihar, the Defence Minister's home State, pointing to the virtual flare-up of a class war. The Janata has failed to make an impact on the political awareness of the masses who expect quick results and to achieve these opt for a quick change of loyalties.

Among Mrs. Gandhi's few confidants are Mr. Devraj Urs, the controversial Chief Minister of Karnataka, and Dr. M. Chenna Reddy, the new Chief Minister of Andhra Pradesh. Mr. Urs' return to power has puzzled all political pundits. The other man, Mr. Chenna Reddy, the 59-year-old physician turned politician, represents the political prototype now familiar to the Indians.

His political philosophy is pragmatic and earthy. He is the strongman of the Indira Congress. Being tough, tenacious and temperamental he is more often misunderstood than not. The people with whom he comes into contact question, not his motives which they intuitively recognise to be lofty and altruistic, but his methods which are rough and undemocratic. Nonetheless, in India today, he is the man to watch.

Taking the situation as a whole, the onlooker is forced to the conclusion that unless the Janata improves its image, it cannot survive as a political force, capable of countering Mrs. Gandhi's re-emergence moves effectively.

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YOUTH REBELLION, THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT, AND OTHER CONTEMPORARY IRONIES

by Barbara Elaine Bernstein

HINDSIGHT has been of very little help in understanding the radical sixties. There are as many theories as authors to explain why discontent ran so deep in that era. By comparison, the seventies seem like a time of peace and equilibrium. Campuses are not beset with bombs and sit-ins, and young people are more interested in their professional security than in reforming the world.

However, it is my contention that the radicalism of the sixties has anything but abated. Even though the seventies appear relatively calm, this decade is an extension of the sixties in many ways. It is from the sixties that we inherited minority quotas, a spirit of consumer protection, and Nadaresque distrust of Big Business. The only real different between the decades is that we have become accustomed to things that once raised eyebrows. Now hijacking, bombings, unwed mothers, communal living, gay liberation, off-beat religious cults, etc. no longer make a splash; they just blend in with the scenery.

Remember, for example, what a miracle it was when the first man went into outer-space? The more common an event becomes, the less attention it receives. Similarly, the more changing life-styles are accepted, the further those life-styles are pushed. As a result, we have the subjective feeling that this decade is less radical though, if anything, it is really more so.

In any event, there is no doubt that the past two decades have been a time of considerable social change. But underlying all of the recent social changes is a curious irony which is the subject of this article. The irony is that reforms tend to be fought for on a broad scale only after they have already been largely realised. This has been true throughout history; it is not unique to contemporary times. For example, the first revolution ever to be waged in the name of liberty (the French Revolution) took place in the country which was freest at that time. Likewise, consider the pattern of race riots in the U.S.A. They broke out first in Northern cities—not in the South where Blacks were most oppressed.

It is enlightening to consider this matter from the opposite point of view. Apparently, those who are most oppressed are too downtrodden to fight for a better way of life. People don't generally assert their right to something which is very far from their reach. What this means is that before the populace will rally around a cause, the groundwork for its acceptance must already be laid and the reform must be in keeping with the spirit of the times. People are labelled 'ahead of their times' if their ideas are not widely subscribed to until a later era. But this in turn means the goal has already partly been realised. The fact of the matter is that reform movements don't gather steam until society is well on its way to effecting the change anyway.

The women's movement of recent years is a case in point. Women decry their lack of freedom at a time when they have more equality of opportunity than ever before. They also complain about a 'lack of control over their own bodies' precisely when the legalisation of abortion and advances in contraception have left these matters very much in their own hands. Similarly, women complain about being regarded merely as sex objects. Yet ladies are freer than ever before to engage in sex if and when they choose, in or out of marriage.

Furthermore, marriage itself is viewed by some members of the movement as 'enforced bondage'—the sale of one's body in return for social and material security. But the fact is that there is less social pressure now for people to marry than ever before. In short, at a time when science and society have contrived to grant women an unprecedented amount of freedom over how to lead their lives, they complain of slavery and bondage. The irony is inescapable.

Midge Decter makes some very interesting observations along these lines in her book, *The New Chastity and Other Arguments Against Women's Liberation*. She contends that the real source of women's discontent is not too little freedom but too much. For example, Decter views the cry that marriage is bondage as an effort to avoid this awesome commitment. She also views the demand that relationships be put on a 'human-to-human' level rather than a sexual level as an attempt to 'de-sex' lives which are otherwise sexually confusing.

From this perspective, the 'Women's Movement' can be seen as an effort to step backward. It is a move away from the adult responsibility which was heaped upon women with the sudden expansion of their rights and freedoms. Indeed, equal opportunity and the near perfection of contraception have left the fair sex to make all their choices with the knowledge that they will have to pay, and pay dearly, if any price is exacted for those freely made decisions.

Decter's reasoning is compelling, and she seems to find this subtle irony everywhere she looks. Her analysis of the youth rebellion (*Liberal Parents, Radical Children*) has the same theme. This book is a sensitive, no-fault account of the radicals of the sixties and the parents who raised them. The latter are portrayed as 'enlightened' upper-middle class people who set out to shield their offspring from all worldly frustration. Indeed, these parents felt that they stood at a unique point in history—the first generation with both the economic resources and psychological know-how to create a 'healthy' environment for growing children. Nothing was permitted to interfere with the natural unfolding of their youngsters' spirit.

It is no wonder that these offspring ultimately proved unable to 'take hold' in a world that did not revolve around them. One boy, for example, who had had a brilliant high school career, dropped out of college after the first semester. He could not cope with the anonymity and regimentation of large classes and prescribed requirements. Life had not prepared him for an institution where no one was committed to the nurturance of his special

needs. He had, in effect, never been weaned.

But 'spoilage' was not the only problem these young people faced in growing up. They were also raised in a milieu which deprived them of adult models to emulate. The parents did not have a strong conviction in the goodness of their own lives, and were therefore reluctant to serve as role-models for their children. For instance, one youngster was careless and destructive with everything he owned. But his parents indulged this behaviour because they believed that their own regard for material things was foolish and misguided. They marvelled at their son's 'wisdom' and their own folly—and in the process deprived the child of someone to look up to.

When youngsters like these turn away from their parents' values and way of life, they are merely showing agreement with the parents' belief that the young know better. There is little doubt that the youth rebellion of the sixties was essentially a negative, anti-establishment statement rather than a responsible synthesis of some new way of life. The term 'counter-culture' itself suggests this. It is certainly a poignant irony to find anger at the basis of a rebellion ostensibly aimed at higher moral values. And, of course, the targets of that anger were the parents who had tried so hard.

Lest we become mere masters of irony, we should make use of this analysis by viewing the seventies in light of it. I began this article with the assertion that the seventies are simply an extension of the previous decade. This means that the discontent which was so evident in the sixties must be all the more pronounced now. The only difference is that our current discontent takes subtler forms. It is not less extreme—just less visible.

The feminist effort to 'de-sex' our world is a striking example. What could signify personal disintegration more than the voluntary abdication of this one most abiding human drive and pleasure? Yet there is a tendency to overlook the psychological implications of a shared ideology. Attitudes which are the norm are considered normal, after all. There is a kind of safety in numbers. But the safety is really from our own scrutiny—which is a spurious safety, indeed.

The fact is that the subjective sense of calm which pervades the seventies is insidious and we should not let it fool us. This is actually a time of rampant and accelerating discontent. But since the signs of social malaise are so well disguised, the problems which underlie it are ignored. This is a serious state of affairs for we cannot hope to ameliorate social problems that we fail even to recognise.

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TO MOVE THE HEART OF A MILLION— ASPECTS OF VICTORIAN ART

by Ernle Money

TO a remarkable degree Victorian Art was the victim of its own success. The nineteenth century saw the development of a field of patronage far beyond the aspiration of painters and sculptors in any preceding period. Industrial prosperity produced a new, moneyed and increasingly leisured class who were avid for works of art. New generations grew up who were influenced in turn by different groups of enthusiasts; the Prince Consort and Sir Henry Cole, the Art Union and the Arts and Craft Movement, Frith, Millais, Landseer, the Pre-Raphaelites, Arnold, Ruskin and Pater, the Eastlakes, the Agnents, the Grosvenor Gallery, the Chantrey Bequest and the Tate Gallery. The great new regional cities such as Glasgow and Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham and Leeds became centres of enormous prosperity from which the arts could flourish. It was the era of great national exhibitions; the Great Exhibition of 1851, the art treasures exhibitions at Manchester in 1857 and 1887, of a continuing celebration of British achievement each summer at the Royal Academy. In 1874 Lady Butler's tear-jerking picture of the Crimean War, *The Roll Call*, caused so much of a stir in Burlington House that a policeman had to be installed to control the crowds who wanted to see it. A few years later Edwin Long's *Babylonian Man Slave Market* fetched a record price at auction for a painting by a living artist of £6,615 which stood until the First World War. Long moved into the dignified status of a mansion in Fitzjohn's Avenue, specially designed by Norman Shaw, as did Frank Holt, the wildly successful portrait painter, who wore himself out depicting striking likenesses of his successful contemporaries. When Sir John Aird commissioned Alma-Tadema to paint *The Roses of Heliogabulus* for him in 1888 the artist had the flowers sent to him from the South of France every week throughout the winter so as to get each petal right. In architecture it was the age of Barry and Pugin's Palace of Westminster, Street's Royal Courts of Justice, Burgess' adornments to the centre of Cardiff, Gilbert Scott, Pearson's Truro Cathedral and Waterhouse's Natural History Museum. In painting it was an age which saw as diverse and successful a selection of masterpieces as Frith's *Derby Day*, Landseer's *Stag at Bay*, Leighton's *The Bath of Psyche*, Ford Madox Brown's *Work*, W. F. Yeames's *When Did You Last See Your Father?*, G. F. Watts's *Hope* and Millais' *Bubbles*.

Inevitably, the bubble itself eventually broke. By the 1870s the passion for history paintings, which had been one of the most successful schools of the century, was already on the decline. By 1879 Edward Matthew Ward, whose pictures of the South Sea Bubble, Doctor Johnson and Hogarth ornamented so many history books, found that his art had gone so much into a decline that he went into a depressive illness and took his own life.

New forces sprang up to challenge the accepted values; Whistler and Sargent, Beardsley, Sickert and the New English Art Club, Charles Rennie Mackintosh in Scotland. By 1924 the final insult came when Lady Butler's contribution for that year was rejected by the Royal Academy. It only remained for Roger Fry and Lytton Strachey to perform what appeared to be the culminating hatchet-job.

And yet the pictures of the Victorian age proved curiously resilient. By the 1940s there was already a fashionable if slightly patronising trend towards rediscovery of certain artists; Tissot, for example, and Augustus Egg. The Pre-Raphaelites became the subject of an increasing amount of serious scholarly research. Leighton, Poynter, Alma-Tadema and G. F. Watts began to command not only renewed critical respect as technicians but high prices in the saleroom. Albert Moore was seen to be an important influence on twentieth-century art. English nineteenth century artists in all kinds of different fields, Huggins, Cooper and the Smythes among the animal painters, Lear, Roberts and G. F. Lewis among the orientalists, landscape painters like Muller and Leader, came back prominently into view.

Great Victorian Pictures, a major exhibition organised by the Arts Council, has been seen during the summer of 1978 at Leeds, Leicester and Bristol and more recently in London at the Royal Academy. During the autumn another important show of Victorian 'High Renaissance' Art was seen at Manchester, before going to the United States. The London art market, in particular the enterprising Roy Miles Gallery, has had some excellent pace-setting exhibitions recently in the commercial field. *Great Victorian Pictures* contained a number of the most celebrated works of the period, including *Bubbles*, for instance, and *Stag at Bay*, Landseer's equally well-known *The Shepherd's Chief Mourner*, Lady Butler's famous picture of the Scots Greys at Waterloo, *Scotland for Ever*, Frith's *The Railway Station*, Wallis' *Death of Chatterton* and Abbey's *Richard, Duke of Gloucester and the Lady Anne*. This last painting, which was lent by the Yale Gallery, caused a particular impression since it had not been seen in this country for more than fifty years. Coupled with examples by Alma Tadema, Ford Madox Brown, Dicksee, Simeon Salomon, Luke Fildes, John Collier, Marcus Stone, Holman Hunt, Thomas Faed, MacWhirter and Gilbert, an opportunity was provided on a striking scale to see the quality and sweep of Victorian Art, particularly in relation to the key theme of subject painting which played so important a role in the imagination of the time.

Roy Strong, the Director suitably enough of the Victoria and Albert Museum, has recently published an admirable study of the Victorian painter in relation to British history, *And When Did You Last See Your Father?* (Thames and Hudson, paperback, £3.50). Titled after Yeames's painting of an imaginary scene—Puritan commissioners cross-questioning a Cavalier child—it provides a background to the Victorian vision of the British past. Taking the story of the rise of history painting from the Gothick Picturesque, through the era of the Artist-Antiquarian and the influence of

Hamilton, West and Copley, to the genre narrative pictures of which Yeames's work is one of the best-known examples, Roy Strong's book is not only an admirably lucid piece of art-historical research but provides a much-needed link in our understanding of the Victorian approach to art:

> I feel (he writes), that their pictures should leave us with a sense of awe and wonder. There is something deeply moving and courageous about the confidence with which they evoke the visible past. It starts from a premise of self-possession and of security within the present, totally unknown to us, which enabled the painter's brush for a brief period to defy time as it moved triumphantly through . . . . These pictures now remain as monuments to the lost era which strove so boldly to relive its own past. They speak to us of optimism and heroism, of pride in the past and tranquillity within the present in that second greatest of all our ages, the reign of Queen Victoria.

Dr. Strong is particularly good on some of the less familiar aspects of his subject, the influence of the antiquarians like Strutt, the great expert on historic costume, and Henry Shaw, the pioneering authority on mediaeval furniture. He provides an interesting sidelight into Benjamin West's Edward the Third series, painted in 1787-89 for the King's Audience Room at Windsor Castle, on the effect which Bonnington and Delaroche had on the British painters and on the use of Joseph Nash's *The Mansions of England in the Olden Time* used by many nineteenth-century artists as a background source book. Hopefully he may now be persuaded to turn to the allied subject of the development of Shakespearean subject painting during the same period on which there has been nothing definitive since Malcolm Salaman's *Shakespeare in Pictorial Art*, published in 1916.

Michael Levey, the Director of the National Gallery, has brought art, at the same time, another badly needed work on an important subject in Victorian criticism, *The Case of Walter Pater* (Thames and Hudson, £8,50) cannot have been an easy book to write since Pater, though he had an enormous influence on aesthetic appreciation during and after his own lifetime, remains essentially and perhaps deliberately a grey personality. His own writing, however, like that of his contemporary Huysmans, was anything but grey, as Michael Levey's judicious approach to a currently underestimated master of interpretative prose shows. There is a real desideratum for a full-length book on the whole subject of the nineteenth century writers on art who created a new art form of their own in terms of their imaginative interpretation of painting and Michael Levey's book makes a welcome foray into this intriguing art historiographical field.

Ian Bradley is on better charted territory with his *William Morris and His World* (Thames and Hudson, £4.50) but he makes an extremely workmanlike and sympathetic job of interpreting an almost over-familiar subject. Morris was typical in many ways of the newly cultured class which he came himself eventually so heartily to despise. Whilst it is possible to have an immense admiration for the generosity and sensitivity of his sentiments, which led him to embrace emergent socialism in the face of his own well-entrenched background so far as this world's goods were concerned, it is hard not to find something objectionably petulant in his comment about ministering to the swinish luxury of the rich at the same time as pocketing

the proceeds of the decorative commissions he received from his equally prosperous contemporaries.

If Morris failed to turn the Arts and Crafts movement into a fundamental catalyst of British life, just as Ruskin never managed to establish the Guild of Saint George as more than an eccentric middle-class experiment in fringe living, it was because neither of them ever really succeeded, despite the undoubted influence of each of them on aesthetic matters, in 'moving the heart of the million'. The Victorian subject and history painters, ephemeral as it seemed at one time their reputation might prove to be, managed to achieve just this. Whatever the criticisms that were applied to this particular school, for sentimentality, for naïvety, for chocolate-box simplicity, by the high pundits of the new art earlier in the century, they never lost the affection of countless people in this country. Millais' *Boyhood of Raleigh,* Sir Luke Fildes's *The Doctor* and Landseer's *The Monarch of the Glen* retained their place of affection in thousands of ordinary homes almost in the same way that Miller's *The Angelus* did in France. Now that the Victorians are coming into their own again in terms of critical estimation as well, it will be interesting to see whether there is a new alignment between popular and critical acclaim on this particular subject.

WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830): A BICENTENARY ASSESSMENT

by Lilian Haddakin

'FOR my part, I set out in life with the French Revolution, and that event had considerable influence on my early feelings.' So wrote William Hazlitt, fairly late in life, in his essay 'On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth' (xvii, 196).

Hazlitt was eleven years old when the Bastille fell, and he lived just long enough to see the fall of the restored Bourbons. The French Revolution, indeed, influenced his feelings not only in youth but throughout his life, and he made successive and complicated adjustments of mind and heart to the events of the revolutionary years and of the Napoleonic period as well as to what followed Waterloo. Sometimes, however, he saw his life in terms of a great contrast. He lived with the sense of having grown up during a time of promise which later years did not fulfil.

> It was the dawn of a new era, a new impulse had been given to men's minds, and the Sun of Liberty rose upon the Sun of Life in the same day, and both were proud to run their race together. Little did I dream, while my first hopes and wishes went hand in hand with those of the human race, that long before my eyes should close, that dawn would be overcast, and set once more in the night of despotism—'total eclipse.' (xvii, 197).

The fact that his hopes were disappointed in no way lessened his awareness of the splendour of the early dream. Dissenting from Wordsworth's view, adumbrated in *The Excursion*, that humanity and liberty will ultimately triumph, he asserts that 'All things move, not in progress, but in a ceaseless round'; the triumph cannot happen until the nature of things is changed. Yet the dream of youth is to be revisited on the wings of imagination, the lost hopes are to be eternally regretted, while 'to those who wilfully blasted them, in the fear that they might be accomplished, we feel no less what we owe—hatred and scorn as lasting!' (iv, 119-20).

Hazlitt never abandoned his first principles and never disclaimed the view of the natural disinterestedness of the human mind propounded in his first published work, *An Essay on the Principles of Human Action* (1805), though he later came to believe in 'the theoretical benevolence, and practical malignity of man'. The study of human action in its manifold forms was his lifelong concern, with an emphasis, perhaps, on the relation between self-love and benevolence; and the results of this study form the subject-matter of his works, critical, political, philosophical and miscellaneous. Writing in 1828 'On the Causes of Popular Opinion' he modestly claims:

> I have at least glanced over a number of subjects—painting, poetry, prose, plays, politics, parliamentary speakers, metaphysical lore, books, men, and things. (xvii, 313.)

The essays which most eloquently express Hazlitt's sense of the revolutionary age in which he lived (and which remind us, too, that the revolution

was far from being exclusively political) are those portraits of notable contemporaries collected in *The Spirit of the Age* in the author's middle age (the date on the title-page is 1825). His purpose here is to interpret the age to itself by means of descriptions of selected representatives. It is not a matter of pure description; information is involved with judgment. The formulation of general principles winds in and out of verbal pictures of living individuals, records of concrete fact and discussions of particular theories. Some of the essays had previously appeared in *The New Monthly Magazine* in a series called 'The Spirits of the Age'. The fact that there are these two titles is significant; it calls attention to the author's characteristic method of treating a subject. He does not describe a hypothetical and abstract 'spirit of the age' and then examine his selected specimens solely as manifestations of either this spirit or else its counter-spirit (the principle of Legitimacy and the divine right of kings, the clinging to antiquated and oppressive institutions). His method is flexible, sensitive, varied. He makes us continually shift our standpoint in order to grasp this elusive entity. The spirit of the age, as Hazlitt sees it, is not an impersonal growth or a wholly spontaneous one. What is done by outstanding individuals helps to form it. And an individual may not only help to form or to express the spirit of the age; he may also be formed by it. Thus, Wordsworth is an original poet, and his poetry a 'pure emanation of the spirit of the age', but he has himself been formed in part (as Hazlitt was, too) by Rousseau. Or the spirit of the age may be shown in the public's response to a writer, as with Godwin, of whose career Hazlitt notes: 'The spirit of the age was never more fully shown than in its treatment of this writer—its love of paradox and change, its dastard submission to prejudice and the fashion of the day'. Nor is the man as a physical being lost sight of. Bentham's facial expression is significant ('His eye is quick and lively; but it glances not from object to object, but from thought to thought' (xi, 6).) So is the sinister bonhomie of Lord Eldon ('If a nation is robbed of its rights, . . . the laughing jest still collects in his eye, the cordial squeeze of the hand is still the same') (xi, 142). Moreover, a great deal of varied and particularised knowledge has gone to the writing of this book. One recalls the rapidly-moving history of Coleridge's early intellectual life; the complex arguments concerning the theories of Bentham or Godwin or Malthus; and the long procession of characters from Sir Walter Scott's novels. The essays are densely packed, but brilliantly clear, still intelligible to the general reader.

Hazlitt's main appeal today is still to the educated general reader, the reader of the 'popular' essays on 'books, men, and things' (the reader of, say, *Table Talk* and *The Plain Speaker* as well as *The Spirit of the Age*), although this is not to say that the essays by which he is best known constitute his only claim on the modern reader's attention. Hazlitt as a political thinker still awaits wholly adequate study. His significance as a critic, defending 'poetry as poetry and not as science, religion or anything else', and formulating the philosophical basis which underlies and informs his own voluminous practical criticism of poetry and the other arts, has only fairly recently been fully appreciated, notably in Roy Park's *Hazlitt and the*

Spirit of the Age: Abstraction and Critical Theory (1971), where the critic is related to the philosopher and the painter, and where Hazlitt is persuasively presented as the most truly representative critic of the Romantic age.

This leads us to a central paradox. Those who wish for a thorough understanding of Hazlitt's views on this or that large subject are likely to need an interpreter, who must be a systematiser, working upon his author's piecemeal and scattered utterances. Yet Hazlitt himself distrusted 'system' as falsifying. 'Truth is not one, but many; and an observation may be true in itself that contradicts another, equally true, according to the point of view from which we contemplate the subject.' (ix, 228). His method is kaleidoscopic. His characteristic practice is to discover and express 'sparks of truth', and his essays necessarily constitute a vast, diffused autobiography that reveals not only the discovered truths but also—what is no less important—the author in the process of discovering them. The essay 'On Depth and Superficiality', for example, shows him 'working out [his] conclusions underground before throwing them up on the surface' (xii, 347). The essay 'On the Pleasure of Hating' opens with a spirited description of a spider scuttling across Hazlitt's floor, eventually to be helped in its escape by the author, who, though he bears it no ill-will, still hates the very sight of it. The anecdote leads up to the generalisation which it illustrates: 'The spirit of malevolence survives the practical exertion of it' (xii, 127).

Hazlitt discovers his 'sparks of truth' more through feeling and imagination than by ratiocination: 'I say what I think; I think what I feel. I cannot help receiving certain impressions from things; and I have sufficient courage to declare (somewhat abruptly) what they are' (v, 175). For him, no less than for Wordsworth, thoughts are the representatives of past feelings. When he puts into an essay all he can recollect ever having thought about a given subject, he must also recollect all that he has ever felt about it. And he has just as much confidence in feeling as a guide as Wordsworth had:

> In art, in taste, in life, in speech, you decide from feeling, and not from reason; that is, from the impression of a number of things on the mind, which impression is true and well-founded, though you may not be able to analyse or account for it in the several particulars. In a gesture you use, in a look you see, in a tone you hear, you judge of the expression, propriety, and meaning from habit, not from reason or rules; that is to say, from innumerable instances of like gestures, looks, and tones, in innumerable other circumstances, variously modified, which are too many and too refined to be all distinctly recollected, but which do not therefore operate the less powerfully upon the mind and eye of taste. ('On Genius and Common Sense'; viii, 31.)

Imagination and memory also play their part in the discovery of truth. The imaginative process may be set moving by a thing trifling in itself. The familiar sound of the letter bell (in the essay of that name) is a '*conductor* to the imagination' (xvii, 380), leading by its associations to an enrichment of common, everyday life as well as strengthening the links between past and present. Imagination and reflection are 'levers' whereby a man's thoughts and feelings can be 'got at, layer under layer, and brought into play' (xii, 279).

Evidently the word 'feeling' had a complex and distinct meaning for

Hazlitt, and he has explained clearly what it did mean. Clearly, too, the importance of feeling in his view of life is paramount. Feeling is a source of knowledge of man and the world; it is a source of ethical insights and constitutes the basis of a sound ethical system; and—in general—most of what has worth in human life involves or arises from feeling (as his essays, indeed, tend to illustrate). Probably the longest of Hazlitt's treatments of the subject of feeling is to be found in 'The New School of Reform' (published in 1826 in *The Plain Speaker*), a dialogue between a Sentimentalist (who is Hazlitt, in pugnacious mood) and a Rationalist (not an actual person, but an admirer and defender of the *Westminster* School). Hazlitt does not here present a sustained argument; he is unable to do so because the Rationalist is sometimes simply incapable of understanding what the Sentimentalist is saying. The dialogue is a brilliant performance. Hazlitt seems to enjoy the exercise of his mordant wit; but this does not make him any the less in earnest, and the dialogue leads up to an eloquent and serious statement of his view of a morality based on a knowledge of human nature as it really is—a knowledge which can only be gained by allowing 'feeling' its due importance. The statement is as apposite now as it was in 1826:

> I place the heart in the centre of my moral system, and the senses and the understanding are its two extremities. You leave nothing but gross material objects as the ends of pursuit, and the dry, formal calculations of the understanding as the means of ensuring them. Is this enough? Is man a mere animal, or a mere machine for philosophical experiments? All that is intermediate between these two is sentiment. . . . Can you divest the mind of habit, memory, imagination, foresight, will? Can you make it go on physical sensations, or on abstract reason alone? Not without making it over again. (xii, 193-94.)

This is Hazlitt, splendidly articulate, towards the end of his life. He has learnt how to communicate his 'truths'. 'Taste and even genius', he remarked to the old portrait-painter Northcote, 'is but a misfortune, without a correspondent degree of manual dexterity or power of language to make it manifest' (xi, 274). His own superb 'power of language' was very slow to develop. His natural mode of expression, by his own account, was dry and meagre and held no appeal for the reading public. He struggled for years to become articulate, either on paper or in conversation. He admired the prose of Burke ('a man pouring out his mind on paper'), and he was fascinated by the conversation of the young Coleridge ('He talked on for ever; and you wished him to talk on for ever').

His own fluency came suddenly, when the exigencies of journalism demanded it. And thereafter he became acutely conscious of the subtlest as well as the boldest workings of the art of words; the more so, perhaps, because his two previous occupations (metaphysician and painter) were carried on wordlessly, so that he looked at language from the outside as well as from the inside, as it were, and could observe linguistic practice as a form of human action. He was finely aware of the powers and the pitfalls of language. It seemed to him that in his own day words had the mastery of things, and this he deplored. It would be possible to compile from Hazlitt's works a manual on how prose should and should not be written, with much lively and penetrating practical criticism to supplement the statement

POEM

JOSEPH SPEAKS

I am tired of being thought of as an old man,
Leaning upon a staff.
My beard is not grey.
Many miles did I pace the stable floor on the night of the birth—
And many more did I walk beside the ass, bearing the Mother and Child,
On our flight into Egypt.

Yet when poets and painters came to tell my story, they altered the facts:
The painters gave my shoulders a stoop
And the poets shortened my stride to a shuffle.

They were mistaken:
They confused age with authority.

My passions were those of any young Jew of my tribe,
My senses as keen.
From my bench I watched the shadow of my espoused grow fuller.
Had I been deceived—and by whom?
Other women when found out had been stoned to death by the people.
But at night in dreams I heard voices promising to make perfect the impossible.
Sometimes the villagers spoke of two-headed goats
And of calves deformed at birth.
I said nothing.
I thought of the mysterious conception in my *own* house.
Was I mistaken when I heard the beating of wings?
(There were nests in the trees nearby.)
Words formed in my mind—and became a consolation: 'Fear not, Joseph.'
Where did they spring from?
For beware—Pride in the heart can nourish the imagination.
So I said to my soul: 'Be patient, be still.'

The wings and the voices persisted:
My confidence grew in the Word.

The House of David would have a new Lord.

NEVILLE BRAYBROOKE

'A STRANGE COUNTRY TO ME'—DYLAN THOMAS AND CORNWALL

by Denys Val Baker

CORNWALL and Dylan Thomas—at first sight the link seems an unlikely one. Thomas, one of the great lyrical poets of this century, was pre-eminently Welsh: Celtic, yes, but very much the Welsh version, steeped in the colourful, musical bawdy world of Llareggub, that not altogether typical Welsh village portrayed so vividly in the famous radio play, *Under Milk Wood*. True, if one thinks about it, Cornwall and the Cornish way of life *might* have nurtured the poetic instinct in Dylan Thomas just as the county has, in fact, stimulated the impressive talent of its own native poet of near-genius, Jack Clemo.

All the same, Cornwall did play a brief and curiously significant part in Dylan Thomas's life. For—and it is surprising how few people seem aware of the fact—it was in Cornwall that Dylan Thomas was married, in the summer of 1937, at the somewhat unimpressive registrar's office just off the Greenmarket in the centre of Penzance.

But to begin at the beginning. Early in 1936 many of Dylan's friends were worried about his excessive bouts of drinking around the Soho pubs of London. One of these, Norman Cameron, the poet, suggested to a mutual friend, the music critic Wyn Henderson, that it might be a good idea if she invited Dylan to go down for a holiday at her cottage in West Cornwall. Here is Dylan's typically exuberant reply:

> How nice of you to purr about me after dinner, two fed, sleek cats rubbing against the table-legs, and thinking about a scrubby Welshman with a three weeks accumulated hangover and a heart full of love and nerves full of alcohol, moping over his papers in a mortgaged villa in the upper-class professional row (next to the coroner's house) facing another row (less upper) and a disused tennis court. It was a lovely rolling letter, out of the depths of dinner, and a winey mantle of love hung over it, and thank you a lot. . . .
>
> As your mascot and very welcome guest I'd love to come to Cornwall more than anything else: it sounds just what I want it to be, and I can write poems and stories about vampire sextons deflowering their daughters with tiny scythes and draw rude little pictures of three-balled clergymen and go to pubs and walks with you. It's all too lovely to be good: and I'd enjoy it so much. I'm coming to town in about a fortnight; I've got to meet a few publishers and try and get some money from them as I haven't any, and, I believe, to read some poems over the wireless. That won't take long: the publishers will (probably) pretend to be deaf, and the wireless will break down. If you are gone by then, chugging into Cornwall, shall I follow you and will you meet me, lost with beer in my belly and straws in my hair? And if you haven't chugged away but are still rampaging in Bloomsbury (or wherever you rampage mostly) we can go together, can't we? And that will be nicer still.

In the spring of 1936 we find Dylan installed at Miss Henderson's cottage at Polgigga, near Porthcurno, hardly more than a couple of miles or so from Land's End. It would seem a romantic if somewhat bizarre setting

for the ebullient Thomas, but his most immediate concern was with the (for him) rather primitive domestic background. He complained that he was living in a cottage in a field with a garden full of ferrets and bees—'every time you go to the garden lavatory you are in danger of being stung or bitten.' Apparently he found his hostess rather trying for she was inclined to talk about his ego over breakfast, and her conversation was rather too liberally sprinkled with phrases about narcissist fixation and homosexual transference. Nevertheless, the one good thing was that he was doing 'lots and lots of work': stories and poems and—ironically, in view of his new location deep inside the brooding and mysterious kingdom of Kernow—a travel book on Wales.

Work apart, we are not left in much doubt about Dylan Thomas's reaction to Cornwall. In a long letter from the Polgigga cottage to his friend Vernon Watkins, another well-known Welsh poet, he declared:

> Now in a hundred ways I wish I hadn't come away; I'm full of nostalgia and a frightful cold; here the out of doors is very beautiful but it's **a strange country to me,** all scenery and landscape, and I'd rather the bound slope of a suburban hill, the Elms, the Acacia, Rookery Nook, Curlew Avenue, to all these miles of green fields and flowery cliffs and dull sea going on and on, and cows lying down. I'm not a countryman; I stand for, if anything, the aspidistra, the provincial drive, the morning café, the evening pub; I'd like to believe in the wide open spaces as the wrapping around walls, the windy boredom between house and house, hotel and cinema, bookshop and Tube station: man made his houses to keep the world and the weather out, making his own weathery world inside; that's the trouble with the country, there's too much public world between private ones. And living in your own private four walled world as exclusively as possible isn't escapism, I'm sure; it isn't the Ivory Tower, and even if it were you secluded in your Tower know and learn more of the world outside than the outside man who is mixed up so personally and inextricably with the mud and the unlovely people—sorry old Christian—and the four bloody muddy winds.

During the rest of that year Thomas moved backwards and forwards between Cornwall and Swansea and London . . . and it was during this period that he first met his wife-to-be, Caitlin Macnamara. At the beginning of the summer of 1937 they both came down to Cornwall, living for a time at the Lobster Pot, a hotel on the water's edge at Mousehole, a small fishing village just outside Penzance. It is interesting to note that Thomas was immediately drawn to Mousehole, which he once described as 'the loveliest village in England'—for geographically and structurally, with its doll-like cottages rising up in steep tiers on the hillside, Mousehole could well have been a suitable setting for *Under Milk Wood.* Who knows, indeed, but that one day in the future some erudite literary scholar may prove that Thomas used something of his knowledge of Mousehole in the play?

It was from Mousehole, anyway, that Thomas set out on one of the shortest yet most decisive journeys of his life—to the registrar's office in Penzance, where he and Caitlin were married on July 12, 1937, 'with no money, no prospect of money, no attendant friends or relatives, and in complete happiness. . . . We've been meaning to from the first day we met and now we are free and glad.' To his friend Vernon Watkins Dylan added: 'I think you'll like Caitlin very much, she looks like the princess on the top

of a Christmas tree, or like a stage Wendy; but for God's sake don't tell her that.'

Soon the Welsh bridegroom and his Irish bride were installed in a typical Cornish 'artist's' home, a cottage studio above the fish market in Newlyn. Although it was to be a short stay, the Thomas's enlivened it considerably with many boisterous gatherings in the Newlyn pubs, followed inevitably by parties back at the studio. Quite a few literary friends from London were persuaded to come down on visits—notably Rayner Heppenstall, one of Dylan's favourite writing companions in London. Heppenstall stayed quite a while and in fact used Cornwall as a setting for his best known novel, *Blaze of Noon*, about a blind masseur.

Like many other writers and artists before and after him, Dylan Thomas must have found the social life of the Cornish art colonies a very pleasant one. Pub-wise, Newlyn and Mousehole and Penzance and St. Ives could offer as much variety as London or Wales. And, on his own account, he worked very well down in Cornwall. Nevertheless, neither he nor Caitlin seemed to feel settled in their little studio cottage where the gulls flew in through the window for breakfast: and by the end of that same year they left Cornwall and moved nearer to London, settling in Caitlin's mother's home at Ringwood, in Hampshire.

Henceforth, Dylan Thomas's tragically short life was to carry him far from Cornwall—to Italy, and to America, where he eventually died during a lecture tour. He never returned to Cornwall, though no doubt he retained a sentimental nostalgia for 'the loveliest village in England', as well as a lifelong memory of that momentous visit to the registrar's office in Penzance. Yet, looking back, it is difficult not to feel that a place like Cornwall was bound to have a striking impact on a poet of Dylan Thomas's stature—even if an antagonistic one. I dare say that if one was to search assiduously through the poems written at that time, or possibly even later, it would not be too difficult to trace images or lines commemorating that fleeting contact between Dylan Thomas and 'a strange country to me'.

QUARTERLY FILM REVIEW

by James Morton

THE most important films this quarter are those in the long retrospective of the films of Francois Truffaut shown on BBC 2. They have included a number shown only briefly on the large screen as well as old favourites such as *Jules et Jim* and *Les Quatre Cent Coups*.

Truffaut started his film career with the short *Les Mistons* and has since then continued to make films which have dealt with the problems of adolescents. The first in the BBC series was a film not commercially or critically well received in this country, although it did well enough in France, *L'Argent de Poche*. It was succeeded by *Les Quatre Cent Coups*, Truffaut's first full-length film. I found *L'Argent de Poche* to be poisonously saccharine sweet. The children are displayed in situations which resemble Lucy Atwell drawings. The episodes reminded me of the description by Angus Wilson in *Hemlock and After* of someone's dressing table. It was populated by pottery figures of children in *tableaux vivants*. For example, there was a child with its nightdress raised and the legend on the base. A bare behind. Or the worse one of a naked child in the snow with the caption 'I s'nude it was cold'. The children have their dignity removed from them in these cloying situations.

What disturbed me more was the showing of *Les Quatre Cent Coups* which started the history of Jean Pierre Leaud, a series which has been continued at intervals by Truffaut with such films as *Baisées Volées*. *Les Quatre Cent Coups* was, with its final freeze frame, one of the key films of the *Novelle Vague* French cinema but on its reshowing I again found it to have the same fatal saccharine quality. Leaud is charmingly tough as the illegitimate boy who is unkindly but not actually ill-treated by his parents. Rather he cannot come to terms with them. Of Truffaut's more acerbic films, *L'Enfant Sauvage* stands up much more than the earlier ones. This was the film in which he appeared as the 18th century professor who tries to tame the celebrated Wild Boy of the Auvergne around the time of the French Revolution. Sadly, Truffaut has decided that in addition to directing he should also feature as the leading actor. He has continued with this at intervals, notably successfully in *Day for Night*, the wry tale of the tribulations of a film director in Cannes, and much less successfully in *The Green Room*, adapted from the story by Henry James, in which his ability as an actor is cruelly exposed as being unable to sustain interest in what is after all a fairly turgid tale of lost friends. Truffaut seems to sit looking at the picture of his dead wife for an in ordinately long period. As the good Colonel Blount said in *Vile Bodies*, 'Have to take a bit out there' after John Wesley had sat uninterruptedly for four minutes at his prayers.

Jules et Jim is as charming as ever. *Anne and Muriel* is its less successful remake, whilst *Fahrenheit 451*, his sci-fi film in English, exposes once again the troubles which French directors experience with the English language.

The Story of Adele H., also shown for the first time on television, features the wooden Isabelle Adjani who seems to be cropping up everywhere in London.

All in all, I fear the series has done little for Truffaut's declining reputation as a major director, but it has been an intensely worthwhile one. We should be grateful to the BBC and hope that next year they will do the same for, say, Louis Malle.

Driver is what in the thirties and forties would have been called a *film noir*. It is a trifle pretentious, with the characters called by the symbols The Driver, The Watcher, etc. but it is not really any the worse for that. I wrote some time ago that Ryan O'Neal was not my favourite actor, but I am rapidly changing my mind. (*Barry Lyndon* is an exception.) He is extremely good as the eponymous hero who is involved with a series of daring robberies and double crosses. He is aided and hindered in turns by the wooden Ms Adjani (see above) and Bruce Dern who to me looks too like Bruce Forsythe to be taken seriously. The stunt driving in the car chases which owe a great deal to *Bullitt* are amazingly well put together and one sequence in which a Mercedes is literally taken to pieces in an underground car park must have required the highest technical skill. All in all, very good fun but why the Driver couldn't have been called Jim I do not know. Ronee Blakely is the girl caught up in the web of double crosses and her acting ability exposes poor Ms A. But since the latter is the current idol of the French cinema she shouldn't worry.

Girlfriends is a rather vaguely women's lib film by Claudia Weill with a great deal going for it. For a start it has actresses who are genuinely plain and even that is putting it kindly. Not for this film the Claude Lelouche women who never age after a decade and a half in prison. Melanie Mayron, the last girl to be picked up at a dance, is scraping a living photographing Jewish weddings. Her slightly more attractive flatmate Anne, aspires to be a writer and then suddenly opts for a safe marriage to a wealthy dilettante. Melanie is bereft and tries to cope on her own, half helped, half hindered by Adam Cohen as her part-time lover, and Eli Wallach, playing sensitively a Rabbi who, flushed by wine at a wedding, makes a pass at her, only to regret both his action and the fact that, with a wife and an all-American son, he can actually take the pass no further. Melanie gets to have an exhibition of her work, but Anne is having an abortion at the time and doesn't come. Melanie goes to see her at her home in Vermont but the arrival of Anne's husband signals the fact that Melanie is again left alone.

The film is a cinematic cousin of *Annie Hall*, Agnes Varda's *One Sings, The Other Doesn't*, and that soap opera still playing all over London, *The Turning Point*. Indeed, if the films hadn't been in production simultaneously one would be tempted to say that one film has stolen the other's quarrel scene. Another of its strengths is that whereas the fight between Anne Bancroft and Shirley MacLaine was the well done pyrotechnics of two fine actresses, the bitter argument in *Girlfriends* is more real. It is the sort of quarrel one sees in one's friends' lives and sadly from time to time on one's own.

The acting is of the highest standard throughout, with only Eli Wallach as any sort of a name to help the box office. Over the years I have seen many of his films. Often he has been the bandit (*The Magnificent Seven, How the West was Won*) or a straight villain. Now he plays for once a most sympathetic role. The moment when he leaves the exhibition is a piece of consummate acting—but, there again, all the acting is of a high standard. Do see the film!

Claude Lelouche's *Second Chance* is a real escapism, but none the worse for that. Catherine Deneuve has most improbably had a baby whilst in prison and on her release gets the always beautiful Anouk Aimee to initiate him in the facts of life. Beautifully photographed but really on a television commercial level.

Sadly, Claude Chabrol's latest, *Blood Relatives*, is a disaster. He also fails to understand the speech rhythms of the spoken English word in the film of an Ed McBain thriller set in Canada. His decline from the high days of *Que la Bête Meurt* is like Lucifer's.

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

REGINALD MAUDLING

Memoirs. Reginald Maudling. Sidgwick & Jackson. £7.95.

It is impossible not to cease reading Reginald Maudling's *Memoirs* without warm admiration for him. He writes easily, vividly and frankly, and—most of the time—tells stories against himself. This is one of the kindest and most genial of politicians, and indeed it is probable that his career was hurt not by his alleged 'laziness' (more myth than fact) but by his evident lack of vanity and ambition. To climb to the top of what is a very greasy pole demands a 'hunger' for total success that was, and is, missing from his character. His speeches, too —as he admits in describing the Party Conference of 1963, when he was a possible successor to Macmillan—lacked the power to stir the emotions. He dressed casually, and was apt to appear not just casual but careless. The man carried his obvious ability just too easily, was prompt to laugh and to enjoy his many friendships—and he could thus seem to lack that inner *gravitas* that the type-casting media tells us is required of the top leadership. This is not only true of British but of American politics: Adlai Stevenson and even Lincoln were hurt by their tastes in wit and humour. Reginald Maudling's *Memoirs* are certainly rich in stories and anecdotes.

They afford us also a glimpse into the mind (and the heart) of a very able man. He held many high offices at a very early age and, but for the Gods, might easily have reached the top. On every topic on which he writes, whether Rhodesia or Israel, police or Ulster, economic policy or Selsdon Man and Selsdon Woman, he emerges as eminently wise and eminently sensible. If he has a mentor, it was the Macmillan of the Middle Way, and he was and is in economics supremely the exponent of realism and consensus. Though defeated by Edward Heath for the leadership in 1965, in part by his very evident lack of 'hunger' for the job, he harboured no grudge, and indeed the most moving tribute thus far in print to Heath's qualities is provided here, at page 207. As an analysis it can hardly be bettered.

> His greatest virtue is what Nigel Birch once called his 'luminous' mind. It is allied to total dedication, tremendous intellectual energy, great self-confidence, integrity and, funnily enough, flexibility. People often do not realise that he possesses this last quality. People say Ted will never change. But he did and he was very much open to argument. There were two things over which I argued with him and about which he eventually changed his mind: first, the Incomes Policy and, secondly, Northern Ireland. He is dispassionate on fundamental issues and if he believes that things should be changed he will change them.
>
> He was not the best delegator, but I had no complaints myself on that score. People who found him inflexible had not dug down under the surface deep enough to find out what the truth was. The first reaction might be a brush-off, the second reaction was often a different one.
>
> He was very much a managerial type of Prime Minister, much at home in the actual running of things because he has a logical mind. It was not his inflexibility that let us down over the miners' strike. It was Joe Gormley, the miners' leader, who let us down. Joe was always saying, 'I can settle for this and that'; but when it came to the crunch he could not deliver the goods.

Reginald Maudling has suffered some cruel blows and for one whose primary note is kindness he could well be bitter. He is not. Those privileged to enjoy his personal kindnesses in the House will recognise in this book the genial extrovert

of the Smoking Room and the Lobbies, and find behind it the shrewd and sharp mind. The cartoons and portraits paint a similar vivid and genial picture. It will be sad indeed if these qualities—in combination too rare in the Mother of Parliaments—are allowed to be lost from British politics. For we desperately need his combination of understanding, realism and balance.

ESMOND WRIGHT

THREATS TO MANKIND

The Seventh Enemy. Ronald Higgins. Hodder & Stoughton. £5.95.

This book represents a notable contribution to the global problematique. Although, because of a certain superficiality and lack of innovation in its approach together with the inclusion of somewhat jejune projections for the future, it just fails to scale the commanding heights of a uniquely competitive field, it is nevertheless to be recommended for its eclecticism of viewpoint, its courage in confronting and tackling exceedingly complex interdisciplinary themes, its obvious sincerity and, last but by no means least, its considerable verbal dexterity.

I found the earlier sections of the book on the background of conventional politics the most informative and thought provoking — probably because of the author's personal involvement in this field. It is rightly stressed that 'squeaky wheels get the grease', that problems are recognised as such only when they loom malignantly and obtrusively on the horizon, that Micawberism is rife, the ostrich syndrome pervasive. A sheer lack of comprehension prevails regarding the forward surge of new historical forces and anachronistic shibboleths are being continuously invoked to deal with totally novel situations.

The chapters describing the six major threats to mankind are replete with gloomy lucubrations, most of them, in my opinion, justified. Overpopulation takes pride of place; nothing new is added to a very well trodden path although the failure of the Bucharest Conference to achieve anything substantive is freely admitted. The sections on the food crisis, the politics of resource scarcity, environmental depredation and the nuclear threat, are little more than a recapitulation of concepts on which a gargantuan literature already exists. There is, however, a chapter of somewhat better quality on the threats posed to the human prospect by the eruption and steady escalation of science and technology. Science has by now, of course, become a great dynamic force with its own intrinsic momentum. Although claimed to be international in its ethos science is increasingly favouring the affluent countries and neglecting the elementary needs of the poor. Science has now become a major factor in fanning the flames of North-South confrontation.

The author dubs *The Seventh Enemy* political inertia. 'States as great engines move slowly.' Party politics and factional loyalties impose constraints which breed myopia, feelings of unreality and worship of a cloud cuckoo land. It is salutary to be reminded that 'politicians do get to believe much of the nonsense they have to talk'. International conferences arranged by the UN and like bodies have an exceedingly bad track record; they inspire acrimony rather than agreement, disarray rather than creativity.

So far, so good. But it is the final sections of the book which are much less convincing. We are entitled to see visions and to dream dreams about the future. But many of the scenarious proferred by the author for the next 25 years — on the one hand harsh and apocalyptic, on the other lauding the ability of transcendent forces and 'ultimate spiritual reality' to deal with the

global malaise—are so manifestly improbable as scarcely to merit serious consideration.

When Ronald Higgins wrote an article for *The Observer Magazine* three years ago 7,000 readers wrote to the newspaper offering comments. That a piece dealing with world issues should cause such an outburst is of itself significant. *The Seventh Enemy* represents a follow-up to this article. It should certainly be read by all who pose as global citizens and who have the interests of future generations at heart.

JOHN A. LORAINE

OURSELVES

Living with a Stranger. John Stewart Collis. Macdonald & Jane's. £6.50.

Most medical students and nurses find physiology difficult. To those not associated with medicine the normal workings of the human body are shrouded in mystery, bedevilled by lack of comprehension and surrounded by superstition and folklore. John Stewart Collis in this admirable, scholarly and imaginative little book succeeds in clearing the mists and dispelling a whole host of illusions. In language simple yet evocative he provides a quite remarkable snapshot of 'the bit of earth we call ourselves'.

To the medical reader a transcendent feature of the book is its accuracy. Nowhere can it be faulted in the presentation of factual data and the background reading has obviously been formidable. In addition the historical analogies are vivid and apposite and the philosophical unnderpinning enlivens the narrative.

There are sections dealing with respiration, the composition and circulation of the blood, excretion via bowels and bladder, the characteristics of bones and skin. The chapters on the nervous system and on speech are especially noteworthy because of the delicacy and labyrinthine complexity of the processes involved. Plato's aphorism about the 'rabble of the senses' is especially appropriate here. To describe in meaningful terms the function of the human brain, man's special senses and the concept of memory is a formidable task. It is a measure of Collis' mastery of his theme that he emerges unscathed from this imbroglio.

I found the chapter on reproduction both sensible and compelling. We are taken through the details of the male and female sexual anatomy and the processes of fertilisation and birth. Abortion is perceived as a humane and safe procedure provided that it is performed early in pregnancy. Although male homosexuality and lesbianism are dubbed 'strange' there is none of the prejudice, bigotry and outright hypocrisy which characterises much of the writings on these themes.

In the Epilogue the author summarises his credo. Personal identity is of inestimable importance; scientific and technological discovery has tended to dehumanise and is probably overrated anyway. It is the human drama that really counts. Mankind is 'no miserable adjunct on the surface of an uncaring universe'. Man has given the universe significance; his position remains pivotal and godlike.

The book deserves to be read widely. In particular all those intending to enter the medical and paramedical professions should scan it. Perhaps in the future the author could be persuaded to bring to a discussion of disease processes in man, some of the lucidity, vision and sound commonsense to be found in the present text.

JOHN A. LORAINE

A NEW APPROACH TO THACKERAY

William Makepeace Thackeray: Memoirs of a Victorian Gentleman. Edited by Margaret Forster. Secker. £8.75.

One can imagine the frisson of excitement—and terror—with which Margaret Forster conceived the idea of herself writing Thackeray's 'memoirs', as if from his own pen. She thereby committed herself to an endeavour which was arduous, delicate in the extreme, of uncertain welcome, and which exposed *her*, in a state of great vulnerability, to the biting winds of criticism.

However, as Thackeray himself says, 'No man ought to write a book and allow it to be sent for review unless he clearly understands that it is comparable with putting his head on the block and asking the executioner to take swipes at it with his axe.' Now the reference for that quotation is . . . p.143 of Margaret Forster's book. And she must be quoting from Thackeray himself—but from *where*, since it is clearly impossible for her to relate in Notes all her material to its sources. The words *sound* familiar and authoritative, but are they *verbatim*, or are they a paraphrase? Equally, although Margaret Forster explains in her disarming and sympathetic Author's Note, tucked away at the tail of the book, that in no way has she invented anything—'If Thackeray says in my book that he admired some dressing-gowns in Paris then he will have said somewhere in his letters or diaries that he did'—one can never be quite sure how *pure*, as it were, an opinion, a philosophising, an abstraction, may be.

These are some of the difficulties which Margaret Forster's live and kicking literary hybrid plunges straight into. She eschewed a conventional biography, anathematic, as it happens, to Thackeray himself, read the existing biographical material lightly, and, obviously devoted to Thackeray and steeped in all his writings, devised a racy, self-depreciatory narrative which conceals more than a little profundity about the human condition. The style is the informal one of his notes and letters, with flashes of brilliance. What may at first seem perverse, although on reflection it must be correct within the self-imposed convention, is Margaret Forster's determination to be 'prejudiced'—that is, to allow no view of her own, or of others, contemporary or with hindsight, to cloud the waters of her 'Thackeray's' memoirs. This must obviously have been a very difficult task; the temptation must always have lurked, sometimes at an unconscious level, to incorporate a later gloss, a later psychological insight. It need hardly be said that, stylistically, the battle to avoid anachronisms, especially in regard to colloquial phrases, must have been daunting in the extreme. All of these self-imposed limitations, Margaret Forster has nobly transcended. She need not feel herself to be doubted when she says that 'the research involved in this kind of book is considerably more taxing that in a straightforward biography where one is not striving for atmosphere quite so hard.' But was the elephantine effort really worth it? It may obviously attract new readers to Thackeray, and divert the aficionado. Implicit in all that has been said above, is the self-evident truth that the book *must* be a labour of love.

Margaret Forster deals well with Thackeray's early false directions and search for a role—agonies of algebra at Cambridge, boredom in Chambers, and Art in Paris, before journalism and all that followed. The insanity of his wife, and his passion for his best-friend's wife, which ended in his rejection and depression, are well and movingly described. There is perhaps rather less than one would have expected of his junketings in Society, but this may not be a loss. The first American lecture-tour is as vivid as Boswell. The thralls of composition and of deadlines are properly evoked. The famous libel dispute with

Edmund Yates, and the involvement of Dickens therein, is given a full airing. Illness and intimations of mortality crowd in, but with dignity, in the latter pages of the book.

Finally, what one would say to Margaret Forster (who is herself an excellent novelist, the best being the satirical, *Miss Owen-Owen At Home*), and what she must be saying to herself, is, 'It is a tour de force; but please do not do it again.'

MOLLY TIBBS

THE NAPOLEONIC CAVALRY

Napoleon's Cavalry and its Leaders. David Johnson. Batsford. £6.50.

Murat's brilliant cavalry charge at Aboukir in 1799 and Kellerman's at Marengo in 1801 convinced Napoleon that cavalry, if boldly led and supported by artillery, could produce a moral effect out of all proportion to its numbers. Once he became dictator, therefore, he began to increase the size of both heavy and light cavalry regiments. The cuirassiers were par excellence the French heavy cavalry, acquiring that name from the cuirasse which each trooper wore. This consisted of a breastplate which protected him from musketry and a backplate shielding him from sword thrusts in the mêlée which always followed a charge. The cuirasse, moreover, added weight and provided the trooper rode a sufficiently powerful horse the greatest impact was achieved on the target. The ultimate aim of a charge was impact. In addition to the cuirassiers there were two heavy regiments known as the Carabiniers who were a relic of the old Royalist army. Then there were the dragoons, a medium cavalry, and finally the light cavalry consisting of the hussars and chasseurs.

Napoleon, in keeping with Frederick the Great, fully grasped the functions of light and heavy cavalry; the former should be utilised mainly for reconnaissance, the latter to deliver the final punch. Heavy cavalry should not be permitted to charge without a prelude of cannon fire. 'Support your cavalry with light infantry and artillery and it will fear nothing', said Napoleon. Unfortunately this advice was not always followed, leading on occasions to disastrous results. Suitable terrain for a charge was also imperative. 'Since the heavy cavalry offered so huge a target, to launch them over difficult ground was an act of considerable folly, and to keep them halted under enemy fire was sheer madness.' Yet both these errors were committed on more than one battlefield, for example, at Quatre Bras and when storming the heights of Mont St. Jean at Waterloo. According to the author, no cavalry force in history was led so brilliantly and handled so badly.

The outstanding cavalry generals of Napoleon's army required specialised skills and knowledge. Quite apart from physical courage and leadership, they had to possess the ability to survey and evaluate the ground over which their men would attack. This *coup d'oeil* was rarest of all and extremely difficult to acquire. In Marmont's opinion 'only three men in the French army really understood how to lead and control massed cavalry: Kellerman, Montbrun, and Lasalle'. Kellerman was the finest tactician, and next to him undoubtedly Lasalle who was probably the most gifted cavalry leader in the French army, with an infallible *coup d'oeil*. These cavalry leaders were a strange breed. Lasalle was no exception: to his men he was everything a cavalry general ought to be, expert with horse and sabre, devoting his life to smoking, drinking, fighting, and making love. He was perhaps the most outrageous of all, but beneath his gallant manner and elegant uniform he was a ruthless *homme de metiér*.

David Johnson, in this gem of a book, has caught the spirit of that exciting age—the brilliant victories in Italy, the Austerlitz campaign which was Napoleonic warfare at its best, only to be followed by increasing disillusion after Wagram and a most marked decline in the quality of the French army after the Russian campaign. The book is replete with information and anecdotes derived from French and German sources largely unknown to English-speaking readers, and therein lies much of its charm and value. Very few of the cavalry leaders lived on into old age; Grouchy and Latour-Maubourg reached the eighties, Marulaz died at the age of 72 full of memories of those great days. Leaders who did survive the war must have echoed the words of Lucien Bonaparte: *'Que de souvenirs! Que de regrets!'*

S. F. WOOLLEY

MEMOIRS OF A MOUNTAINEER

Life is Meeting. John Hunt, Lord Hunt of Llanfair Waterdine. Hodder & Stoughton. £6.95.

Lord Hunt was a small child when his father was killed in action in November 1914. As he grew up his mother looked to him to fill her husband's place and live up to his standards of 'honesty' and 'honour'. How well he achieved this is evident in these memoirs of travel, climbing, friendships, and service to worthy causes, notably the Duke of Edinburgh's Award Scheme for Youth.

Strangely, subaltern Hunt found army life boring and frustrating at first. In India he was rather a loner, more interested in native life than that of mess and cantonment. He saw plenty of the seamy side of it when he was appointed plain-clothes intelligence officer in the Chittagong and Midnapur areas, combating terrorism yet disliking repression and the summary searching of people's homes. Cycling along rough village tracks, exploring the canals by boat, he grew to know and love Bengal.

More in accord with his destiny was a month's leave in Kashmir devoted to ski climbing in the Pir Panjal and, later, the Karakoram ranges. Four-day blizzards and a partner's fall into a crevasse were among his ordeals. One of his most providential escapes in fifty years' climbing was from a Nepal avalanche. His wife, Joy, shared this with him, as she did later on a Gebel Shayib climb in Egypt's Sinai, when he suffered acute cramp in both thighs and she had to carry his pack as well as her own. Of these and other climbs—in Russia, Greenland, Greece, the Alps—he gives an exhilarating account, stressing the background beauty with a poet's eye.

Interesting slants on his leadership of the first Everest triumph of 1953, covered in *The Ascent of Everest*, include the Kathmandu press furore over who reached the top first, Tenzing or Hillary? 'Tenzing was grilled for hours to say that it was he . . . we passed under triumphal arches depicting a triumphant Tenzing hauling an apparently unconscious Hillary up the final few feet to the summit.' Eric Shipton's caustic comment on the event was: 'Thank Goodness, now we can get on with some real climbing.'

Lord Hunt played a Military Liaison rôle in the Greek crisis of 1944-46, helping to establish order, bring in supplies to a country ravaged by German invasion and threatened with civil war by ELAS communists. Afterwards he was soon back to his old love, planning Olympus mountain training for his Brigade, a ski school in the Pindus range, and exploring Mt. Athos. He fought in Italy, served on Montgomery's staff at Allied Forces HQ, led the British Relief Mission to Nigeria during its civil war. He writes of it all with clarity,

vigour, and an underlying philosophy that rates climbing above all else, even though to non-climbers one peak assault is much like another and the way down better than the way up. There are good photos and maps.

TREVOR ALLEN

THE LIKENESS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

The Sherlock Holmes Illustrated Omnibus. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. John Murray & Joanthan Cape. £7.50.

Although Mr. Sherlock Holmes made his first bow between the tuppence-coloured, gaudy boards of *Beeton's Christmas Annual,* it is as a creature of the *Strand Magazine* that he must be truly counted, for much of his classic career was filed between the decorous blue covers of the bound volumes of that publication, and it was moreover the old *Strand* that gave him artistic form as well as literary shape.

The iconography of Holmes is indeed a fascinating and, at times, infuriating study, which has, in fact, been the subject of a small monograph by Walter Klinefelter. The earliest pictorial representations — by H. D. Friston, who, in the aforesaid Christmas annual, furnished him with luxuriant sideburns; by Conan Doyle's father, Charles Doyle, who delineated a mere caricature, counterfeit presentment of the most unsatisfactory kind; by George Hutchinson, who achieved a distinct improvement upon the altogether lamentable visualisations of Friston and Doyle *père* — bear scant resemblance to the word portrait painted by Dr. Watson — 'In height he was rather over six feet, and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller. His eyes were sharp and piercing . . . and his thin hawk-like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision. His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of decision.' (*A Study in Scarlet,* Chapter II.) Neither is there much that can be said in favour of the work of James Greig, who portrayed Holmes for the *Windsor Magazine,* or Charles Kerr, who produced a single drawing of him for the frontispiece of *The Sign of Four.*

It was not until 'The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes' began serial publication in the *Strand,* in July 1891, that Holmesian portraiture proper came into being. The name of the artist was Sidney Paget. It has been said that Holmes was never the same again after his resurrection from the Reichenbach Falls. That is debatable. But he was certainly never the same again after Paget had stamped his likeness in the pages of the *Strand.* Here was the perfect marriage of letter and line. In a sense, Paget became the co-creator of Holmes. Until now, it has been only a relatively few fortunate collectors who have been privileged to have the entire run of Paget's incomparable illustrations available to them. However, with the publication of this Sherlockian omnibus, a facsimile of the original text and illustrations of *The Adventures, The Memoirs, The Hound of the Baskervilles,* and *The Return,* from the *Strand Magazine,* the monopoly is at an end. This is indeed a collector's item: the *true* text — words and icons. Embellished, too, with a splendid introuction by Leslie Fiedler. But it is more than that. It is an absolutely essential acquisition for anyone who cares anything for Holmes and Watson and the imperishable urban myth of the Baker Street Saga.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Jules Verne Companion (Souvenir Press. £6.50). The 150th anniversary of the birth of the father of science fiction provides an excellent opportunity for this admirable survey of Jules Verne's life and works. It has

been prepared by Peter Haining who also contributes to it. 'Verne's primary achievement', he writes, 'was undoubtedly to give expression to many of the scientific and romantic aspirations of his contemporaries' over forty years. The volume contains a number of articles which have assessed and described Jules Verne's work which included 65 books. These include George Orwell, William Golding, Michael Butor, Erich von Daniken and H. G. Wells. Writing an Introduction to a collection of his stories published in 1934, Wells writes: 'As a matter of fact, there is no literary resemblance whatever between the anticipatory inventions of the great Frenchman and these fantasies'. The latter "have to hold the reader to the end by art and illusion and not by proof and argument'. There is also reprinted Marie Belloc's interview with Jules Verne in 1894 about his life and work. Pieces by Jules Verne himself are included. One is his appreciation of Edgar Allan Poe; another is an address delivered in 1893 on the future of women. Curiously, perhaps, he did not foresee, and most probably did not want to see, the liberation of women. In this context, he appears quite reactionary. One of the principal features of this volume is the publication of more than 180 illustrations from his works, including some from the original French editions. They vividly express, as more or less contemporary to the stories themselves, Verne's extraordinary capacity for scientific prophecy. The book concludes with a little known short story of Verne's, 'The Day of an American Journalist in 2889', published in an American magazine in 1889. This is an ideal book for Christmas.

Saki Short Stories (Dent. £1.50). The revival of interest in, and enjoyment of, H. H. Munro's stories grows apace with the publication of this selection by Emlyn Williams. He has chosen 54 out of the 135 which were first published in the Westminster Gazette before the First World War. As an actor, Emlyn Williams has looked at the stories particularly from a dramatic and theatrical viewpoint. He has used only 16 in the theatre; but, as he points out, some brilliant to read are quite unsuited to the stage. He found, for example, that Tobermory, included in this collection, the hilarious story of the cat at the house party, could not be adapted for the theatre. In this volume the reader will enjoy the wit, humour, lightness and suspense in so many of the Saki stories; he will probably ask for more.

Peking (Jonathan Cape. £6.95). No one is better qualified than the distinguished journalist Felix Greene to write this excellent and revealing book. He probably knows more about China than any Westerner, and has visited Peking many times. He knows it intimately. In Peking, he writes, 'more than in any other city in the world, I feel the past rubbing shoulders with the present and both jostle me for attention'. Here he is not only concerned with the old and new Peking, but perhaps more particularly with the people themselves, their lives and work. There is so much new in China and 'people are establishing wholly new relationships with one another. And Peking is the very heart and core of it! This book is very much more than an account of one city, but also of a section of Chinese life at the grass roots. It also comes very appropriately at a time when China's relations with the West are becoming closer and more open. There are a large number of illustrations, both in colour and monochrome.

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